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January 16, 1932

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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This is how it Feels

a short story by

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

Gland Time in Kansas - By Walter Davenport

JAN. 16, 1932

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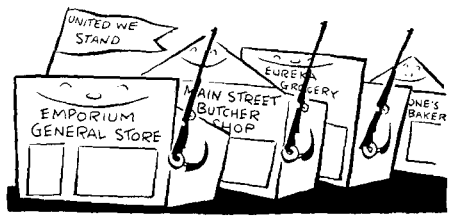
Next Week

MR. SAX ROHMER, glamorous and mysterious, has emerged from his study with another short story, "Light of Atlantis." It is about a great landslide in the interior of the island of Madeira. The records have it down as a landslide, at least, but Mr. Rohmer tells you what it really was and how age-old levers, once controlled by priests of Atlantis, were released. For there is a theory, you know, that the islands which lie off the northwest coast of Africa are a part of the lost continent and when Jack Maclean confided to Guy Forder and his young wife that he hoped to lay bare a temple of a vanished civilization they were willing to be shown.

At the beginning you will suspect that Guy Forder is not to be trusted and with your usual acumen you will be right. Even his wife says so. The story moves with the speed and dramatic intensity Mr. Rohmer commands so completely and if at the end you are a little breathless it will be no more than we expect.

—

ONE of the chief obstacles in understanding men's characters is the fact that the conventional routine of life forms an almost insurmountable barrier. But in prison, and especially in the solemn atmosphere of the death house, all possibility of subterfuge disappears. Men's characters are revealed as if in a laboratory. Warden Lawes of Sing Sing has been an attentive observer in this laboratory for years. He has learned a great deal there about the springs of good and evil. In "Good Men for Bad" he shows you how a prison can help to improve society.



EVERY night is Christmas Eve to the sporting population. They're always looking for a thrill, always looking for something new. They think they're such a wise outfit. They never get wise but they keep right on looking and going places.

Do you want to see something a little different, yourself, tonight, for a change? Maybe you won't like any part of it. It's against the law, for one thing, and a little risky, besides. Still, if you're not doing anything we'll drive out to a barn where there's something special going on. Edward L. McKenna and Louis F. McCabe conduct us, and the story is called "Sport." Keep your hand on your watch.

—

THE Gentleman at the Keyhole, ubiquitous and incisive, tells why Mr. Stimson has difficulties with the press. Owen White takes apart his fellow Texan, John Nance Garner and explains the works. Essad Bey pictures the home life of Joseph Stalin and shows the world's most powerful dictator trying unsuccessfully to pacify his infant son. Three of the world's great political figures, but very little politics indeed.

—

MARY HEATON VORSE, Grantland Rice, Hugh MacNair Kahler, Alan LeMay, Freling Foster, Milton C. Work and others are all present as real as life.

THIS WEEK

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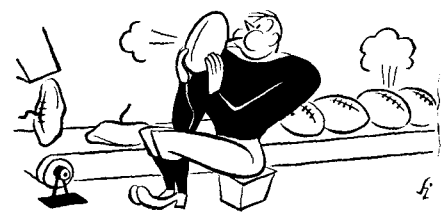
LET'S SEE WHAT WE PAY.

Any Week

"SPEAKING of unemployment," writes Mr. Homer O. Lukens of Salamanca, New York, "what do all the football coaches do between seasons? Blow up footballs?"



LONG and loud has been the applause for Mr. John T. Flynn's "Bootleg Gasoline" in a recent issue of this frequently astonishing magazine. We would have thought it odd, though, had there been no dissent. So here's Mr. Val Kampmeier of Minier, Illinois, who burned 1,730 gallons of gasoline in his tractor last year and ringingly objects to Mr. Flynn's contention that, owing to so much skullduggery in gas-tax avoidance, the farm and other exemptions should be abolished. Roars Mr. Kampmeier:

"Would Mr. Flynn have me give the state $51.90 in taxes on that gas to pay for road improvement? That would have more than taken the twenty dollars I made at farming and used in paying for coal, clothing, groceries, doctor bi— Oh, hell! What's the use?"

—

FOR the benefit of Miss Beryl Wormser, Mr. Tom McCall, Mr. Louis Wuentz and others we advocate a little patience. Not much—just a trifle. They say they enjoy prize-fight tales and ask us what about it. Be calm, ladies and gentlemen, be calm. Within the next few weeks we are going to sock you on your delicate chins with a fight serial that has had us climbing around the rafters. What a yarn! And what an author! Rally 'round, readers.

—

AND our thanks are extended to Mr. Enfiero Ozacasa of San Luis Potosi, Mexico, who advises us that his cousin is now traveling in our direction "and will wish to confer with you.

"Do not be impressed by him," writes Mr. Ozacasa. "He is a man who will not remember the truth."

—

AFTER much confessed thinking, Mrs. Bernard J. McManus of Fargo, North Dakota, has arrived at what she calls "the difference between business and politics.

"If," thinks Mrs. McManus, "you are the head of a big business in a depression you cut expenses and you don't care who likes it because your help would not vote for you anyway."

—

MR. I. HAMILTON of Baltimore pauses admiringly to ask the sex of the author of our recent appeal to Sidney Levi to return to his mother. A man, Mr. Hamilton. And what a man!

—

"COLLIER'S," writes Mr. Yulee T. Pharr of Eatonton, Georgia, "is good but not so good as it should be."

—

Who or what is, Mr. Pharr?

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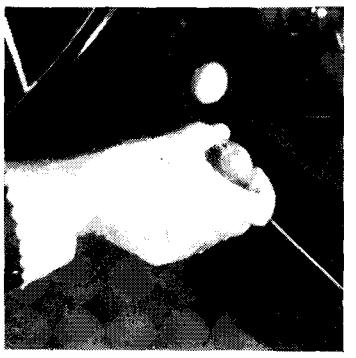

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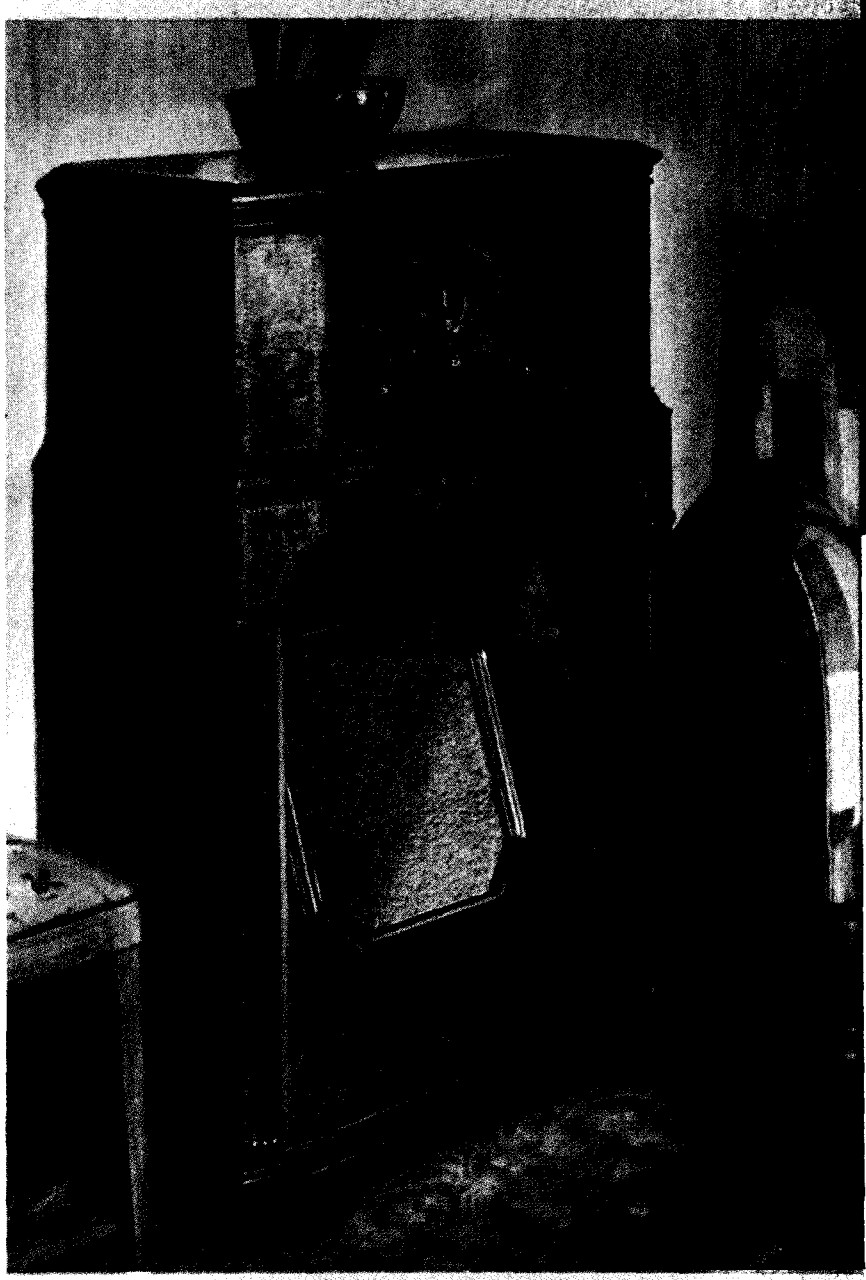

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This is how it Feels

Dead men tell no tales! Oh, don't they?

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

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He said, "We've been reported dead by now. I want to stay dead. Get the idea? When they question you, just play dumb"

MR. WOMACK, you're the Thomas J. Womack who was mentioned in the Chicago papers as the newly elected president of the Dead Men's Club?"

"Yeah. I guess that's right."

"I'm from the Post, and we have an AP report saying that you went through a lot of interesting experiences after you were officially declared dead by the War Department. The report says that a friend of yours—"

"Hold on. I told those newspaper boys in Chi I didn't want to say anything about it. I don't know what they printed but I didn't give them no permission—"

"We understand just how you feel, Mr. Womack. We don't want you to violate any confidence or anything like that. We just thought you'd like to clear up a point that's been badly confused. Is this friend of yours who was declared officially dead still alive?"

"Maybe he is and maybe he isn't. I explained to those newspaper boys that I couldn't—"

"I see. You don't want to violate a confidence and I certainly respect you for it. But we thought you could tell us something about the convention in general."

"Well, it wasn't a convention really. Just some of us boys got together over in Chi."

"That's very interesting, Mr. Womack. How many attended the meeting?"

"Thirty-one . . . no, thirty-two, counting me."

"That many? Gee, I didn't know the War Department had made so many mistakes. And all of you declared officially dead! Our readers certainly would be interested in—"

"I don't believe I've got a thing to say."

"Oh, but you must have heard some odd stories at the meeting. That is, you discussed your experiences?"

"Yeah. Some did."

"Golly! That must have been some session, Mr. Womack. I've often wondered myself how it would seem to be thought dead and yet be alive—"

"It's not so hot; I mean you don't feel any too good about it."

"No? That was the general reaction, eh? All the men you talked to had the same—"

"Hold on, now. I wouldn't want to be put in the paper saying that. Fact is, several of the boys made out like they had a swell time. It seemed kind of gruesome the way they talked."

"Who—for instance? What particular man's talk impressed you?"

"WE-ELL, there was a little fellow who came all the way from Fairbanks, Alaska. He sure was a big talker."

"From Alaska, eh? Do you happen to recall his name?"

"They called him Slimey. I didn't catch his last name but he looked kind of Norwegian to me, or maybe Swede. That little guy certainly could spiel."

"About his experiences while he was officially a dead man, eh?"

"Yeah. That's it. You see, Slimey was with the Sixth Marines in that scrap around Champillon. I wasn't ever in that sector myself but from what the boys tell me it must have been a lulu."

"So that's where Slimey was supposed to have got killed, eh?"

"Yeah. You see, Slimey and about a dozen other boys was on advance post in a ravine when all of a sudden a nine-point-nine landed right amongst 'em. Slimey says when he come to he was at the bottom of a shell hole with what was left of a guy named Joe. Both his legs was busted—Slimey's I mean. There wasn't much left of Joe."

"What happened to him after that?"

"Nothing happened. Slimey's legs was busted so he couldn't move much. Slimey said he just laid there and got to thinking. He got to thinking about how it would be if he was dead instead of Joe."

"HE BEGAN to get down to fundamentals, eh?"

"Slimey didn't say anything about that. He said he got to thinking about Tschnick."

"What's that? His home town?"

"Naw, Tschnick was a corporal in Slimey's outfit. He was always riding

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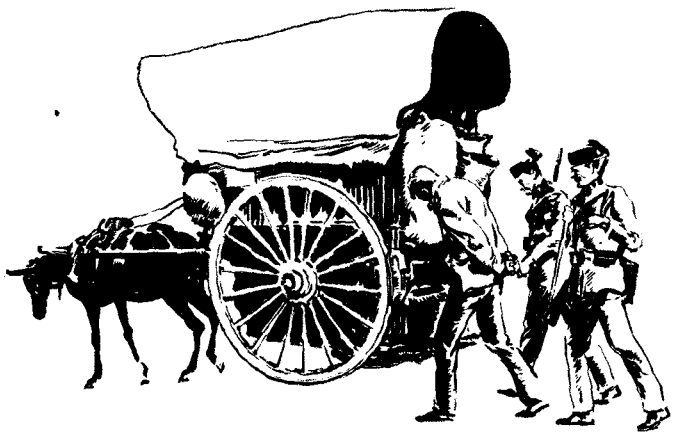


Slimey. Pretty mean bohunk, to hear Slimey tell it. Put an eel in Slimey's pants once."

"I get you. Slimey saw red, huh? His whole nature changed and he—"

"Nope, not exactly. Not the way Slimey told it, anyway. He said he just decided he'd switch identification disks and papers with Joe. Then, he'd go back some night and scare the living whey out of Tschnick."

"Golly, what a yarn! And did he?"

"Well, you see his legs was busted and after he'd switched identifications he kind of fainted. When he came to he was in a field station with a lot of krauts all around him."

"I see. The Germans picked him up."

"Yeah."

"That's a swell human interest anecdote, Mr. Womack. What happened next?"

"Nothing much. The krauts had him identified as Joe. Slimey decided it was a sort of lousy trick to play on Joe's folks so he—"

"What about *his* folks?"

"He ain't got any. So Slimey tried to explain the whole thing to the krauts. But he didn't get to first base. They turned him loose after the Armistice with Joe's name. Joe's folks sent him a lot of good grub whilst he was in Germany."

"Didn't he write them and tell them Joe was dead?"

"Naw. He liked the grub."

"What about Tschnick? Did he ever—"

"I was going to tell you about that. When Slimey got back to New York he found a Marine list and saw where Tschnick had been sent out to Bremerton. So Slimey collected Joe's pay and went out to the Coast. Slimey sure is a card. He said he kept out of sight until he'd tailed Tschnick to some officer's kitchen. I sure had to laugh myself the way he told it."

"Did he—"

"SURE. Tschnick was setting in a chair with the cook on his lap. Slimey said he just walked in the door and moved around suddenlike so's Tschnick could see him. Then he yelled 'BOOOH!' just like that. Tschnick let out a squawk and dropped the gal. Slimey said the bohunk looked like paste. Crossed hisself and fell on his knees and jabbered."

"Ha-ha-ha-ha. I'll bet that was a scream, Mr. Womack."

"It was funnier to hear Slimey tell it."

"I'll bet. But hasn't Slimey ever explained to Joe's folks? Do they think Joe is alive?"

"Naw. Slimey wrote Joe's mother a letter and told her all about it. She wrote him back saying at first she couldn't believe any human being would pull a stunt like that. She said, though, afterward she was kind of glad because she'd been spared two years of grieving. Slimey went to Iowa and testified so's Joe's mother could collect his insurance."

"It was a pretty mean stunt at that."

"Yeah, I guess it was. But Slimey was a Marine."

"Well—that's certainly a fine anecdote, Mr. Womack. But I'll bet your own story and what happened to that friend of yours is much better. Don't you think you could—"

"Not a chance. I've talked too much already. If it's all the same to you, I'll—"

"Oh, please don't get us wrong, Mr. Womack. We don't want to pry into your personal affairs. Not at all. Did you meet any other odd characters at the convention?"

"No. I don't believe I did."

"I MEAN you all sat around and chewed the rag about what you did when you were 'dead,' and you heard others tell of their experiences?"

"Yeah. But I don't remember much in particular. You know how it is. There's a lot of talking and drinking and so forth. You hear things but you don't pay much attention. There was a fellow named Madigan from Kansas —he was drunk most of the time so I don't guess what he said would be so reliable—"

"I'll bet he had a funny yarn, Mr. Womack."

"Naw, it wasn't funny. You see, he got gypped. He got gypped like a lot of guys I know."

"How was that?"

"Well, his wife was cheating on him. His sister wrote him about it—not in just so many words but Madigan claimed he could put two and two together. He claimed he'd made up his mind to get out of the army and go home and kill the guy even before it happened."

"You mean before he officially died?"

"Yeah. Madigan was a sergeant in the Air Service. Hundred and Twenty-fifth Observation, I think he said. They sent him out with an officer to take pictures back of Entremont. Going over, Madigan and the officer got a dose of archie in their tail and crashed while they was trying to sneak back. Madigan was throwed into a tree but the officer came down with the motor in his lap."

"I've heard those DH crates were something awful in a crash."

"Yeah. This one burnt. Madigan said he tried to get the officer out but there wasn't a chance. Then, he had this bright idea. He threw his disk and watch and coat into the fire. You see, he figured it was a good way to get out of the army."

"Say, that's great stuff! A dead man returns to settle with his wife's lover—"

"Hold on. That wasn't the way it happened. You see, Madigan had a heck of a time getting home. The krauts were retreating and didn't give him any trouble but he got caught sneaking into Switzerland. They put him in a camp and kept him there until the war was over. He bummed his way to Brest and some frog crimps slipped him K. O. drops. He said the next thing he knew he was on a ship bound for Rio. He shoveled coal all the way.

"I don't remember all the tough breaks he had, but to hear him tell it sure got to you. It seemed like every time he headed for home to kill this guy that stole his wife he'd get drunk and be sidetracked. He claimed it was 1927 when he finally landed off a tanker at Tampico, Old Mex."

"GEE, that's real human interest stuff, Mr. Womack. It's got a kick to it!"

"Well—I guess it's kind of interesting at that."

"But what about Madigan's wife and the other man?"

"She was in Ottawa, Kansas, when Madigan joined the army. He wrote to an old buddy and found out that her and this other guy had married and moved to Bismarck, North Dakota."

"What did Madigan do?"

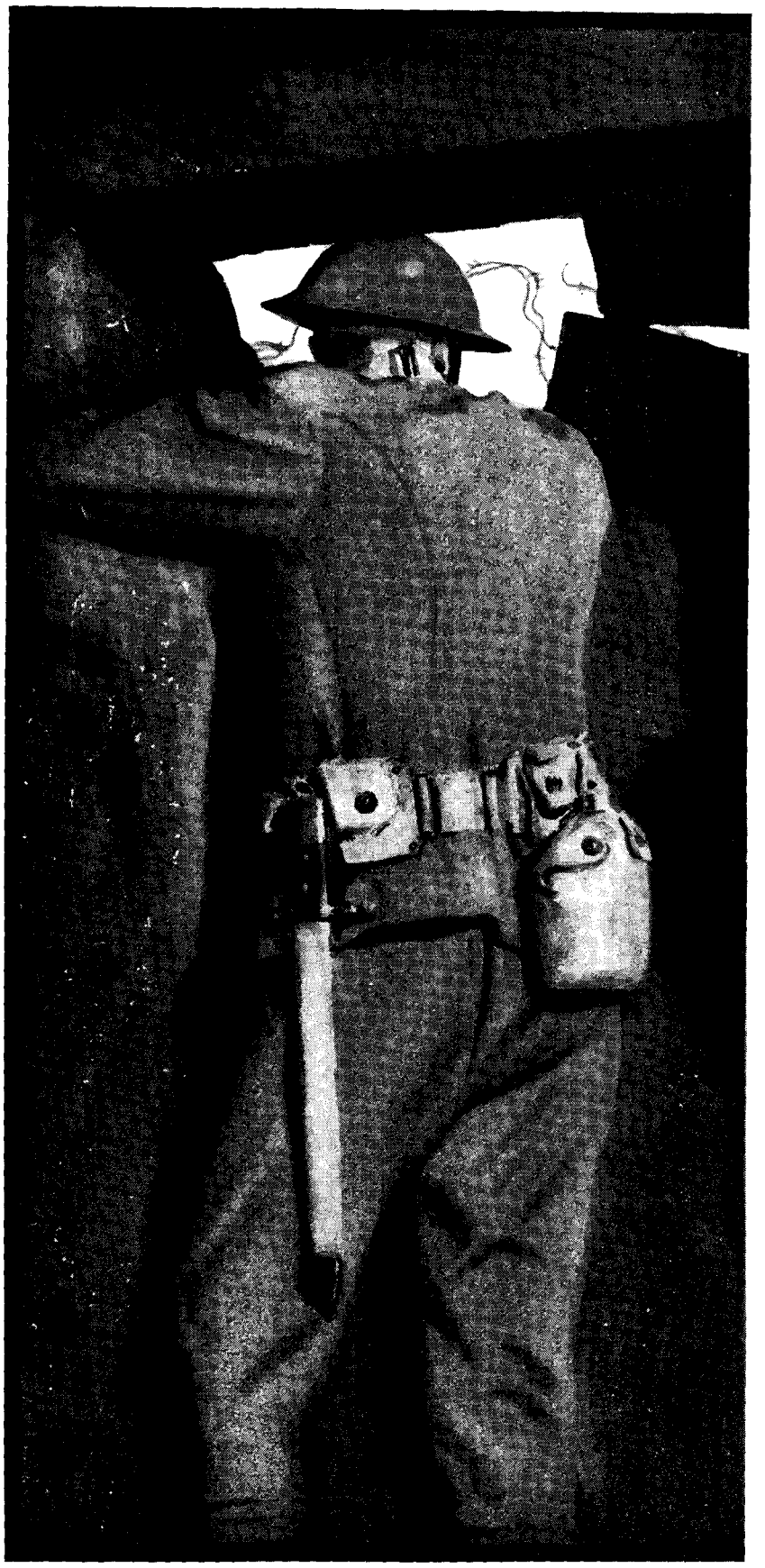
"Do? He bummed his way to Bismarck and found they was still living there. His wife had bought the other guy a garage with Madigan's insurance money. I tell you I felt kind of sorry for the poor guy while he was telling about it. He says he snuck around and saw their house; they was living high, wide and handsome. And on his insurance money. Can you beat it?"

"Did he—"

"Naw. We asked Madigan why he didn't kill the guy. Madigan just busted out crying and said: 'I didn't have the guts.' I guess all that trouble and boozing kind of wore him down."

"Didn't he do *anything?*"

"Yeah. He snuck around to the guy's garage and set fire to it."



"I can stand up to big things. But I can't go that

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dribble of little things I get at home. Those women take little chips out of my hide all day long"

Illustrated by Donald Teague

"The poor devil. He had a hard time."

"Yeah."

"Well, that certainly is a good, colorful story, though, Mr. Womack. Didn't you ever consider writing a book? I'll bet your experiences would make a best seller."

"Aw—I ain't any good at that stuff. Besides I—"

"From what the Chicago papers hinted you've got a big story under your hat, Mr. Womack. Why don't you give me a rough idea of it, and maybe I could—"

"Nope. I'm sorry, brother, but what happened to me and my bud—well, it ain't nobody's business but my own."

"Well, I certainly honor you for your loyalty to your buddy, Mr. Womack. I hope he's grateful—wherever he is. Did you meet any other men at the convention whose wives did them dirt?"

"No. I can't say that I did. They wouldn't talk about it, anyway. I mean it's kind of personal and I don't think Madigan would of said anything if he hadn't been full of liquor. I do remember a sort of funny thing along that order—"

"Fine! That's the stuff we want. Humor."

"WELL—it was just after Madigan had been talking. Some of the boys took him down the hall to a room where there was still some liquor left. The rest of us was setting around and not saying much. Then a fat guy from Ohio spoke up. He said his wife married again on him. He was in jail in Turkey. He said he wrote her a dozen letters but the Turks wouldn't let 'em through. When he didn't hear from her he got sore and quit writing.

"He went home and walked into the front hall. His wife was telephoning and the other guy was setting in the living-room reading a paper. He said his wife just looked at him and said: 'Oh, hello, Roy,' just like he'd only been down to the drug store. The other guy got up looking kind of embarrassed. Roy said he couldn't think of a word to say. He just stood there. His wife busted out crying and started kissing him. The other guy said: 'Well, I guess I'm kind of in the way here.' He put on his hat and walked out the door. Roy said he never saw the guy again."

"Did Roy forgive his wife?"

"Yeah. She was with him in Chi."

"What did she do with his insurance?"

"He didn't tell us about that."

"I see. Well, you're certainly a gold mine of information, Mr. Womack. You've got a natural gift for telling stories, too. I'll bet if you sat down with maybe someone who knew the technical side of writing and told your own story it'd make a fortune."

"Aw—nothing like that. Nothing much happened to *me*. I just—"

"But your buddy? The man everyone thinks is dead—"

"Who said he ain't dead?"

"Now, Mr. Womack. Give me credit for a little sense. If he were dead there wouldn't be any story. The thing we're interested in is in knowing why he decided to stay dead and where he is now and whether he'll ever come back to his own identity."

"THAT'S his business, ain't it? I mean—supposing what you say is straight, and I ain't admitting nothing—it's his business, ain't it?"

"You're dead right there, Mr. Womack. Only—"

"Sure, I'm right. And I stick by my buddy, see? You won't get nothing out of me—"

"Oh, that's your privilege, of course. You've been more than kind to tell me this much. I just think you're overlooking a big opportunity—"

"Aw, there ain't enough to make any book even if I was heel enough to write it."

"How do you know? The public would be awfully interested to know just how a man feels when he's declared dead by the War Department. Is he glad? Does he want to stay dead? Does he want to go right back? Does he—"

"He doesn't feel any too good. I can tell you that much. Why, one of the boys at Chi was talking about that. He sure had a heck of a time."

"Yes? How so?"

"This boy was from North or South Carolina, I forget which. Lean and lanky guy with red hair. Kind of odd-looking. It seems this guy was in a gun crew on a little French boat. They was going down the coast with a load of medical supplies for Egypt. A U-boat got them square in the middle. This guy claimed he was the only man on board that reached land. He floated ashore on a piece of wood.

"He said he landed some wild place in Spain. He was naked as a baby. He said he knew he'd be reported dead. He said he spent three days in the water thinking about his funeral. He had a wife and two kids and a father and mother. He said he could just see them holding a funeral with an empty coffin. He kept yelling out: 'Ruth, I ain't dead. I ain't dead.' He said he was afraid they'd get used to the idea of having him dead and wouldn't care if he never came back.

"A PACK of dumb Spigs picked him up on the beach. They thought he was crazy. I guess he was by this time. Anyway, they took him to a dirty little village in the hills and shut him in a cabin with a chain around his neck. He

(Continued on page 46)

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Red and Ted

How can a wealthy girl be sure that the man she loves really loves her? Althea Condon was an heiress who knew her way about

By Dana Burnet

"Why I haven't asked you to marry me," he said, "is a mystery to me"

ALTHEA knew that tonight Ted Barry would propose to her. Motoring back to Long Island after the theater, she felt intuitively the approach of that moment toward which her whole life had been directed. Sensing its imminence, she didn't know whether to be glad or sorry. She only knew that it would happen.

She and Ted had spent the evening in town. Now they were driving home through the mild summer evening to Great Cove, where his family had lived, in decaying grandeur, for at least three generations. Althea Condon's residence dated from just before The Crash, a fact that struck her suddenly as amusing. She laughed.

"What's funny?" asked Ted.

"Nothing," said Althea.

Had it not been for The Crash, she reflected, the Condons might never have accomplished their own bit of social crashing. They were so painfully new! The shine was still on Papa Condon's fortune, though it was not on Papa himself. Dan Condon's rough surfaces refused to take a polish.

Born in a small Western town, young Dan one day had casually boarded a passing freight train bound for Memphis, Tennessee. There he had gotten a job in a lumber yard, piling lumber; and there he had met and married his landlady's daughter, who in due time became Mamma. Now he was old Dan, and a rich man, having sold his vast timberlands to the Southwestern Lumber Company for a million and a half in cash and two millions in notes secured by a mortgage on the property.

THE day he turned the key in the lock of his office door for the last time, he wept. So did Mamma; but hers were tears of joy. "For twenty years," said Katie Condon, "I've dreamed that Althea should go East and marry into society." She thrust a map of Long Island under his nose. Her finger found a spot on the north shore. "It's there the cream of them live," she said. "We'll go there."

There they had gone. And there for two years they had lived, in a great, imitation English manor house that apparently had no attraction for those strange people who were, and were not, their neighbors.

Then, almost overnight, the barriers had been broken down. It was such an obvious thing! A solvent family, a family secure in its financial position, had become important, distinguished. That was why, only a few weeks after the financial debacle, Althea had received, without warning, an invitation to the Barrys' Christmas Eve ball.

Since that night it had been plain that Ted would some day ask her to marry him. But he hadn't spoken; and suddenly, as they turned into her driveway, Althea decided to thrust opportunity upon him.

"I'M HUNGRY," she said. "Come in and we'll forage for food."

"Too late, isn't it?"

She thrust a slender wrist under the dashlight.

"Only one-thirty. I'm not a bit sleepy. Are you?"

"No," Ted said. They went up the steps.

She took his arm to steer him through the dark house. They went into the butler's pantry. Althea fixed Ted a drink and got a plate of congealed-looking salad for herself. Then she climbed up on the serving shelf and sat eating, her slim, childish body relaxed, her long legs, locked at the ankles, hanging down and swinging slightly.

She had put off her evening cloak. Her arms and shoulders were bare. Her thin frock revealed, with a frankness no longer modern, the contours of her small, firm breasts. Her hair was red-gold, dazzling. She was a lovely thing.

"You're a lovely thing, Red," Ted told her.

"Am I?"

He nodded. He was very serious about it. "You're beautiful," he said, and added: "Why I haven't asked you to marry me before this is a mystery to me."

ALTHEA held her fork poised in midair.

"Are you asking me now?"

"Yes," said Ted.

She put a forkful of salad into her mouth. She swallowed it, choked, and took a sip of his drink to wash it down. All the time she was thinking: How ridiculous! How utterly absurd! But she didn't laugh.

"All right, Ted," she managed to say finally. "I'll marry you."

He said, looking into her eyes: "Then we're engaged?"

"Yes, I guess so. Yes, of course. We're engaged."

"I'm no prize package," Ted said.

That surprised her. She'd always had the notion that young Mr. Barry thought highly of himself. He was a good-looking chap, lean and tall and dark; attractive in person and manner. He'd made rather a name for himself at Harvard—playing polo. He drank a good deal; but so did all the other young men of his set. So did almost everyone else, for that matter.

"You're nice, Ted. I like you."

"I'm not much. But I'll try to give you a decent break."

"I know you will," said Althea, still struggling against an impulse toward hysteria.

Suddenly he asked: "What about your family? Will they be pleased?"

"Very," she said.

"So will mine be." He leaned forward and kissed her lightly on the lips. "I think you're a swell kid, Red."

"I don't know that I think I am."

"Yes, you are. You've got something besides looks. Don't know quite what it is."

"Maybe it's the Irish in me," said Althea.

"Maybe."

"Ted!"

"Yes?"

"There's just one thing—"

"Well?"

"What about Fern Holloway?"

His eyes did not flinch from hers. "You've heard that?"

"How could I help hearing it? Everyone says you're crazy about her, that you always have been. Please don't think I'm being curious, or catty. I just think I ought to know."

"Yes," he agreed, and hesitated. Then he said slowly: "Fern would be a grand girl—to go to hell with."

"Oh," said Althea.

"Does that answer you?"

"I don't know; I guess so. It'll do for tonight, anyway."

"All right. I'll be trotting along. Don't forget we're engaged."

She laughed at that. It was a relief to laugh.

"I'll try not to. And—thanks, Ted, for not being mushy about it."

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He gave her a keen, quick glance; and instantly she knew that he understood, as well as she, the facts and the forces that had brought them together. Her family. His family. A crumbling of social values. A tumbling of money values—the swift change of chalk marks on a blackboard. Necessity. Ambition. Sheer, blind chance. A young Irishman recklessly climbing aboard a long-vanished freight train. . . . A vested snobbery frightened into reality. . . . Youth, pulled and pushed into the acceptance of the whole crazy, deadly serious pattern. . . .

"I couldn't get mushy with you, Red. That's a compliment, if you'll believe me. 'Night."

"Good night, Ted."

There was a light in her mother's room when she went upstairs. She tried to creep by the open door, but Mamma was not to be denied her draft of nectar.

"Althea?"

"Yes, Mamma?"

"I'm awake. Come in and tell me. Tell me—!"

Althea stepped into the room.

"I'M ENGAGED to marry him, Mamma."

There was a silence; then a long sigh from the bed. The pent-up emotions of a lifetime were in that sigh.

"Althea! My baby!"

"Please, Mamma. I'm awfully tired. I'll tell you all about it in the morning."

"Yes, yes. You go to bed, darlin'. But you're sure it's true?"

"It's true," said Althea.

"Thank God!" breathed the voice of Katie Condon. "You go to bed, darlin'!"

Althea went quickly into her own room, undressed and got into bed. All her senses seemed dulled, her body seemed hardly alive. She was grateful for the complete forgetfulness of sleep.

Papa never had learned to control his voice. One morning, a week or so later, Althea, coming downstairs in her riding habit, heard that familiar bass rumble issuing from the living-room and automatically stopped to listen. For Papa was talking to Mamma, and Mamma was crying.

"I can't stand it," Mamma sobbed. "I can't stand it."

"You've got to stand it," Papa said. "For it's the truth I'm tellin' you. The money I came East with is gone. I tried to beat these Wall Street fellers at their own game and I lost. I've not told you that, Katie, because as long as the Southwestern people kept payin' their interest we were O. K. But now they've defaulted on their last payment; it means I've got to take over the property. I'm back in the lumber business whether I want to be or not, and the Lord knows if I'll be able to raise the capital to swing it. I'll have to go back to Memphis, and maybe to the mill in Louisiana—"

"Louisiana! That wilderness! Oh, no, Dan! I couldn't stand it to go back to—"

"LISTEN to me, Katie. It's a hard thing, I know. But it's got to be faced, and in a way I'm not sorry."

"Not sorry!" exclaimed Mamma. "When it means the ruin of your child's chances in life?"

"Althea's young," said Papa. "She's got plenty of spunk. She'll stand it."

"You don't understand," Mamma said. "If it's known we've lost our money, young Ted Barry'll never marry her."

"Well," retorted Papa, in his rough bass, "I'm thinkin' maybe that would be a blessin', if it's only her money he's marryin' her for. Oh, I know how you've planned and schemed for the child, Katie, but I'm not sure you're right. I—"

"Wait a minute, Dan!" interrupted Mamma sharply. "Now you listen to me. Sit down and listen—"

Althea, standing motionless in the hall outside the living-room, also listened, quite deliberately, to her mother's explanation of the necessity for keeping their financial predicament a secret. But she did not wait to hear that explanation to an end. With her mother's voice still sounding through the still house, the girl slipped down the hall and stepped through an open doorway into the September sunshine.

Illustrated by Clark Agnew

The Barry place was a mile away up the shore of the Sound. Althea, mounted on Holly, her bay mare, arrived at a gallop and, finding the entrance gates closed against her, put the mare at the low hedge that adjoined the gate. Holly rose at the touch of the spur, took the hedge easily, and came down indignant at the sudden feel of the curb. What had startled her mistress into that unwarranted jerk at the bit?

The mare fretted to a stop, and for a moment Althea sat staring at the two figures standing under a pergola that led to a half-seen garden beyond it. The man was Ted. But there was a vague lapse of time before she realized that the girl with her arms around Ted's neck was Fern Holloway.

Neither of the two figures moved. An element of the ridiculous crept into their immobility. Althea felt it, and was furiously ashamed. She knew that she must act quickly, before the absurdity of the situation became unbearable.

"It's all right. . . . I'm so sorry. . . . It's quite all right!"

She wheeled the mare toward the drive. Her intention was merely to escape the Barry premises; but as Holly's shoes crunched gravel she changed her mind. Her hand was firm on the rein as she pulled the mare's head to the left, toward the house.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Barry, indulging their habit of late breakfast on the terrace of their secluded home, were astonished to see a young woman on a bay horse galloping madly toward them. They were even more astonished when that young woman turned out to be Althea Condon, their son's fiancée. But this was impossible! The gates weren't opened till noon; besides, no proper young woman would dare call at such an hour!

"Althea! My dear!" said plump Mrs. Barry. Her husband, a fussy little man in a blue dressing-gown, put his hand to his wisp of mustache and repeated: "My dear!" But as that seemed inadequate he added: "Really!"

"PLEASE," said Althea, "don't be disturbed. I came to see Ted, but he—but I can just as well leave my message with you."

"Message?" queried Mrs. Barry, arching her meager eyebrows.

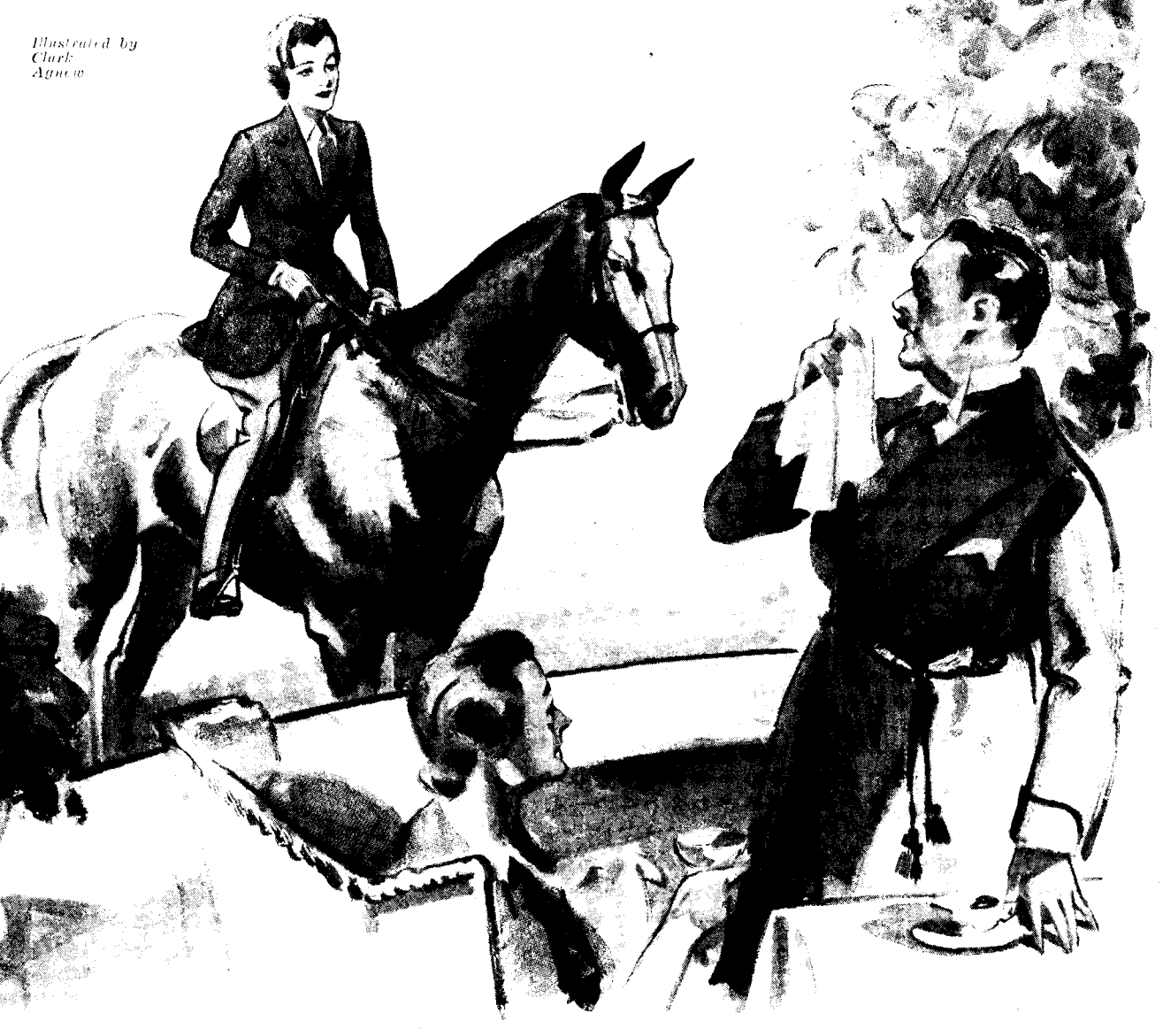
"Yes," said Althea. "It's very simple. I'm breaking our engagement, and I want Ted to know why."

"You're what!" demanded Mr. Barry.

"I'm not going to marry Ted. The reason is that we've lost our money. Please be sure to tell him that. He might think it was—something else."

Shocked silence on the terrace. Mrs.

(*Continued on page 53*)



They were even more astonished when that young woman turned out to be Althea Condon

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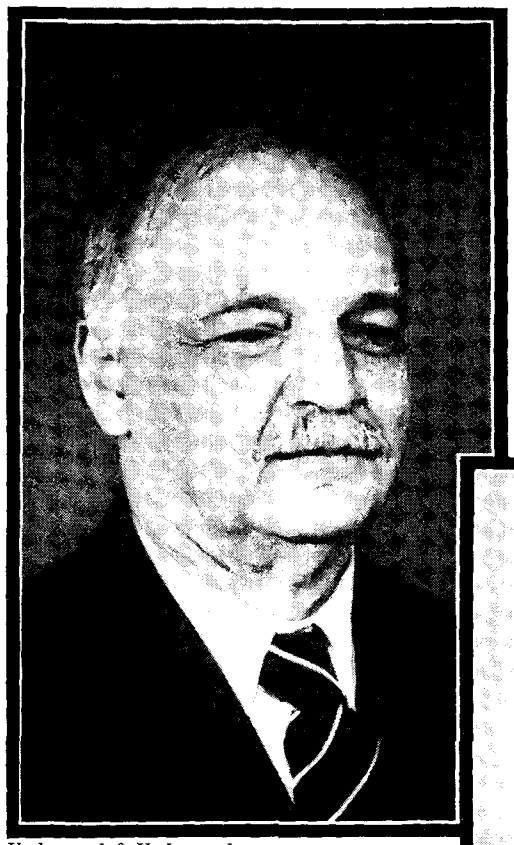
John R. Brinkley is his name. The American Medical Association said he is no doctor. The Medical Examiners of Kansas have enjoined him from practice. The Federal Radio Commission has shut down his broadcasting station. In fact, Doc Brinkley has taken quite a beating one way and another. But he is still the king-pin of Kansas politics, and several persons of importance are busy courting the favor of the medicine man of Milford. Here's the story



Underwood & Underwood

Vice President Charles Curtis, of Kansas, who was dissuaded from seeking his old Senate seat by the discovery that he was a Hoover man in an anti-Hoover state

John R. "Doc" Brinkley, who many believe was elected governor in the last Kansas election and whose vast following is the despair of the old-line politicians, with his wife and son

International Newsreel

Gland Time in Kansas

By Walter Davenport

THE static or whatever it may have been that was hampering reception from station XER in Villa Acuna, Mexico, was pretty bad, almost as bad as the air in that room in Wichita, Kansas, where eight of us were waiting to hear the words of cheer, comfort, hope and encouragement from the celebrated Doc Brinkley, the medicine man of Milford.

Nevertheless, most of the gentlemen present seemed pleased. Politically they were not Brinkleyites although two or three of them were generous enough to say that a dose of Brinkley's Number Two wouldn't do you any harm. Only three of them competed with the radio for the company's attention.

One was a Republican who had told me, with a guilty grin, that he had taken "good money" from the organization to snoop the state in the interests of Vice President Charley Curtis and report the farmer attitude toward him.

"I hated to tell the committee," he said, "but Charley Curtis is too good a fellow to kid. Our farmers weren't caring whether Charley ran for Vice President or senator or for warden of the Leavenworth jail, except that most of them were against whatever he decided on general principles."

The second was a professional Democrat whose chief concern was that I should understand that Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York would be terribly, terribly hurt if he were nominated for President and Harry Woodring, governor of Kansas, were not selected for his running mate.

"What," demanded he, "pulled Hoover through in 1928—among some other things? A good man from Kansas."

The third was not a party worker. He was a dour, tired man who alternately polished the bowl of his pipe on his nose and the taut leg of his trousers. His immediate interest in life and Kansas was to defend the prices that Mr. Henry L. Doherty, the fiery public utilities baron, was charging for natural gas.

I was there because I had happened to ask the Doherty man that afternoon for the name and address of the one person, if there should be such a person, who was most potent in the farrago that the perpetually boiling state of Kansas called its political situation.

"The name," said Mr. Doherty's man, "is Brinkley—John R. Brinkley of Milford. It's all one big earache to me—politics; but this man Brinkley is the lad you want to look up. He is our mystery man, the politician's nightmare. Nobody, including Brinkley, knows how powerful he is. Maybe you've heard of him—goat-gland operator, patent-medicine man, friend of the common people. If it hadn't been for Charley Curtis there wouldn't be any station XER and Doc Brinkley would be as dead as the goats he used up in his Milford hospital, and all those Brinkley votes that both sides are trying to grab off somehow without being seen shining the Doc's boots would be laying around loose. He almost got himself elected governor in 1930 *without bothering to run on any* ticket. He's the guy Charley Curtis needed to—"

"Listen," said the Curtis scout, "you and some other guys I could mention wouldn't know it, but what you're talking about just goes to show what a regular guy Charley Curtis is. Charley Curtis, being part Indian, is always on the side of the under dog. See?

Charley Lends a Hand

"When this Doc Brinkley, who's got a vote for every pill he rolls, got thrown off the air here for doing goat-gland operations without a license or something and the government tried to get him barred out of Mexico when he took his radio station down there, what did Charley Curtis do? Well, he went to the State Department down in Washington with the Doc and told one of the big shots down there—a guy named Castle or somebody—to quit bearing down on the Doc. You might think it was politics on Charley's part on account of the Doc getting a hundred and eighty-three thousand votes for governor."

"You mean he got a hundred and eighty-three thousand counted," said the Doherty man.

"Anyway," persisted Mr. Curtis' scout, "Charley Curtis, who is always taking sides with the under dog on account of him being part Indian, fixes it so's the Doc ain't thrown out of Mexico."

A short, harsh rip of agony escaped from the radio, inspiring the Doherty man to shout "Okay" and observe that he suspected that Doctor Brinkley "must have been listening." Mr. Curtis' defender was about to continue, but a bedtime-story voice announced that not only was it eight forty-five Central time and that Señor Martinez and the Dwarfie Boys would sing again later in the evening, but "at this time folks, friends, and all who are weary and oppressed, Doctor John R. Brinkley will deliver his message to humanity with love for all in his heart."

Through the breakers of interference came the voice of Brinkley, the medicine man. Inspiring and reviving though his message was to be, his voice was dreary, tired, lifeless. You heard him sigh between sentences as though the woes, the heartaches and the mass anguish of the world were just too much for him.

Somehow or other you got the idea, as you listened to his pain-freighted voice, that even he, this gland master of Milford, this prince of prescriptions, was now a liverish candidate for a thorough going-over in his own clinic. A man simply can't be a public benefactor year in and year out without feeling the strain.

"Touching" Sympathy

"My dear, dear friends—my patients—my supplicants. Your many, many letters—many hundreds of them since yesterday—lie here before me, touching testimonials of your pain, your grief, the wretchedness that is visited upon the innocent. I can reply now to a few—just a few. Others I shall answer by mail. But oh, my friends, you must help me—you must remember that your letters asking my advice in your physical sufferings must be accompanied by two dollars, which barely covers the cost of postage, stenographic hire, office rent and so forth. I am your friend, but not even a great baron of Wall Street—Wall Street, my friends, where the untold millions of money are—could withstand the ruinous costs of helping you unless this small fee accompanies your letter.

"Now here is a letter from a dear mother—a dear little mother who holds

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Left, the mailing-room staff of the Brinkley institute at Milford, Kansas, and below the new Brinkley sanitarium

Below, the Brinkley hospital and the now silenced radio station at Milford

Underwood & Underwood

Representative Harold R. McGugin, friend of Doc Brinkley, whose tacit support of Curtis for senator was frowned on by orthodox Kansas Republicans

to her breast a babe of nine months. She should take Number Two and Number Sixteen and—yes—Number Seventeen and she will be helped. Brinkley's Two, Sixteen and Seventeen. If her druggist hasn't got them she should write and order them from the Milford Drug Company, Milford, Kansas, and they shall be sent to you, Mother, collect. May the Lord guard and protect you, Mother. The postage will be prepaid.

"And here is a letter from a tiller of the soil, a farmer who has given of himself without stint, with his simple generosity, that the great cities might live. He complains of his stomach, his kidneys, his headaches, his liver. He writes from Abilene, Kansas—one of my many God-given friends. He must go at once to the drug store or write to the Milford Drug Company and ask for Number Nine, Number Two and Number Sixteen. And may the blessings of the God of Harvests. . . .

"My dear friends, I would that I were near to you tonight—in my home in Milford, Kansas—but I am down here speaking from my new radio broadcasting station at Villa Acuna, Mexico, while the telephone company is arranging for a wire to my office in Milford. After they have connected Milford with Villa Acuna I shall be with you again, my dear, dear friends. . . ."

"And that," sighed the Doherty man, "may be good news for somebody but it's the jitters for all politicians in the state of Kansas."

The woolly voice from Mexico droned on for fifteen minutes or so advising all and sundry to take his medicines and rejoice. The advice was all pretty much the same except, now and then, the doctor interpreted a correspondent's appeal to be one for surgical advice.

"This sufferer," he lamented, "requires an immediate operation. I suggest to him that he go to the Brinkley Hospital in Milford, Kansas, and be examined by the fine doctors there. Yet, I want this man to be confident, to be satisfied. Unless he has explicit faith in Brinkley, let him go to his own doctor or to any other good hospital. If he is in doubt, in perplexity, let him go to Milford. They—the authorities—have decreed that I may no longer minister to him with my own hand, but at the Brinkley Hospital there are doctors—who . . . I shall be back home, my friends, back home—soon. Back home among you once more, my dear, dear friends."

Somebody turned the radio off, the doctor having concluded and the fond-voiced master of ceremonies announcing the approach of the Dwarfie Boys.

"My friend," said the Woodring-for-Vice-President promoter, "you have just listened to the most important political voice in all Kansas. Before you leave this state you will hear so-called bosses try to laugh Doc Brinkley off. You'll hear them deny that he is the political censor here, the arbiter, the last word. But they'll be wrong. You will find that both parties are hard at work at traps and schemes whereby they may attach Doc Brinkley to their coat-tails—"

Perplexity on the Prairies

"Or get a good grip on his," interrupted the gas man.

"And grab off the Brinkley vote," continued the Woodring booster. "The one that doesn't get it is licked."

Practically everything in Kansas serves to complicate the situation—everything from the price of wheat and of natural gas to the cost of Brinkley's Antispasmodic and Sedative (three dollars), to say nothing of who is going to name the next State Public Service Commission and State Board of Medical Examiners. On one thing, and one thing only, are both sides and all factions united; and that is the uneasy knowledge that the astonishing John R. Brinkley of Milford constitutes the greatest nuisance, not to say menace, that the two old-line parties have had to reckon with since the Honorable William A. Peffer, Sockless Jerry Simpson and Mary Elizabeth Lease, the Kansas Joan whose banner bore the shibboleth, "Raise Less Corn and More Hell," delivered the state to the Populists.

Until eighteen months or so ago, Kansas was getting along pretty well—as well, anyway, as the run of states. Of course, the political outlook in Kansas is never wholly serene. Ever since it was the stage for the prelude to the Civil War, Kansas has been poised ready to fly off in some hitherto uncharted direction. Its chronic Republicanism has not been truly Republican according to the Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan standards. Perhaps Sockless Mr. Simpson put it most succinctly when, just before he tucked his baggage (a small newspaper bundle) under his arm and left for Washington in the smoking car of a meandering accommodation train, he uttered a few farewell words:

"I'm a-goin' to Washington, folks, although God knows why I should be departin' for foreign parts to stand up for Kansas."

But about a year ago Vice President Curtis returned to Topeka with his usually tranquil mind bubbling with doubt. Mr. Curtis had discovered in one way and another that he did not love his new job. A number of things had contributed to his decision. As Vice President he amounted to no more than Vice Presidents are wont to. He was loath to admit it, the regularity of his Republicanism being as rigid as a wooden leg, but the horrid truth seemed to be that he did not love Mr. Hoover. Nor was there any proof that Mr. Hoover loved him.

A Victim of Circumstance

Mr. Curtis was having a nasty time of it with the farmers who, naïve souls, regarded a Vice President as a person only a little less potent than a President. Somewhere they had harvested the idea that a Vice President could do something. And they began to insist that Mr. Curtis do it when, to their bitter chagrin, Mr. Hoover's farm board gave them nothing more tangible than a bit of loose advice: plant less wheat.

Briefly, then, Mr. Curtis was spending much of his time as the Senate's chairman gazing through a film which may have been tears at his old seat on the floor where presently sat a Democrat, George McGill.

Mr. Curtis, an energetic man for all his seventy-two years, had been neither unaware nor idle. Nor did he waste his time trying to tell his neighbors at home that as Vice President he was far less cogent and powerful than he had been (or might be) as senator. Wheat was on the toboggan and while other states were blaming every unhappy circumstance on Mr. Hoover, Kansas, feeling a proprietorship in the Vice President, was demanding that he do something, nobody being particularly specific. Any experienced politician knows that it's silly to ask constituencies to be specific, logical, patient or analytic. He who expects such virtues from the folks back home seldom, if ever, becomes experienced.

So Mr. Curtis was looking about for an opportunity to do something that would modify in whatever degree it was possible the growing conviction of the farmers that he did not represent the last word in helpful government. The opportunity arrived in the person of the alert, resourceful and aggressive John R. Brinkley—old Doc Brinkley of Milford, Kansas. Doubtless, Mr. Curtis

(Continued on page 49)

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Winter Range

By Alan LeMay

The Story Thus Far:

JOHN MASON, the banker of the Wolf Bench region, has been murdered on the Bar Hook ranch—within fifty yards of the home of the owner, Campo Ragland. Kentucky Jones, a young live-stock trader, attends the coroner's inquest, where Jean Ragland, Campo's lovely daughter, shocks and amazes him by surreptitiously handing *him a bullet she has stolen from the evidence*—the bullet which had killed Mason!

Determined to learn the truth about the tragedy, Kentucky gets a job at the Bar Hook, where he finds Jean strangely upset by the theft of a picture—the picture of a man on a horse—which had hung on a wall of the ranch-house. . . . Then comes another shock. Zack Sanders, Bar Hook cook, has been missing for several days. His body, *with two bullet holes in it, is found* near the spot where Mason was shot! . . . To add to the complications, a cattle war—between Ragland and Bob Elliot, owner of the 88—is brewing; and presently Kentucky learns that Jean has secretly met Elliot—her father's enemy!

Sheriff Floyd Hopper comes to the Bar Hook, accuses Ragland of withholding information concerning the tragedies. Before he leaves, Joe St. Marie, a quarter-blood Indian, who has been acting suspiciously, enters. He appears to be ill. Obviously, something—he will not say what—has happened to him.

Kentucky and the girl later consult St. Marie. The quarter-breed's story is surprising. "I," he quavers, "saw a ghost—John Mason's. I couldn't be mistaken—I saw it twice. I shot at it, and it disappeared."

Seeing Jean's distress, Kentucky offers to help her. "Right now," she says, "I'm going to do the meanest thing I ever did in my life." *And then she kisses him!*

"I don't think, though," decided Elliot, "that you're going to

V

HAD it stood alone, the shooting of Zack Sanders, a crippled ranch cook, might have passed with little notice, and the inquest it occasioned might have been a routine and almost perfunctory performance. But the obvious—and at the *same time extremely elusive—connection* between the killing of Sanders and the death of John Mason stirred new war talk throughout the length of the rimrock.

Caught between a falling beef market and the heavy death losses of three years' drought, the rimrock cattlemen were in no shape to face the injury to their credit system resulting from the death of Mason. Even while it was generally supposed that Mason had died by the accidental discharge of his own gun, *the temper of the rimrock* cattlemen had been stormy and insecure. Now suddenly they were asked to accept the news that Mason's death had been no accident; that the redoubtable Old Ironsides had been murdered by parties unknown.

Twenty-four hours after Lee Bishop *discovered* the body of Zack Sanders under the snow, the whole rimrock knew both the discovery and its meaning. Fully as many people swarmed into Waterman for the inquest upon the *shooting of Zack Sanders* as had gathered for the Mason inquest. But this time the people showed a different mood. The death of Mason had left the cattle people irritable, but dazed and uncertain. The proof of murder turned them ugly. Sheriff Hopper had expected this revelation to arouse a certain amount of criticism and dispute; but he had underestimated the difficulty of his position at least seventy-five per cent.

And while the cattlemen were making it hot for Sheriff Hopper in Waterman, *there had sprung up among* the cattlemen themselves an even more uncertain situation. The circumstances of Mason's murder had already made the Bar Hook the focal point of the general disaster. The incredibly prompt and bold decisions of Bob Elliot's threatened 88 now promised to make the Bar Hook the focal point of the sequel. Whatever could be said against Bob Elliot, he was proving now that he could make a decision that popped like a blacksnake whip. The 88's first drive of cattle was already spread all over the middle of the Bar Hook range, cutting heavily into the feed that the Bar Hook Herefords would need long before the spring.

YET now, of all times in his career, Campo Ragland chose this to go into what appeared to be a black and hopeless funk.

The boss of the Bar Hook was habitually red-eyed now, and the curve of his forehead was no longer a bland, majestic sweep. He looked as if he might at any moment spit red-hot pebbles. Four times in two days Lee Bishop had urged his boss to turn his riders loose upon the encroaching herds of the 88 and as a reward for this had been the victim of as many surly explosions. Campo's unaccountable vacillation was breaking the morale of them all.

The day after the inquest Kentucky Jones got back from the morning's work before the rest. He found Jean in the kitchen, up to her elbows in flour and dough. The cook whom Campo Ragland had hired in Waterman had failed to show; and Campo Ragland, more and more inclined to let things drift from day to day, had not yet succeeded in the monumental task of getting another one out.

Jean's eye quickened instantly as Kentucky Jones came in. "Are the others back?"

"Not yet."

"Come here," she commanded. "I have to talk to you."

"Just a second." He went to the phone and belled the gunsmith at Waterman.

Old Mark Ferris, Wolf Bench gunsmith *for more than twenty years, knew* most of the guns in the Waterman rimrock; and Kentucky had talked to him the day before in an effort to trace the ownership of the gun found in Zack Sanders' hand. It had seemed to him odd that Zack, who owned no gun belt, should have been carrying a gun; and he had been led to wonder if Zack could have been forewarned, and had perhaps borrowed the weapon. If this were true, he wanted to know whose gun Zack had borrowed. Therefore he had set Ferris searching through his records for the serial number of the questioned gun, in the hope that the old gunsmith could discover to whom the gun had been sold.

PRESENTLY Mark Ferris' voice came over the wire, querulous and faint. "I can't find any record of that gun," he said. "I don't believe I ever sold that gun, Kentuck."

"You must have sold it," Kentucky insisted. "Look here, Ferris—this is no joke! Look again, will you?"

"All right."

Kentucky hung up and went to sit opposite Jean at the table where she was at work, and began the making of a cigarette.

"I suppose by this time," she began, "you have no end of theories about what happened here."

"No," he said.

"That's funny; everyone else has."

"I used to know an old lion hunter,

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Illustrated by Matt Clark

make much of a war on the 88." He allowed himself a faint smile

name of Old Man Coffee," Kentucky told her. "Whenever a killing or something had everybody else balled up, they used to send for Old Man Coffee. He didn't always unravel the trail; but he seemed to see through a lot of things that fooled other folks. And once I asked him how he did it."

"And he told you?"

"He said he made things easy for himself by never having a theory—he just kept hunting up facts, and when he had enough to give him the answer, there wasn't any theory about it—he knew."

"And that was *his* theory," said Jean.

"Maybe. But me, I think Old Man Coffee's way was a good way."

She stopped work and studied him. "I can't make you out," she said at last. "You mean—you have no idea of your own who killed Mason—or Zack Sanders—or why?"

"Miss Ragland—Jean," he said slowly, "I think you don't want me to know those answers."

She said quickly, "Why do you say that?"

"Child," he said, "how long is it going to be before you tell somebody—anybody—what you know about all this?"

She looked at him suddenly as she answered; and he knew that she lied to him, bravely, and with open eyes. "I haven't the least idea what you mean," she said.

"ALL right. But I ought to tell you this—if I stay here much longer, I'll know who killed Mason—and why."

"You—you're sure of that?"

"The facts I have are very few," he said. "I don't know where they lead. But already I know they lead a clear, straight trail."

"How can you—why do you know that?"

"The facts are too distinct and clear to be pointing more than one way. Those two men killed at the same time, but by guns of two different calibers; this house being searched; the fact that the two were killed at almost the same time, but were found lying nearly sixty yards apart—each thing stands out sharp as the track of a deer in the snow. When those facts are finally fitted together nobody will ever be able to blur them so that there's any doubt."

"If you're going to turn yourself into a spy—" Jean began hotly. She stopped, checked by the steadiness of his regard.

Kentucky Jones said gently, "Who are you shielding, Jean?"

She straightened and stood looking out through the clear space in the middle of the frosted pane. She was bleak-eyed, and her face was passive, but her head was up with a fine, proud carriage, and her hair was smoky flame. "I'm glad it's over with," she said at last. "Sooner or later you were bound to ask that, of course."

"Of course," he repeated. He could not see that there was any sign of faltering in this girl. It was as if she could expect her whole world to come down around her in a rattling avalanche if ever she lost her grip.

"You hardly expected any answer, I suppose?"

"No," he admitted.

She turned her eyes to look at him slowly, curiously. "I suppose the answer to that is another thing that you are sure to know, if you stay."

"Of course," he said again and waited for her to continue.

She drew a deep, unsteady breath. "I—I was trying to talk to you about something else."

"I'm sorry, Jean."

She looked at him hard. "It's nearly noon," she said. "In a few minutes the riders will be coming in. Tell me this, Kentucky: if you were boss of the Bar Hook, could you save the brand?"

"I only know one way. It's a way that most men would hesitate to take."

"And what is that?"

"TO FEED Elliot his own medicine. It would mean more riders; all of them tough, trouble-hunting men. It would be their job to run those 88-brand cattle back where they came from; and run them again next week, and the week after, and every time they come—run them till their bones rattle and half of them are muzzle-down in the snow. But if a man thinks he might be squeamish about seeing empty saddles come in—then he might better hesitate some, before he takes that way."

"Would you?" she asked him. "Would you hesitate?"

"If it was my brand—no."

"Listen." She leaned toward him, her hands on the table. "My father isn't going to fight."

"Not now, you mean?"

"Not now, nor later, nor ever."

"Jean," said Kentucky, "is it you that's keeping him from making his fight?"

She hesitated, as if she truly did not know how to answer. "Yes," she said uncertainly at last. Then after a moment she changed it. "No," she said. "I kept Campo out of a fight once; maybe it was a fight that he should have made. But it's out of my hands now, Kentuck."

"You sure don't give me much to go on," Kentucky said. "But I'll say this: if ever he's going to make his fight, now is the time; every day that he puts it off makes it harder in every way. If he puts it off long enough Elliot will have every chance to win."

A look of forlorn desperation came into her face. "If the Bar Hook was in your hands—do you think you could make a fight that would stand Elliot off?"

"Are you trying to sell me the Bar Hook?"

"What good would that do? There isn't a cattleman in the world who would be fool enough to buy the outfit now. But even if we could sell it, that would be almost as bad as to lose it altogether. Campo is rooted too deep in Wolf Bench cattle. If he loses the Bar Hook he'll never amount to anything again. You can't understand that, for you've never taken root. But Campo—I'd almost as soon see him dead."

"Then—?"

"Listen," she said intensely. She dropped her elbows to the table, bringing her face nearer his; and her words came tumbling out in an intense whisper: "I own a fifth share of the Bar Hook, in my own name. There's no question of selling the brand. But I could sell you my fifth share. Take it in the form of so many hundred grade steers—you to make the cut; or in any form you want. Would you take it?"

HE STALLED for time, puzzled. "How much are you asking?" he said.

"One dollar," Jean answered.

He stared at her. "And a string to it?"

"This: delivery will not be until next spring; and the cut will be based upon the valuation of the cattle on the range at that time."

He rolled a cigarette, considering. "See if I get this straight," he said. "You're offering me your share of the Bar Hook to make the fight that your father won't make—or can't make?"

(Continued on page 43)

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The Big Pink

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

The Story Thus Far:

EN ROUTE to Narrow Harbor, a summer resort, with Beechy Gwynn (in whom he is deeply interested) and Doctor Beekman Winship, his 200-pound pink-whiskered tutor, Edwin Bleecker Jewett III makes use of his weird sense of humor. He succeeds in convincing the learned doctor that the police are on his trail for a murder and that, in order to avoid recognition by the cops, he must part with his whiskers, of which he is inordinately proud.

The excitement begins. Dan McGurk, who trains pugilists, meets Winship (following a secret interview with Eddie), professes to be impressed by his fighting possibilities, offers to make him a champion. The doctor, shocked, declines to coöperate, until McGurk threatens to tip off the police.

The champion-to-be goes into training, winning the disapproval of Miss Wilhelmina Borden, toward whom he entertains sentimental feelings. Miss Borden indicates, quite plainly, her preference for a small man named Frisbee—Dr. Rufus Frisbee—proprietor of a near-by sanitarium. There are others, however—notably Eddie's Aunt Julie (Mrs. Ronald Bedloe), Miss Nevada Sullivan, a night-club queen, and the fair Nellie, a maid at the Bedloe home—who seem to be much impressed. Miss Sullivan prepares to capitalize the doctor—in her own peculiar fashion. And at this moment, Tragedy makes her entrance. Mrs. Bedloe and Winship have a tête-à-tête. Then—

The lady kisses our hero! And Miss Wilhelmina Borden, enjoying her daily equestrian exercise, canters slowly by—and observes the entire procedure!

IX

AS, TO the dying drum of hoofbeats, Wilhelmina Borden passed out of his life forever, Winship discovered that Mrs. Bedloe was still unaware of the tragic mischief she had done. Her hands lay lightly on his shoulders; she still stood on tiptoe; her eyes were closed; her face was softly transfigured with the pure joy of one who has given greatly and who, if need be, might even persuade herself to give again.

Abruptly, ungently, he freed himself.

"She—she saw us!"

Julie Bedloe's eyes snapped open. Winship took a churlish pleasure in the sight of her dismay. Ungallantly he desired that Julie, too, should suffer.

"Who?"

She did not quite succeed in uttering the word but her mouth made a round picture of it.

"Miss Borden. She—"

Concern erased itself from Julie's face.

"What perfectly *wonderful* luck!"

"Luck?" Suddenly feeling the weakness of seemly speech, Winship was impelled to borrow from the corrupt but pungent diction of Dan McGurk. "Whaduyuh mean—luck?"

"Why, that it was Minnie Borden who saw us! Anyone else might have—" Julie flushed faintly—"might have misunderstood."

Hope flickered wanly in Winship's breast.

"And you think that she will not—misunderstand?"

"Oh, I'm sure she won't. You see, she knows!"

"Knows?" Winship gulped.

"Yes. Oh, I'm so glad I told her!"

"Oh, you told her, did you?" Hope had ceased to flicker.

"I always tell Minnie *everything*. At first I thought that perhaps I had no right to tell her about—us, because it was your secret as much as it was mine, but I couldn't bear to let her keep on thinking—I mean, I wanted her to know how perfectly splendid you really are and what a magnificent thing you're doing. I just couldn't stand it to have her think you were—"

SHE paused, flushed deeply. Winship prompted her grimly. It was better to know the very worst.

"Oh, you know what I mean." She spread her hands. "Queer. Funny."

Winship managed not to groan aloud. He had learned to bear the knowledge that in his hopeless effort to resemble a scholar he had seemed queer and funny to Wilhelmina. He must learn somehow to bear the knowledge that she saw him now, shaven, garbed in garish colors, essaying the rôle of hero of tragic, illicit romance!

"I'm *glad* she saw us. I guess she'll believe it now!"

Winship found words:

"You mean that when you told her she did not believe it?"

"She just laughed in that exasperating way of hers. I'm devoted to Minnie, of course, but I do wish, sometimes, that she wouldn't laugh at *everything*."

As he fervently joined in the prayer Winship realized that it had already been answered. Since he had come to Narrow Harbor, Wilhelmina had not laughed at everything. Indeed, searching his memory, he discovered that she had not laughed, in his hearing, at anything. Not even at him!

Hope, pathetically, renewed its flicker.

"Tell me—" Mrs. Bedloe's voice warned him that the previous conversation had been resumed—"tell me honestly, have I made it worse for you by—" she hesitated only briefly—"by giving what I could?"

"No." Winship, heedless of possible misinterpretation, thoughtlessly spoke the truth. "Better. Much better."

She glowed softly upon him.

"Oh, I'm so glad, then, that I did it!"

He saw, he fancied, a forewarning of change in her face, a redawning of high, noble purpose. Rather too hastily, perhaps, he turned.

"I think we should be getting back," he said. The remark seemed to require enlargement. "I'm afraid Eddie may wake up. If I'm not there, he might take it into his head to go off somewhere without me."

"How wonderful of you!" Julie whispered. "To think of Edwin—at a time like this!"

Winship passed the gay handkerchief over his face.

"Not at all," he said earnestly. "Not at all!"

His concern as to Eddie, a matter of pretense at first, became quite genuine. All the way home he was troubled by an uneasy thought of the young man's possible absence, and when, from the porch, Eddie's voice gave him genial greeting, he was conscious of a singularly keen relief.

He did not, at first, understand this sudden lifting of anxiety. He liked Eddie, to be sure, but their brief acquaintance hardly called for either his previous alarm or his present strong contentment. Considering the problem, however, his trained intelligence came swiftly to its answer.

It was natural, he saw, that he should be anxious about a boy so notably in need of constant guidance by some older, wiser mind, so innocently ignorant of life and of the world, so inevitably drawn, because of this innocence, toward danger. It was quite as natural to feel this marked sense of security and relief on discovering that Eddie was safely at home.

"Somebody's been trying to get you on the telephone, Doc."

Although Eddie spoke casually, although the words were innocently commonplace, Winship's new-found peace of mind was disturbed. Even a telephone call seemed to hold mysterious possibilities of disaster.

"WHO was it?" he demanded.

"Oh, some woman." Eddie spoke with a hint of weariness, as if to imply that the question was foolishly superfluous. "Didn't leave her name. Said she'd ring up again."

Nellie appeared at the doorway. Winship's vague premonitions were somehow corroborated by her manner, although this, in Mrs. Bedloe's presence, was necessarily professional.

"The telephone, sir."

Once more Winship's heart accomplished something like a push-up and a squat. He found it necessary to glance at Julie Bedloe. She was smiling, a smile of extraordinary charm, and yet he detected a kinship between this smile and the wooden stolidity of Nellie's ex-

"Here's somep'n you simply gotta read. All about how a girl op'rative in the secret

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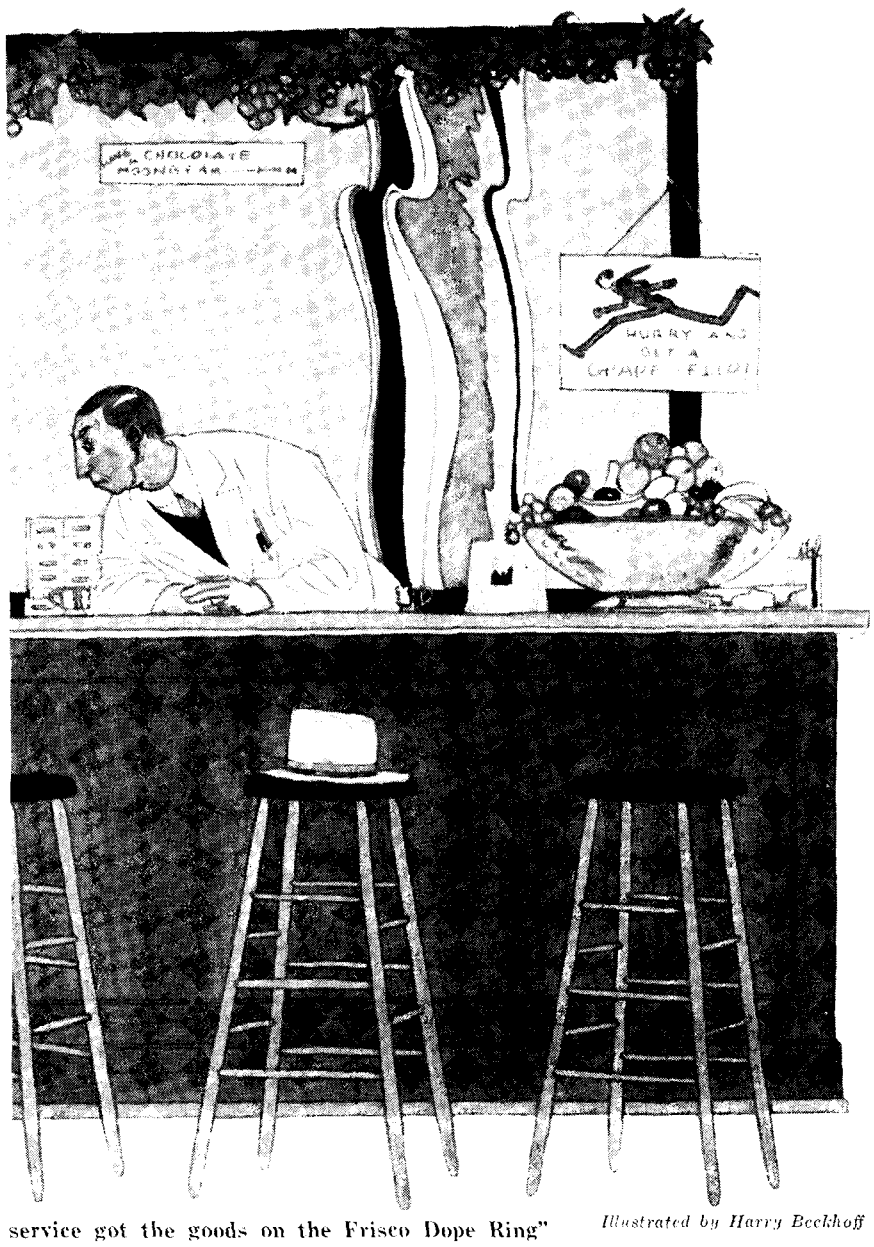

service got the goods on the Frisco Dope Ring" *Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff*

pression. He became aware, indeed, of a resemblance between these two women, women utterly dissimilar and yet unmistakably alike.

Somehow, too, this baffling likeness implied a danger, a danger more immediate than the remoter perils of the telephone. A sense of escape went with him to the instrument.

"Yes?" He did his best to speak appeasingly.

"Dr. Winship?" Although it held an austere coldness wholly new to him it was unmistakably Wilhelmina's voice. He snatched at hope.

"Yes, Miss Borden. If you would let me ex—"

"I should like a few moments' conversation with you this evening, if it is *quite* convenient."

"Oh, yes—quite, quite! I had been intending to beg of you to—"

"I shall expect you then, at nine, if that will be convenient."

"Oh, perfectly. It is very kind of you to give this opportunity to expl—"

"At nine, then."

Inexorably the receiver clicked. Looking up from the stubbornly unresponsive telephone, Winship found Nellie watching, darkness in her gaze. Without speech she vanished, leaving in his mind a dim foreboding of new and unknown dangers.

The thought went with him to his room. A locked door gave him no sanctuary against it. The perils that threatened him were able, he feared, to laugh at locksmiths.

Locksmiths . . . love. The established linking of the words led his mind back to Wilhelmina. He could find a pale hope, now, in the prospect of this evening's interview. She might not believe his explanations, but her willingness to listen to them proved, at least, the nobility of her nature. Perhaps this nobility, unable to believe him innocent, might still forgive.

Soothed and sustained by this consoling thought, he borrowed Eddie's razor and postponed, by another day, the reflorescence of his beard. He discovered, for the second time, that there was a curious, unreasonable pleasure in this destructive process; that, afterward, he felt more at peace with himself.

EVEN the mirrored image of his naked countenance did not offend him quite so violently as it had done at first. He could, at least, inspect it narrowly and feel only a mild disgust. He could clothe himself in violet-striped silk underwear, too, without the intense loathing of yesterday; he could actually take a morbid pleasure in the consciousness that Signor Primavera's dinner garments fitted accurately the lumps and bulges of his monstrous person.

He could even understand dimly the respectful eye with which Eddie Jewett, entering through the bathroom, inspected him.

"Well," Eddie said, "I guess you can't help it, Doc."

"Help what?"

Eddie shook his head. "The way they fall for you." He spoke with a slight impatience. "I suppose it isn't your fault, but you've got to learn how to keep 'em off." He counted on his fingers: "Cissy Mellish and Nevada and Nellie the Beautiful Housemaid and—"

"I cannot imagine," Winship interrupted stiffly, "to what you allude."

"Now is that nice?" Eddie complained. "I'm only trying to help you, Doc. The others wouldn't matter a whole lot, maybe, but Aunt Julie—"

Winship's startled, involuntary movement was almost a confession.

"I've been listening to her raving about you for pretty near an hour," Eddie said. "I don't say it's your fault, Doc, but you've got to do something about it, or else move out. You can't break up a home while you're a guest in it."

He paused.

"You want to keep remembering," he admonished solemnly, "that you aren't a professor any more."

"UNTIL this afternoon," Miss Borden said icily, "I took it for granted that you were sincere in your absurd and pathetic infatuation with Beatrice."

"Be—" The word died away in a gasp. Miss Borden went on as if Winship had not even tried to interrupt.

"I saw no need to interfere. The child has a keen sense of humor and I relied on this to protect her. I thought it would seem as ridiculous to her as it seemed to me. It did not occur to me that you could possibly be—dangerous."

"But—"

Winship observed that Wilhelmina shared her niece's dislike for being butted. She frowned faintly and, with a slight movement of her hand, bade him be silent. She might have spared herself the gesture. One syllable had proved to Winship that coherent speech was beyond him.

"Even when Julie Bedloe told me that you were—" she smiled thinly—"making all these splendid sacrifices, as she put it, for her sake, I didn't pay any attention to her. Julie's too pretty to have any sense, and goodness knows that men have given her some excuse for thinking that they're all in love with her. But this afternoon—"

"Really—"

Again Winship's utterance failed. Again, needlessly, Wilhelmina's lifted hand demanded order in the courtroom.

"This afternoon, of course, I saw that I had been mistaken. I saw that you were—"

"Please—"

"That you aren't quite as comic and harmless as I'd thought. If you can persuade a woman of Julie Bedloe's age to take you seriously, it's barely possible that you might succeed in deluding even a fairly intelligent child of nineteen. I realize, now, that I ought to have taken warning from the way Beatrice has been talking about you for some time past. Evidently she hasn't as keen a sense of the ridiculous as I thought. She—"

"If you would let me ex—"

"She is nominally in my charge while her poor mother's under Dr. Frisbee's care, but I'm quite aware that I have no real authority over her. It would only improve her opinion of you if I told her of what I saw this afternoon. I quite understand how thoroughly bad men may seem more attractive, to a young girl, than honorable gentlemen."

"I—I must—"

"YOU see that I am freely admitting the weakness of my position. And yet it's my plain duty to protect the child if I possibly can do so. Even you will admit that."

"I—you completely misunderstand—"

"I'm afraid I understand rather too well." She spoke with a remote hint, now, of sadness. "I don't know much about—about men like you, but I've always heard and read that there is good in the worst of them. So I've made up my mind to ask you, simply, to let poor Beatrice alone. She's so young, so utterly defenseless against such a man as you that I thought—I hoped—" she paused. "I suppose you aren't—in love with her?"

"No!"

Winship snatched eagerly at his first chance to enter this disclaimer in the highly limited speech at his command. "I—"

"I hardly thought you could be." Miss Borden's voice cooled again. "Although I've heard it said that men of your sort do sometimes fall in love with innocent young girls. I knew it must be the poor child's money that attracted you."

Winship found that his feet were under him. He heard his voice, cooler even than Wilhelmina's.

"Allow me to congratulate you on your powers of penetration. Now that you have discovered the real reason for my—my pretense of interest in your niece it is, of course, quite useless for me to continue my—mercenary plans concerning her. You need alarm yourself no longer on that score. She is safe—from me."

He bowed.

"If I have misjudged you—" Wilhelmina spoke with less assurance—"I am willing to hear anything you care to say in explanation."

For just an instant Winship hesitated. Perhaps, even now, he might make her understand, believe. Then, as he faced the task of finding words, he saw the utter hopelessness of his case. He might persuade her that he had never felt the slightest sentimental interest in her niece, but the affair of Mrs. Bedloe would remain. He could not tell her that he had been kissed against, not kissing; honor forbade it, honor and another quality he could not define, a quality he had not hitherto discovered in himself. It was a baffling thing; it defied analysis; it was almost as if he actually wished this woman to think evil of him.

"I never explain," he said.

He saw her eyes widen. Mysteriously he derived a gloomy pleasure from the knowledge that she was startled, puzzled, by that cryptic statement. It had left a pleasant acid taste on his lips. He was tempted to repeat it, but an obscure sense of dramatic values restrained him. He bowed.

"Good evening, Miss Borden."

HE HEARD a faint sound behind him, as if she had caught in her breath, but again the unsuspected sense of theater forbade him to turn, informed him that he left the field with military honors.

He carried this poor comfort with him into the balmy night. It upheld him for fully a dozen paces. Then the truth came home to him.

It was over. He had lost her, now, beyond all hope. He had deliberately encouraged her to think the worst of him. Always, hereafter, she would believe that he was a—a phrase from a moving-picture poster offered itself—a Love Pirate!

He said it aloud, under his breath:

"A Love Pirate!"

Amazingly the sound of it did not seem to hurt. He could find a morbid solace in it. He had lost her forever, in any case. It was easier to bear that loss in the knowledge that she believed him to be wicked, predatory, sinister. She might despise him, loathe him, perhaps even fear him, but she would not laugh at him.

His conscience, however, attacked this morose self-approval. It pointed out that he was sailing under false colors when he flew the Jolly Roger, that he wasn't formidable, fearworthy, that he was only a—

The reassuring truth came home to

(Continued on page 48)

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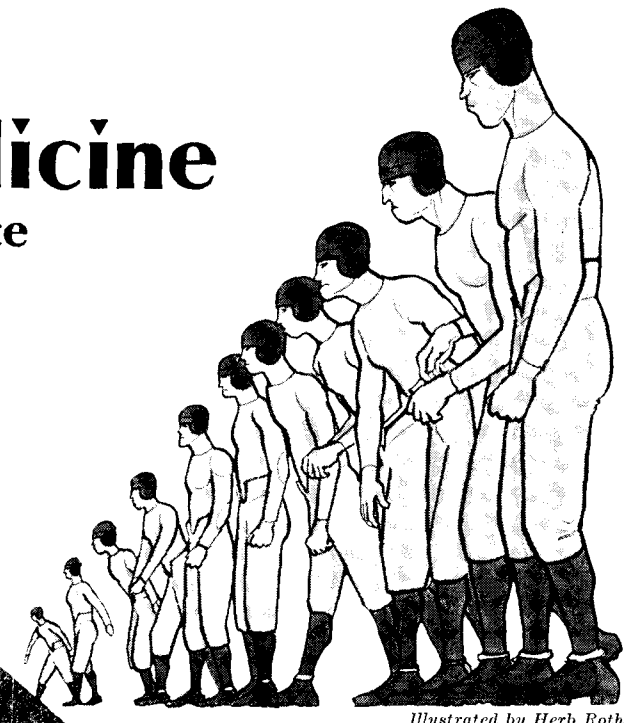
Football Medicine

By Grantland Rice



Illustrated by Herb Roth

FOOTBALL as a game breaks all records when it comes to the number of fanatics suggesting changes in its playing code. It is surprising how many letters come in offering a wide variety of departures from the present system.

Some want the goal after touchdown abolished. Others want all forms of tackling and interference cut out. And many want a touchdown from a forward pass given less value than a touchdown from a running play. These are only a few of the suggestions offered.

Yet there are certain changes recommended which deserve a complete hearing. The first of these concerns the number of players eligible for each game. In the early days of football, frequently only eleven, twelve or thirteen men were used throughout a contest. In those days, if a college could send a squad of fifteen players to the field it had an equal chance, numerically at least, against almost any rival.

The situation has changed entirely in the last few years. In some games during the past season a team has used forty-five men. Teams would come on the field with squads of sixty, seventy or even eighty men.

Against this human tidal wave of first-string men and reserves, the coach of the opposing team might have only twenty men to call on. As a result he might put on an even and an equal contest for two periods, only to be finally battered down by fresh recruits.

After all, football is supposed to be something more than a test of manpower and numerical superiority. It is supposed to be a battle in which the main factors are skill, speed, strategy, alertness, power and quick thinking.

In professional football the squad limit is twenty-two men. The pro teams frequently play twice a week. They may know better how to protect themselves and they may not always collide with the crashing abandon of collegians, but they play good, hard football.

"On the New York Giants," says Benny Friedman, "we rarely call on more than fifteen men, even when we have two hard games in one week. The others spend most of their time learning the added technique of the professional game. If we had no such rule the team with the most money would soon have thirty or more stars with the result that a fresh team would be facing a half-tired team many times a season."

It has been argued also that big squads have to be used to protect tired players and prevent injuries. This is only true to a degree. A coach might find it necessary to have eleven substitutes ready, but if it takes more than twenty-two men to play an hour of football, with only eleven playing at one time, then the game seems to be just a trifle too annihilating in its present form.

Players

What change in football rules should be suggested to correct this unbalanced condition? Suppose Coach Smith finds that he can only call on twenty-two players in each game for his first string and his reserves. Why should Coach Robinson in a much larger institution be able to nominate fifty men to face these twenty-two? *It would be a much fairer test to have the rival squads limited to twenty-two men on each side. Then the deciding factor would be skill, speed, power and smartness and not the preponderance of man-power.*

The squad personnel could be changed each week, which still would prevent one fresh wave after another finally overwhelming the smaller side.

This past year the Army team played through an average hard schedule that carried Michigan State, Harvard, Yale, Pittsburgh and Notre Dame, among others. Yet in the Notre Dame game the Army had used only twelve men up to the start of the fourth period and made only a few substitutions after that.

The Troublesome Pass

Equalizing the numerical strength of opposing teams at least would take some of the unfairness out of football. But there is another problem of the game not so easily solved, namely, interference with a forward pass. This subject starts more arguments and causes more trouble than any other feature of the game.

In the first place, many forward passes are long gaining plays or touchdown plays. The decision given often decides the final score. And yet in many of these plays it is almost impossible for an official to decide whether or not the defensive side is guilty of interference. In ten big games last fall I counted about twenty such cases where the argument was about equally divided in regard to the official judgment. Many of these decisions won games. Others lost games.

The rule in question reads: "During a forward pass play there shall be no interference whatsoever beyond the line of scrimmage with any player of either team who is eligible to catch the pass, except such interference as may occur when two or more eligible players make a simultaneous and bona-fide effort to catch or bat the ball."

This rule puts a terrific burden on an official. Many times he has to guess, when it is about fifty-fifty, on one of the most important plays of the game. Officials differ widely in their interpretations of this rule, especially since the play often takes place in a swirl of players and is too close to be called with any certainty.

Even before the last season had closed out its December schedule the casualty list of the game had grown so great that rule-makers, officials and coaches were busy planning definite changes to afford much greater player protection. Forty years ago one of the main complaints was against the various flying wedges, guards- and tackles-back, and other mass-momentum plays.

These formations were all abolished later on. But in recent years there has been a far more skillful development of mass momentum on attack. Running guards and even tackles have been taught to help increase the crushing power of the interference thrown at one or two men, and this increased interference has been speeded up more and more. Football injuries come from collisions, and mass momentum adds to the impact.

Many of these injuries resulted from kick-off plays where there has been a skillful massing of flying interferers. The tackler often has to cut his way through this massed pack approaching at top speed. Even with the large number of injuries piled up on this type of play, showing the desperate chances taken, more kick-offs have been run back for touchdowns and long gains this year than ever before.

With a death list at forty for the past season, plus an unusually large number of injuries, the work of the rule-makers was cut out in advance. It is practically certain that the amount of mass momentum will be greatly reduced. There should also be a stricter ruling against piling up and against the act of diving into a runner who is thrown. A strict application of the full penalty will be called for next year.

As great a game as football is, the pressure at times is too heavy on the player, and few teams can keep near top form for as long as a month. After all, the primary purpose of the game is to provide health and recreation to the player, not thrills for the crowd.

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Joan and Doug

When they met four years ago she thought he had a swelled head; he classified her as "rather terrible." But when Cinderella Le Sueur first praised, then snubbed, Prince Fairbanks it started a romance which upset the rules and tongues of Hollywood

By Henry F. Pringle

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., whose marriage evolved from dislike at first sight

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

THE romance of Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. is one over which Hollywood grows starry-eyed—when it is not predicting that such marriages do not last and that divorce is only a matter of time. It evolved from dislike at first sight.

Four or five years ago Joan was being rushed by a friend of young Doug's and she and Doug met at one or two dinner parties. But Fairbanks did not share his friend's enthusiasm for Joan. He agreed with those who said that she was, if beautiful and perhaps talented, rather terrible. She was flamboyant in dress and manner. She was likely, without warning, to do a solo Charleston on the floor of the Ambassador Grill. The more restrained members of the motion picture colony concluded that she was only a good-looking little hey-hey girl whose connection with the Art of the Cinema would be sensational rather than lasting.

On her part, Joan decided that Doug was a supercilious youth. She knew that he was, as yet, a mediocre actor. She felt that he was merely the son of a motion picture celebrity who was capitalizing his father's name. Worst of all, he was insufferably high-brow; he did not suppress innumerable ideas about art and letters.

A Beautiful Enmity

"Joan thought I had a swelled head." Doug subsequently confided to a friend, "and that I had a lot of phony notions." The first meetings between Joan and Doug seemed to mark the beginning of a beautiful enmity.

Four or five months later Doug joined a road company which was to tour the Pacific coast in Young Woodley, the play about English public school life. Joan chanced to attend the opening in Los Angeles and on the following morning Fairbanks received a telegram of congratulation which surprised him. It did not, in the traditional extravagances of the theater, read: "I sobbed. I stamped my feet. Your performance was the greatest since Barrymore in The Jest."

As a matter of fact, Doug does not remember a single phrase from the message which Joan had dispatched but he does recall that it was intelligent, restrained and obviously sincere. He remembers, too, that he had not believed her capable of simplicity and he telephoned to express appreciation. Would Miss Crawford dine with him that evening? No, said Joan curtly, she would not. The following night, then? No, she was busy every night that week. She would always be too busy, her tone implied.

"This aroused my curiosity," Doug recalled, "and I laid siege to her. After a time she consented to go out with me and we soon were laughing over the way we had detested each other."

They were married, in June of 1929, after an engagement which lasted two years. In 1927, as at the present time, Joan Crawford was professionally more important than Doug Jr. But socially, according to the blue-bloods of Hollywood, she was nowhere at all. Behind the mists of publicity blurbs lay such damning facts as a mother who ran a laundry agency, work in the chorus in New York, slavery as an extra girl and unseemly participation in Charleston contests after arrival on the Pacific coast in 1925. Joan had astonishing blue eyes, a lovely figure and no mean ability as an actress—that was all.

Douglas Fairbanks Jr., on the other hand, was of royal blood. True, his own childhood and youth had been obscure enough—he had lived in anything but affluence with his divorced mother. But by 1927 he was a resident of Hollywood and the son of its undisputed king.

His stepmother, Mary Pickford, had been unable to retain her title as America's Sweetheart but was finding consolation as queen of the motion picture world. An invitation to Pickfair, the Pickford-Fairbanks estate at Beverly Hills, was tantamount to a command and carried the social prerogative—limited to Hollywood, naturally—of a presentation at the Court of St. James.

Miss Pickford, in a public address or two, had graciously used the phrase, "my people," in speaking of motion picture workers. It was an accepted custom that such personages as the Queen of Rumania and Mayor Jimmy Walker must call at Pickfair before accepting the hospitality of Marion Davies or other members of the lesser nobility.

"The Perfect Couple"

The gossip was instantaneous when the engagement of Joan and Doug was announced. Would the rulers of Pickfair receive this one-time chorus girl? Would Joan be invited to The Castle, as Pickfair is sarcastically called by those who have not been summoned to its halls?

She was, of course. The elder Fairbanks is supposed to have protested when his son announced that he intended to marry Joan. He promptly gave way when young Doug expressed determination, however, and Mary Pickford also knew that clever royalty avoids the certainty of defeat. They soon discovered that they had acquired a daughter-in-law who was clever as well as beautiful, whose capacity for self-improvement would leave her rivals incoherent with wrath.

Hollywood is a place of violent extremes. As soon as Joan and Doug were married they became a Perfect Couple. They exemplified connubial bliss, but they were not allowed to do so in privacy. Joan was forced to give interviews saying that "We shall never be divorced," that "We study together, work together, pray together, play together and love together." Their devotion almost came to be what Hollywood calls a "gag"; that is, some conscious eccentricity which aroused comment.

This conceit entranced Hollywood. The only flaw to the Crawford-Fairbanks romance was that it could not be exhibited on Wilshire Boulevard or in the Chinese Theater for the edification of rubber-neck tourists.

Joan Crawford has risen immeasurably, and quite by her own talents,

(Continued on page 38)

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The Red Czar

Lenin's death was the signal for a battle. Who was to be his successor? Stalin, unscrupulous, determined, a trained conspirator, had already laid his plans. Here's the story of his dramatic struggle with Trotsky

By Essad Bey

STALIN never forgets but he is willing to learn. After his first conflicts with Trotsky, after the furious fighting in the civil war, he recognized that this upstart represented a certain power and exercised a certain not unimportant influence in party circles with which even the old and deserving Activists like himself were bound to reckon. He therefore changed his tactics, with the result that there were no more open disputes and the recriminations ceased. Stalin became once more immersed in his work and his devotion to Lenin seemed to be greater than ever.

Meanwhile the inflexible and brutal dictates of "Militant Communism" were bringing untold suffering; 1921, the most terrible year in Russian history, dawned upon scenes of appalling misery.

The golden globe of the sun poured its burning rays down on Russia and destroyed the harvest which in any case was a poor one. Thus began the starvation year of 1921, which cost the lives of a million and a half peasants. All was quiet on the Volga. The villages were empty, and the peasants migrated across the steppes to Turkestan and Siberia. Only very few reached their destination. People ate earth, leather, mice and dung, and died in convulsions. Then the greatest horror of all occurred. All along the banks of the Volga in 1921 people ate the bodies of those who had died. Husbands and wives would sit side by side waiting to see which would be the first to succumb to weakness and die, and the bodies of the deceased would supply the survivors with food.

The Price of Revolution

The country was steering full steam ahead to Communism. Regulations hailed down on the population and were enforced by means of punitive expeditions. But still the experiment continued. Not one of the fundamental principles of Communism was abandoned, except possibly that the experimenters, at their wits' end, accepted the help provided by super-capitalistic America and Dr. Nansen. The American Relief Administration saved millions in Russia from death by starvation. But when the journalists asked Trotsky what he had to say about this greatest of all catastrophes in the history of Russia, which after all was the result of an experiment, he replied: "It is the price that has to be paid for the Revolution." By some Trotsky's reply is regarded merely as a proof of his brilliant journalistic gifts.

But starvation, the gradual brutalization of Russia and the rapid decay of the country failed to convince the leaders of the failure of the experiment. On the contrary! The lower the ruble sank, the greater the scarcity of food and the more intolerable conditions of life became, the nearer did they imagine was the realization of Communism on earth and the more fanatically did they stride towards the distant goal which they were only just beginning dimly to discern on the horizon.

Disillusionment, however, came from an utterly unexpected and therefore all the more dangerous quarter. In the spring of 1921 it was not the starving populace nor the moribund bourgeoisie nor even the Mensheviks in their dungeons who protested, but "the pride and ornament of the Revolution," the bluejackets of Kronstadt. It was the guns of Kronstadt which put an end to the experiment. In the very port where in 1917 the bluejackets had gone over in a body to the side of the Soviet and turned the scales in the case of the St. Petersburg *coup d'état* the first great rising broke out inside Russia against the Bolsheviks. The bluejackets of the most important naval port in the country arrested and imprisoned their Commissars, drove out the Soviet officials, and declared war to the death on the Bolsheviks. Their demands were freedom to trade, free voting, abolition of capital punishment, freedom of the press, etc.

This rising was a bolt from the blue. The democratic demands of the pride and ornament of the Revolution constituted a terrific blow to the central Soviet authorities. The rising was certain to spread like lightning, and in a few days St. Petersburg would fall into the hands of the bluejackets and the workers who joined them. The Soviet government felt that its days were numbered. The spirit prevailing in the Kremlin was very similar to that which had existed after the abortive St. Petersburg insurrection of July. The leaders scattered asunder and a few of the lukewarm Communists quickly tore up their membership cards. The Commissars, pale as ghosts, ran hither and thither through the board rooms, awaiting the inevitable—the fall of St. Petersburg and a rising throughout Russia. In the streets, the guttersnipes were already singing the glad refrain: "Lenin and Trotsky went off in an airplane!"

The leaders had suddenly become hysterical. Stalin was the only man who kept his head. "Comrades, for heaven's sake don't be hysterical," he implored the few who were still willing to listen to him. Among them was Lenin. He grasped the situation and turned to Stalin as the last hope of the party. And it was not the executioners of the Cheka nor the Red generals who were entrusted with the suppression of the rising, but insignificant, taciturn Stalin, together with Trotsky. But even here Stalin was not officially in command, and it was only when the rising was over that he undertook the settlement of the affair. Trotsky, the official hero, Stalin and General Tukhachevski advanced at the head of the most privileged and most carefully picked Soviet troops against the insurgents.

Eye-witnesses declare that at this juncture Stalin developed into a regular engine of cruelty. It was still midwinter in Kronstadt. The men of the Red army in their white tunics advanced over snow and ice and across frozen rivers against the greatest fortress in Russia.

Behind the army followed the cream of Communism, the troops of the Cheka. They were equipped with heavy guns and machine guns, so that in the event of failure on the part of the army they could break up the ice under the feet of the fugitives—Kronstadt lies on an island in the Gulf of Finland—and make flight impossible. Such were the mechanical means that Trotsky and Stalin employed to force their troops to deeds of heroism.

In spite of ice and snow and the desperate resistance of the bluejackets, the workers and the soldiers, the Soviet troops were victorious and with Comrade Birn, their official commander at their head, they entered the fortress. The cream of the army, the special detachment of the Cheka, set to work.

A Lesson in Cruelty

Stalin now revealed himself in all his glory. He gave no quarter, and knew neither leniency nor mercy. Kronstadt, cut off from the rest of the world, was surrounded by troops that had remained loyal, and the judges proceeded to give vent to their fury. It is said that only a few insurgents escaped from Kronstadt alive. These few managed to convey the news of the bloody termination of the rising to people abroad.

The Communist Party suffered from no lack of members capable of the most ghastly cruelty, and it is extremely significant that with so many to choose from it was precisely Stalin who was selected. Apparently even the most gifted members of the Cheka could not compete with his impersonal, utterly inhuman and instinctive Asiatic cruelty.

Kronstadt proved the turning point in the history of Communism. Lenin took the warning to heart. The experiment had obviously failed.

While Stalin was still dealing with the rising and the last shots were being fired in Kronstadt, Lenin was explaining the policy of the so-called "Nep" (New Economic Policy) before the tenth meeting of the Party Congress. "We must learn our business from the capitalists; we must learn to trade; we must radically alter our position for some time to come." These observations of Lenin, so incompatible with all that had been proclaimed before, gave rise to unmistakable enthusiasm among the majority of the members. Apparently they had grown tired of the Revolution. Even Trotsky, who had not yet recovered from the fright the rising had given him, whole-heartedly supported Lenin.

Such was the end of militant Com-

Press Cliche, Moscow
Stalin at the time of his appointment as General Secretary of the Communist Party

Keystone
Zinoviev (bareheaded), Stalin's accomplice in the seizure of Lenin's power

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munism, one of the strangest and most harebrained experiments in history. And as the excitement died down and something approaching normal conditions was restored, the more apparent became the tendency which Trotsky contemptuously dubbed "Epitonism." Lazy, indolent Russia, the vast Asiatic despot-ridden country, was dead tired and was taking a rest.

"'Nep' is a pause for taking breath," said Lenin.

Stalin Bids for Power

But for Russia and for most of the Communist circles Nep meant a return to almost normal conditions, an opportunity for reaping the advantages the Revolution had conferred upon the individual. It was about this time that Stalin's face first began to loom above the horizon.

Stalin's rise to power first became visible outside the inner circle at the tenth congress of the party. Zinoviev, the leader of the St. Petersburg Soviet, proposed him as a candidate for the post of General Secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, which had just been created. It is said that at the time Lenin was opposed to Stalin's candidacy. He may have regarded the sullen Georgian as an uncouth representative of the dull mass of the party. "This chef will cook us bitter dishes," he observed ironically.

Nevertheless he did not oppose Stalin openly, for he attached no political importance to the post of general secretary. As a matter of fact it did not then carry much weight, being neither a government post nor a leading political post within the party. Its duties were more of a technical nature, and consisted of the mechanical execution of the decisions of the Central Committee. In this bureaucratic position, close to Lenin and under his constant supervision, it was thought that Stalin could hardly exercise much personal influence. And yet this post of general secretary became for Stalin the one in which he has contrived to exercise the power of dictator to this day. He used it to make himself conversant with all political questions, and with the whole of the administrative machinery of the state and the party.

Gradually Stalin contrived to make his influence felt both in the policy of the party and the personal concerns of its members. He collected round him a number of leaders who imagined they had a grievance against the Revolution or felt insecure in their positions. Stalin selected these future accomplices with the utmost skill and caution. Foremost among them were Zinoviev, Kameniev, Dzerzhinski and Orzhonikidze. Zinoviev, as head of the St. Petersburg Soviet, was the absolute ruler of the working masses of that city, while Kameniev held a similar position in Moscow. With the support of these two men, Stalin could rely upon the two capitals. Dzerzhinski, too, was a useful man. He was a Pole, and an old revolutionary, well acquainted with exile and with the inside of prisons. The Caucasian Orzhonikidze was an old friend on whom Stalin could rely absolutely and who was still ready to embark on any daring venture.

Every day reports, queries and requests from the whole party were piled high on the table of the general secretary, and Stalin studied them eagerly. By means of insignificant little favors and equally intangible acts of hostility, he added to the body of picked men within his bureaucracy and they soon constituted a by no means despicable force. Naturally it was impossible for Lenin to supervise every detail in person. He was responsible for the broad policy of the party, while the details, the domestic policy, were gradually taken over by the conscientious general secretary.

It became obvious to Stalin that Lenin was trying gradually to demolish the system of dictatorship, that he no longer believed in pure Socialism, and was steering the country towards liberalism, which Stalin loathed. Stalin could not tolerate half measures and when he had to choose between Lenin and Communism he decided in favor of Communism as he understood it. But for the present he kept his views to himself.

Lenin Enters His Eclipse

Suddenly, but at first only in Lenin's most intimate circle and then only in whispers, the cry of alarm was raised: "Lenin is ill! Lenin is in a bad way!" In fear and trembling the members of the party whispered the news in each other's ears and anxiously followed Lenin with their eyes, only to add: "He staggered! He can no longer stand upright. His hands tremble!"

The mass of the party believed that the fate of the Revolution, of the party and of the Soviet power depended upon Lenin's health. Nobody dared to refer to the question of his successor, the possibility of his death appeared so incredible. Moreover, everybody felt certain the whole party might easily go to ruin over the question of the succession.

Then the catastrophe occurred. Lenin had his first stroke. This was in May, 1922, just before the eleventh party Congress. The news created a panic in the Kremlin. The unfailing source from which the party had hitherto drawn all its wisdom was apparently on the point of running dry. Nobody attended to business; all eyes were turned toward Gorki, the village near Moscow where Lenin was living at the time.

The Commissars of the People and the members of the Central Committee stood helpless before the political problems that confronted them. A period of stalemate seemed to settle on all but one of the Bolshevik Party bodies. That one, Stalin's, the office of the general secretary, which hitherto had merely executed Lenin's orders, now began to issue orders on its own initiative. Stalin had quietly taken over the power—and no one seemed to notice.

Lenin did not get onto his legs again until July, but by that time everybody knew that the question of the succession had become acute. Lenin's days were numbered.

But he still lived.

Early in the next year, 1923, Stalin took his first definite and bold step away from the master he had followed obediently and blindly for so many years. He undertook to settle an important problem behind Lenin's back.

In Georgia, Stalin's native land, the hodgepodge of races—Armenian, Mohammedan and the like—was leading to movements for freedom from Russia. Lenin was for conciliation and persuasion. Stalin, knowing his countrymen, was for the iron fist; and he secretly dispatched his fellow Caucasian and trusted comrade, Serge Orzhonikidze, to Tiflis to wield it.

Though he was a dying man, Lenin watched every turn of the party machine with a vigilant eye. "What is happening in Georgia?" he asked Stalin.

Stalin replied by lying, by giving false information, because he knew that Lenin would not tolerate any severity towards old Communists. But suddenly the situation burst quite unexpectedly. A delegation of Georgian Communists, with Budu Mdivani at their head, arrived with an indictment of Stalin and Orzhonikidze. It was a tale of brutal persecution, unscrupulousness and a disregard of services rendered to the party, all carried on under cover of the Central Committee's authority.

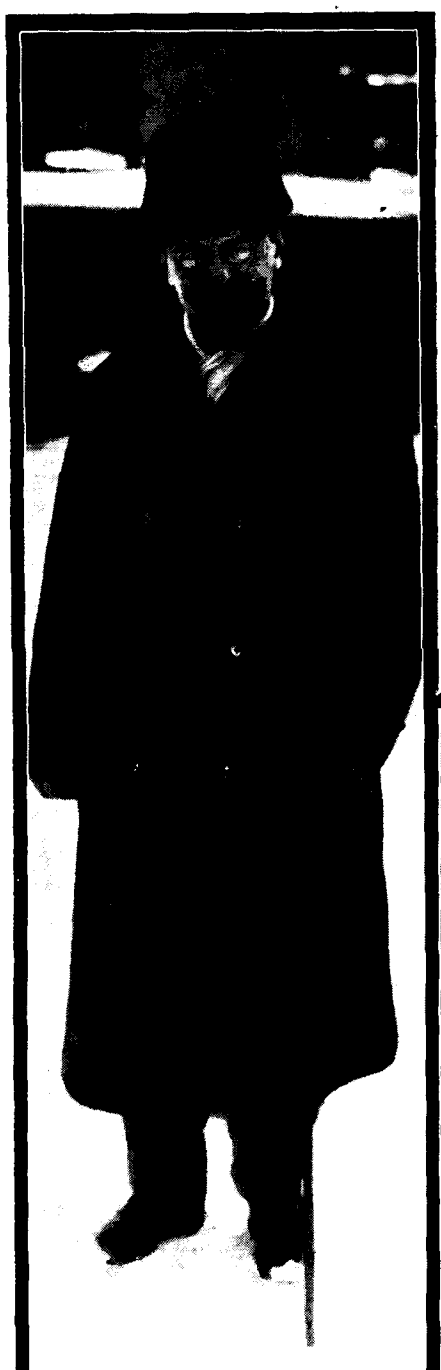
Stalin Hurls Vile Insult

Lenin was indignant. He had not expected this barefaced deception from Stalin, and he summoned up all his remaining strength for a last decisive blow. But first he wished for an explanation from Stalin.

Lenin had almost reached the end of his tether and was seeing nobody. His wife undertook the negotiations with Stalin. She went to see him in his room. "Lenin wishes to have all the papers relating to the Georgian question at once," she told him. "The comrades from Georgia put a very different complexion on the matter from what you did."

Stalin's face darkened. So he had been exposed! It was impossible for him to produce any papers that would exonerate him. His Georgian blood flew to his head and, springing to his feet, he replied with a single sentence which was the most vulgar insult that could possibly be hurled in the Russian language.

(Continued on page 52)



Keystone

Trotsky at the time of his retirement from Soviet leadership

Keystone

Lenin, in 1923, with his wife in his garden at Gorki, about a year before his death

Keystone

A meeting of the executive group of the Moscow Soviet, with Kameniev, through whom Stalin ruled, presiding

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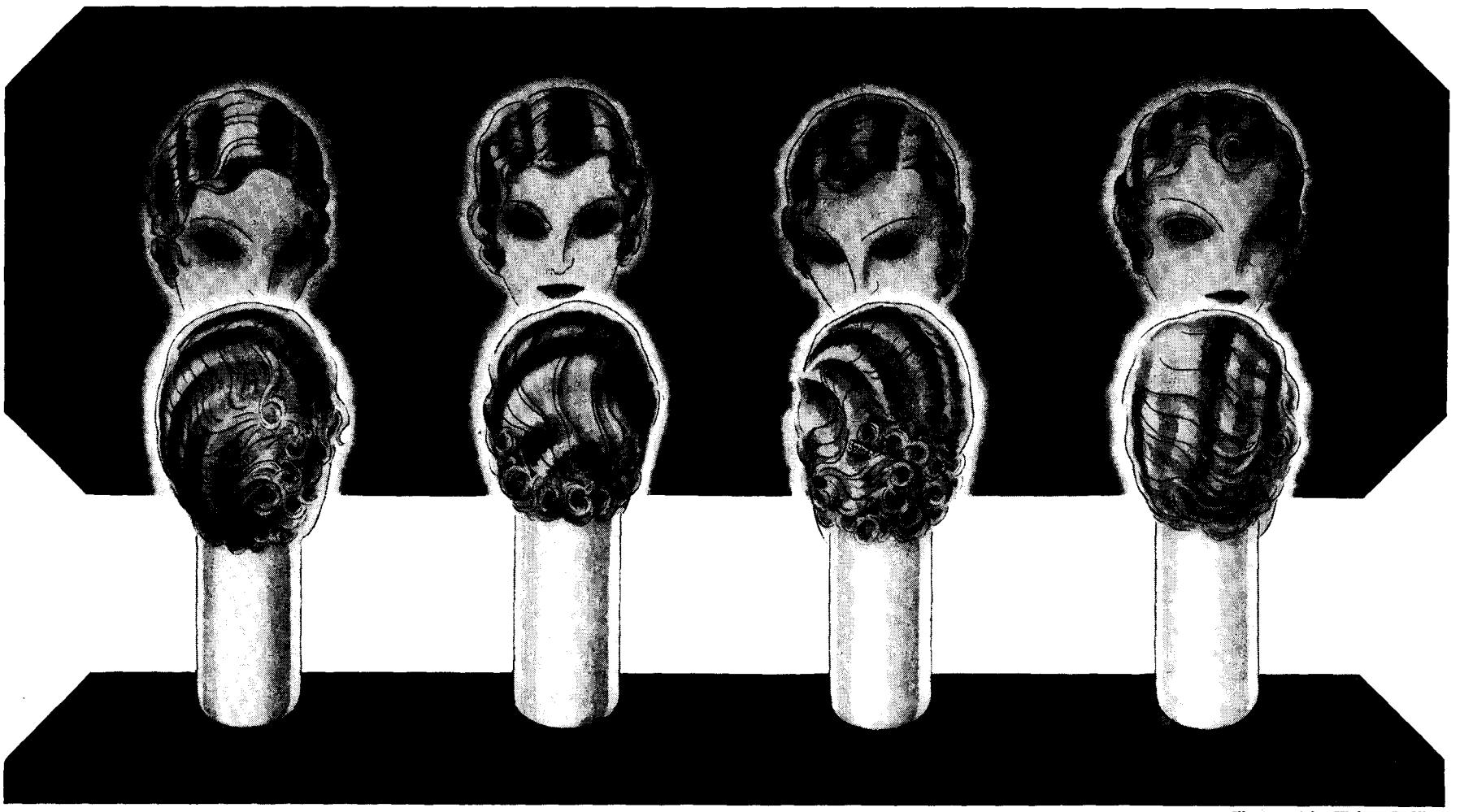

Illustrated by Walter C. Klett

The smartest hair is short—but that doesn't mean shingled, for heads must match the new styles

Heads Up

The smartest hair is short hair. It is also becoming hair. Here's how you might work the combination to attain that new coiffure you're hankering for, and how to make your crowning glory live up to its reputation

By Elizabeth Boutelle

EVERYBODY knows the ostrich is a foolish bird. And the lady who gambled and lost in the Great Hat Panic of 1931 probably has a personal grudge against him as being party to her downfall. But we all feel some sympathy these days with his reputed urge to hide his head in the sand. Even if we've long since consigned the Empress Eugénie to the dust-bin, and can face the world in a hat so right that we don't mind meeting our dearest enemy or our most dangerous rival, it's more than likely that our hair is wrong. If it's in a pinned-up roll in the back, the hat has a tendency either to pull out of shape or, with time, to work itself up onto a perch several degrees nor'-nor'east of where it started. The first breeze that comes along cancels hours of conscientious effort before the mirror when it hits the hair that's longish without benefit of hairpins, and if by any chance we've clung to the old boyish hair line we may be neat, but we're just plain out of date.

The hairdressers who are in the know tell us that the smartest hair is short hair. That doesn't mean shingled hair, because that is entirely out of tune with the graciousness of the new styles. But it does mean that the Garbo mode is definitely out, and that the hair should be only long enough to give an effect of controlled softness that is both well-groomed and feminine.

One of the most famous hairdressers in New York suggests that a smart and practical way to express this new feeling is to wear the hair an inch to an inch and a half long on the back of the neck, and brush it across the head in a swirl which ends in a soft curl behind the ear.

The soft curled-up roll in back is good, too, and one way to give it a 1932 twist is to arrange it in two graduated rolls instead of one. Whether we wear it double or single, this year's version is not worn low on the neck like the old one, but always follows the natural hair line.

Here, as always, the length of the hair around the face should vary with the individual, for smartness must be kept within the bounds of becomingness, and our eagerness for something new should never make us forget that first of all we want an attractive frame for our particular features. In general, though, instead of being waved down onto the cheek in a line perfectly parallel to the part, the hair should be worn long enough to give the effect of having been brushed back and *then* pushed forward into a soft wave, with the emphasis on the sweep away from the temples.

The Crown of Platinum

Maybe this doesn't seem to make you quite the girl you think you might be, and perhaps you'd feel happier with something a little more arresting to the eye. If that's the case you might draw your hair back softly, rather high over the tips of your ears, and wear the ends in a mass of ringlets that come well up the back of the head, the higher the Greeker, and a good accent for the new evening dresses, which are so often classical in line. Or, if you're feeling Parisian, try bringing it back more closely, showing still more of your ears, winding the ends into a miniature French roll in the back, and letting the hair in front of the ears provide the softness by staying short and curly on the cheeks.

Of course the soberest of us are subject to sudden attacks of inflammation of the imagination, for which the only relief seems to be a startling and radical change from our old appearance. One manifestation of the ailment these days is a disposition in the patient to play with the idea of dyeing her hair platinum blond.

Hollywood does it; it raged on the Riviera this summer, and why shouldn't we do it? The chief reason is that our hair won't stand for it. The hairdressers themselves tell us quite frankly that it is dangerous. To achieve the platinum color they must first bleach the hair almost white and then treat it with bluing. To maintain it, the process must be repeated frequently and cannot be kept up for more than six months without resulting in a serious breaking off of the hair.

When we consider all the time and thought we put into making our skins look fresh and clean, it seems a little absurd that we should be so much less conscientious about our hair. Most of us are, and yet the hair needs exactly the same cleanliness and stimulation that are essential to a good complexion.

Wield the Brush

Hair which has to depend upon a lazy scalp for its nourishment is fighting a losing battle from the start, and we can certainly never expect it to do itself or us justice if we let it go burdened with dust and dirt. If our hair is to look well and be well, we must wash it at least every ten days. And between times we must brush it and brush it.

Five minutes or so of good lusty wielding of the hairbrush twice a day will put life into the most lie-down-and-die looking hair. It pays to invest in a good bristle brush, so constructed that the bristles in the middle are longer than those on the edges. It must, of course, be kept scrupulously clean, getting a good scrubbing in soap and warm water at least once a week and being left to dry, if possible, in the sunlight and fresh air. In using it, first the hair should all be brushed from the base of the hair line, forward over the top of the head. Then, separating it into small strands, brush each individual strand up and outward again. In this way some of the strokes reach the scalp itself and not only remove any bits of dust but also stir the blood into healthy activity. Proper circulation in the veins of the head and neck is one of the first essentials to hair health, and in this connection one authority tells us that one of the reasons why men are so much more often bald than women is that they wear tight collars and tight hats, like the derby.

(Continued on page 61)

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"PAY 50¢ for a tooth paste?

..not me! I KNOW BETTER"

"I paid that for years—thought I had to in order to have nice teeth.

"But I don't pay that much now. Maybe I ought to thank the depression for a small but worthwhile lesson in economy—and for a real revelation in value.

"It occurred to me one day that all tooth pastes are pretty much alike, in the results they accomplished. If that was so, what was the use of paying 50¢ or more. That reasoning led me to Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢. Been using it right along now, and figure I save myself about $3 a year. What's more, my teeth look cleaner and whiter than ever, and my mouth feels simply great!"

Quick, Safe Cleansing

That's the way a lot of men and women talk. Actually, more than four million people have rejected costly dentifrices for this modern one which sells for 25¢ the large tube. And while the price has been a consideration, the deciding factor in their selection was the outstanding quality of this tooth paste and the remarkable results achieved by it.

If you aren't already using Listerine Tooth Paste, do so at the first opportunity.

Erases Discolorations

See how teeth gleam. Note how swiftly but how gently it erases discolorations and tartar. How lustrous it leaves the teeth. Contained in it are new polishing and cleansing agents. They are harder than tartar and so remove it. But they are softer than enamel and consequently do not hurt it.

We are willing to wager that once you try Listerine Tooth Paste you will not return to soapy, gritty, or prettily colored dentifrices which cost more, but accomplish no more. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

That $3 You Save Buys Any of These

CLOTHES

Handkerchiefs, hose, or hat
Sweater, gloves, or knickers
Pyjamas, or underwear
Bathrobe, or raincoat
Collars, or muffler
Sneakers, or moccasins
House slippers, or shoes
Rubbers, or galoshes
Belt, suspenders, and garters (all 3)
Overalls or lumber jacket
One or two dress shirts
Neckties, shirts, or cuff links

FOR THE CAR

Spark plugs, tire chains, or jack
Spotlight, or tail and stop light
A horn, or brake bands
Auto clock, or inner tube
20 gallons of gasoline
3 gallons of oil

SMOKING ARTICLES

Cigarette case, or lighter
One to six pipes
Good tobacco pouch
30 packages Cigarettes
30 packages Tobacco
60 Cigars

A tonic for your teeth... A pal to your pocketbook

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EXTRA STRENGTH EXTRA SAFETY EXTRA MILEAGE

AT TODAY'S low prices, everyone can afford to equip their car with the strongest and safest tires made—and at today's speeds, your life and the lives of your family often depend upon your tires.

Here are the three most important reasons why Firestone Gum-Dipped Tires give you Extra Strength, Extra Safety, and Extra Mileage.

1. Gum-Dipping—By this Firestone patented process the cotton fibers in every cord are saturated with liquid rubber—preventing internal friction and heat and increasing the flexing life of every cord by 58%. This process makes the cord body *tougher* and *stronger.*

2. Two Extra Cord Plies Under the Tread—This patented construction gives 26% greater protection against punctures and blowouts and 56% stronger bond between tread and cord body. You are assured of *safety at any speed.*

3. The Non-Skid Tread—The scientifically compounded and designed Firestone Non-Skid Tread grips and holds the road, giving maximum safety and *longer wear.*

Why did
6,928 Tire Dealers join with FIRESTONE in **1930**
and
8,613 Tire Dealers join with FIRESTONE in **1931?**
To Sell and Service the Best Tire Values in the World

There's a Firestone Service Dealer or Service Store conveniently located near you. Drive in today and see for yourself the Extra Values in Firestone Tires.

Protect yourself and family with the strongest and safest tires at no additional cost.

Listen to the **"Voice of Firestone"** *Every Monday Night over N. B. C. Nationwide Network*

Firestone

MOST MILES PER DOLLAR

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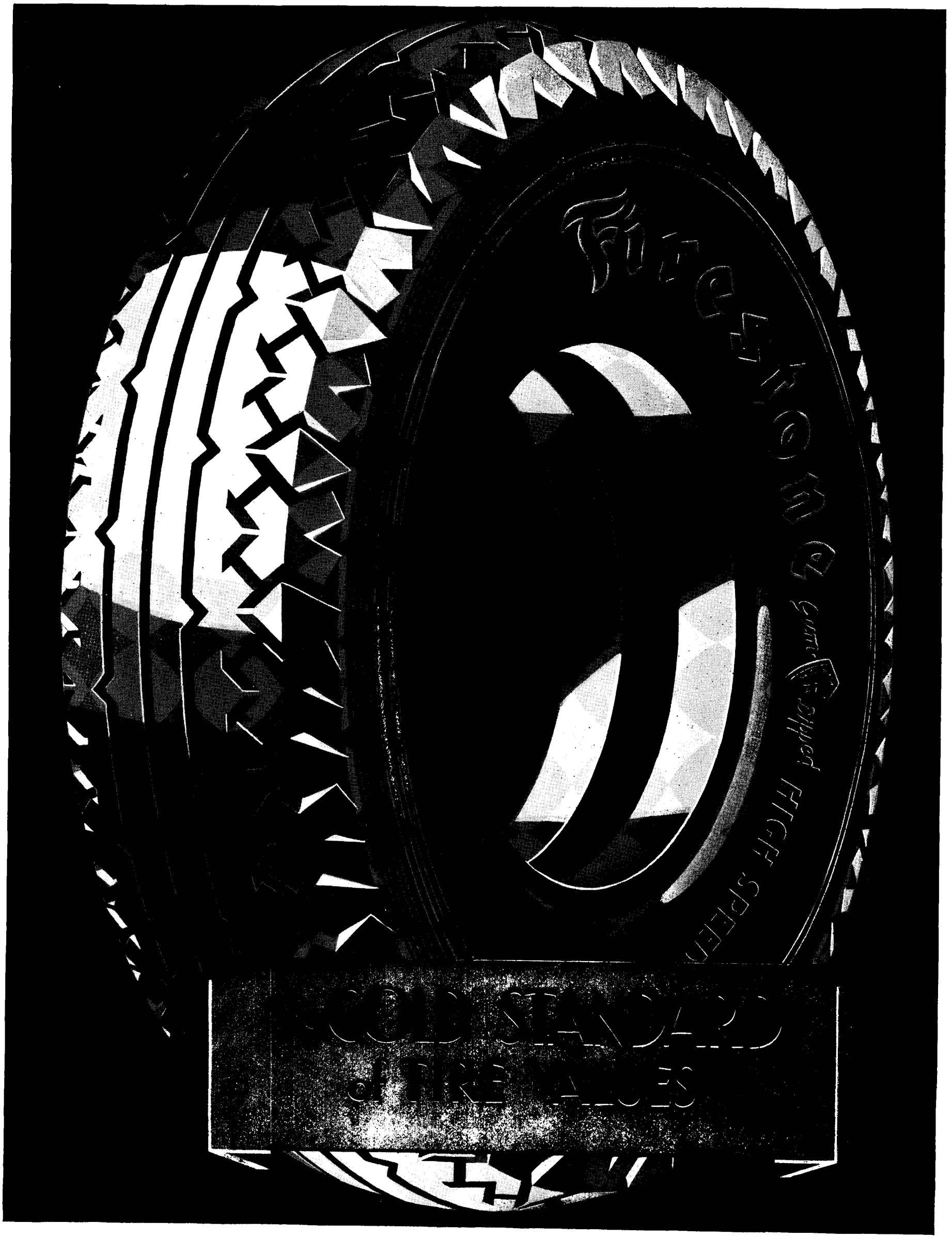

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It opened and a ring and several strings of beads fell out

Illustrated by Janice Wathen

The Thing of Great Importance

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Clara Wallace Overton

HE STOOD watching Mirian, his wife, throwing expensive things into expensive bags that were flung open on the bed, on the floor, on the chairs. She crushed in armsful of dresses, soft bright dresses, for it was the end of summer; she flung in rolled-up hats and her gay red mules. Toward her dressing case she tossed a small leather case that held her jewelry and trinkets. It missed the bag; its clasp loosened so that it opened and a ring and several strings of beads fell out.

Charles Bentley knew the ring, a rather nice sapphire left to Mirian by an aunt. He knew the beads, too; one, a small but authentic string of pearls, he had given her in a boom year; the other, and he recognized it with a pang, was a dollar string of imitation coral he had bought for her the day they became engaged.

That had been a gay little happen-so.

They had been wandering around the city streets in a warm spring rain, lost to the world in the opal mood of having found each other that very afternoon. They had two precious hours, away from the disapproving eye of Mirian's mother, before Charles must take a train back to Camp Upton where his company was stationed.

Mirian's glass beads had broken suddenly and rolled away on the wet sidewalk. They had laughed, for everything was delicious that day, and Charles had said, "I'll buy you another string."

It was the first thing he had ever given her, and indeed, it had done duty for an engagement token until he was out of service. But he doubted that they recalled that to Mirian in the emotional excitement of this quarrel. They were simply beads, and the pearls were simply beads. She gathered them hastily, angrily, into the box and snapped the lid.

He said one more thing: "Do you mind telling me where you are going?"

Her own voice was like the touch of dry ice to the finger.

"I'm driving into town to stay at Mother's apartment. From there," she paused dramatically, "I shall go to Reno."

He had no way of knowing that she had just thought of that and wanted him to protest it. He was stunned that it had come to this, so that he could only stand silent, convinced at last that she did not love him at all.

TEN years ago they had been too poor for any kind of safety, and yet, looking back on it now, he saw that it had been a kind of heaven. Mirian had been in love with him then. She had thought he had infinite capacities. If they quarreled at all they made it up violently, or shakenly humble, and marriage went on deeper and sweeter than it ever had gone before.

Now they were rich enough for a luxurious suburban existence, for Charles' infinite capacities had at last secured him a partnership with a firm of consulting engineers; and they were on the very point of separation over a little thing.

He had been kept at the office, and so hadn't been able to keep a plan they had made for driving out into the country to see a farm that Mirian had been talking about. He had imagined that the farm was an excuse for riding around the lovely autumn countryside, and he had been sorry when he telephoned that he couldn't make it. They would go tomorrow, he said. Two hours later he had arrived to find her sobbing with disappointment.

Tomorrow, he would have another excuse. He didn't care if she spent her entire life, alone and neglected, in this hemmed-in old brick house.

Charles was really startled. The hemmed-in old brick house had cost forty-five thousand dollars. It had appeased even Mirian's mother. He said gently that he had thought she liked the house, thought she was happy there.

She had not, she assured him, ever liked the house. She was very unhappy, she said. And many other things which were not true.

And Charles, now very white, had thought to say, "You don't love me any more, do you?"

She wouldn't answer that, probably to spare his feelings, and so he remained silent and bewildered and hurt. The meaning had gone out of everything.

She was now putting on her hat, one of those tiny new ones that showed a lot of her gold hair, and incomprehensibly she was powdering her nose with care. She was so pretty in spite of recent tears and her temper. It was hard to remember that Mirian was thirty-three. Thirty-three and childless, to her sorrow. He felt a sudden pity for her. Of course, she was lonely here. She hated bridge and clubs and woman stuff in general. She liked the tops of busses and city side streets. She liked bonfires and Russian music with equal enjoyment. She loved snow and wind and arbutus. She loved clam broth and white grapes and yellow roses and tiny handkerchiefs with real lace. It was hard to let her go.

"Will you please take my bags down to the car?" she asked him.

When she had backed out of the driveway in her smart tan roadster, without any further word between them, he felt as if the world were washing away.

HE READ the morning paper listlessly. Just the obvious things while he pretended to drink his coffee. There was a small box feature that caught his eye:

"An attractive young matron who had thousands of dollars' worth of clothing and jewelry in bags stolen from her car last evening while she was having dinner at a midtown restaurant told detectives that the most important item of her loss was a string of imitation coral.

"Mrs. Charles Bentley, of Stamford, Connecticut, drove into town last evening to pay a visit to her mother—"

Mr. Charles Bentley, still in Stamford, reached for the telephone.

"Darling, can you forgive me about yesterday?"

"Charles, dearest, please come, please hurry. I've cried all night."

"I'll be right in, darling; you mustn't cry any more. We're going back to look at farms right away—"

"I don't want a farm, Charles. I want a little apartment somewhere close to the office. I've lost the little beads you gave me to marry you—"

"I'm going to buy lots of beads today, darling."

One thing was certain and he would never doubt it again. It might involve moving from farm to farm, from penthouse to remodeled brownstone, from brick house to Spanish-style bungalows, but he didn't care. He knew that she loved him.

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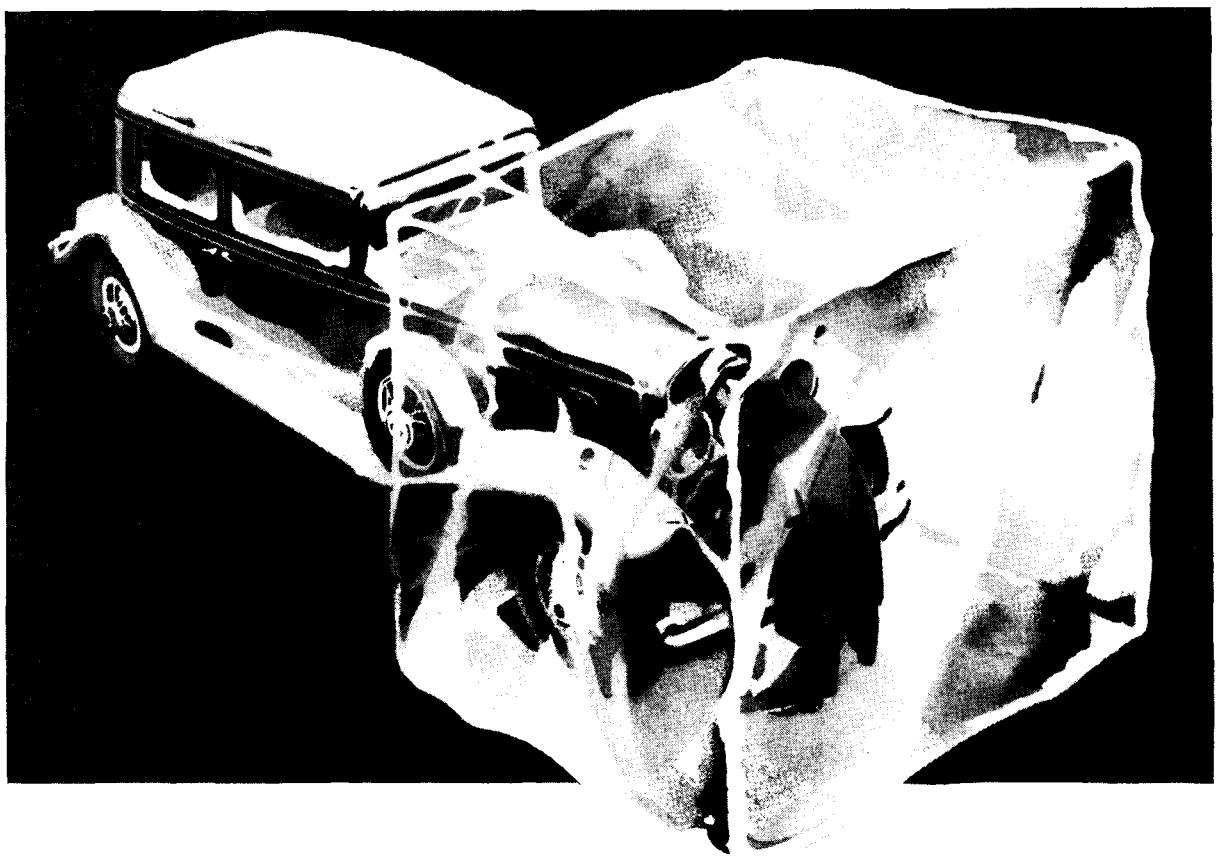
QUICK START below zero



Saves Your Battery!

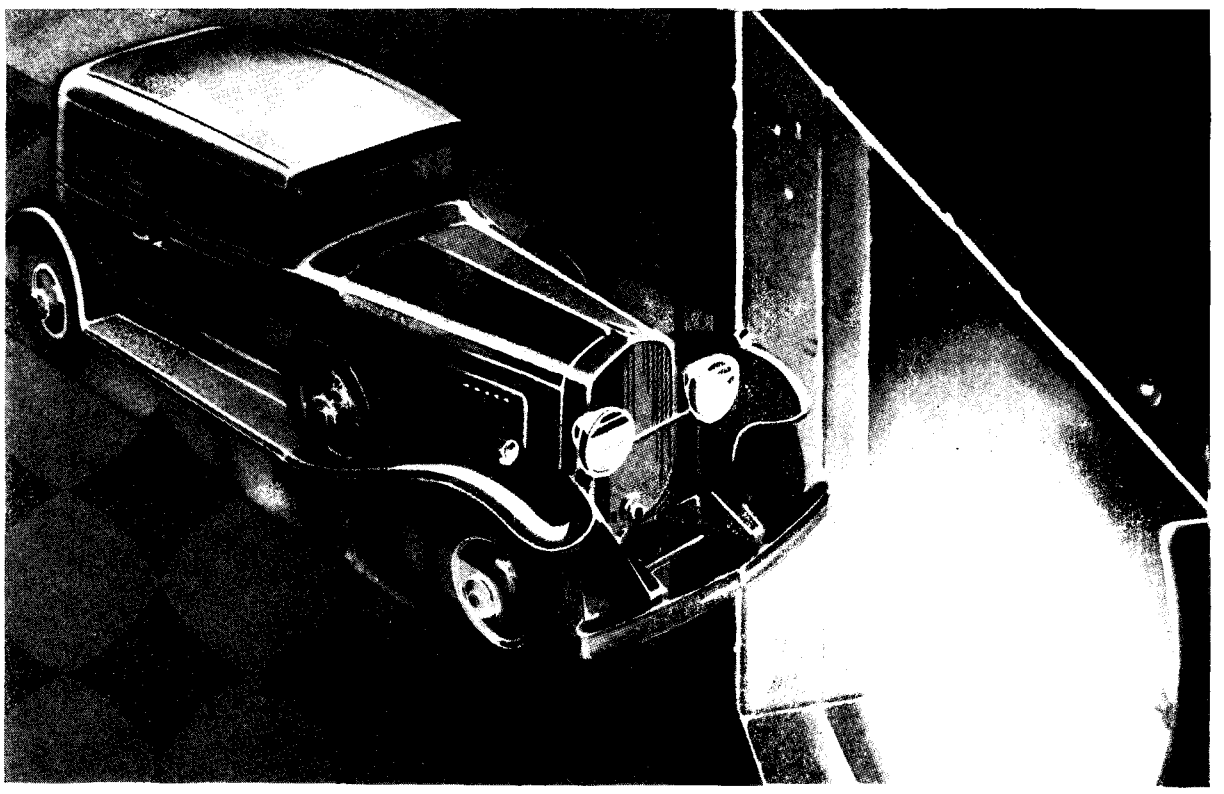
Bills for battery recharging and repairs! Battery replacements! They are common in winter. Don't let these bills come to *you*. These are thrifty days, and this is one expense you can easily avoid.

Change to double-range Mobiloil Arctic —and you play safe. Here's why.

On cold days ordinary oils can't lubricate correctly. Don't drain the heart out of your battery by forcing it to turn over an engine with an ordinary oil that holds it back with a grip of iron.

Turn away from bills—turn away from trouble—turn in where you see the Mobiloil sign. Ask for Mobiloil Arctic by name. Then you're sure of a quick start, even below zero. You're sure of an oil that circulates with the first turn of your engine. You're sure of an oil that has won and held—for years—first place as the largest-selling winter oil in the world.

FULL PROTECTION at 400°F!



Saves Your Engine!

But many so-called "winter oils" that may give you easy starting don't stand up when your engine gets hot.

Mobiloil Arctic is the unique *double-range* winter oil. When engine temperatures run up to 400° F., you get *full, rich protection.*

Mobiloil Arctic does not thin out dangerously when you need its protection most.

The world leaders in scientific lubrication have chosen crudes and refining processes that give Mobiloil Arctic its unique ability to stand up.

Your Mobiloil dealer is ready to drain your crankcase and refill with Mobiloil Arctic. See him today. While you are there, insure easy gear-shifting by having him put Mobiloil "CW" in your gears.

We invite you to listen to the Mobiloil Concert, broadcast Coast to Coast each Wednesday evening from WEAF and 53 associated N. B. C. stations at 9:30 Eastern Standard Time.

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Mobiloil Arctic

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FRONT PAGE MOTOR CAR NEWS... TOLD BY FLOYD GIBBONS... RIPLEY... AND JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Floyd Gibbons SPEAKING: Hello, everybody! The big news is out. Today's the day Walter P. Chrysler presents his new DeSoto Six at the New York Motor Show. Now I can shoot the whole story. *Let's go.*

"First . . . what does it look like? Everybody's asking. I'll tell you. It's like the Champs Elysees on Sunday afternoon. Piccadilly during Ascot Week. Park Avenue, outside the Waldorf. All of them, in one. And listen! That's only the beginning.

"Wait till you drive it. What a thrill! No vibration . . . absolutely none at all. Floating Power is correct all right. It floats!

"And that's not half the story. This new DeSoto has an Automatic Clutch with Silent Gear Selector. It's optional at a slight extra cost. Now your left foot is free. No buttons to press. No pedals to operate. It's *completely automatic.*

"I mean just that. Start . . . second . . . high . . . reverse. Cross your legs if you like. They call it Automatic Clutch. I call it magic.

"You've seen Free Wheeling before? Not this kind! Not as DeSoto perfected it. All the kinks ironed out.

"And Brakes! Say, I thought all fourwheel brakes were the same. My mistake! On the new DeSoto they're Hydraulic. Built specially for Free Wheeling. Almost strong enough to stop a battleship with the slightest foot pressure. Smooth as velvet.

"My guess was $1,200. Hold your breath. It's less than $700. That's no bargain, folks. It's a miracle. Take it from this old Headline Hunter . . . DeSoto has scooped the industry.

"Walter P. Chrysler has scored again!"

• • •

Ripley "They call me the big 'I-Doubt-It'. I disbelieve everything on principle. Until I prove it.

"They told me the new DeSoto was *absolutely vibrationless.* I said I'd heard that story before. But they made me eat my words. Here's what

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THE NEW DE SOTO SIX..

happened: I stood a tumbler full of water on the front fender. Started the motor . . . opened the throttle . . . wider and wider. 3,200 revolutions a minute. Not a quiver! Not even a tremble. Not one single drop of water spilled!

"Then I drove a new DeSoto Six at all speeds up to 75. I searched hard for some vibration point. No use. You could swear there wasn't an engine 'under' the hood at all. 'Floating Power' says everything. It's just exactly that.

"And the price! That's the incredible end of an unbelievable story. But there it is on the price tag : : : Believe it or Not . . . less than $700!"

PRICED UNDER $700

FLOATING POWER . . . not a mere refinement but a basic new principle that ends driving vibration forever.

AUTOMATIC CLUTCH . . . with Silent Gear Selector . . . see page opposite.

FREE WHEELING . . . Perfected by DeSoto.

HYDRAULIC BRAKES . . . the most expensive car in the world has none better.

ALL-STEEL BODY . . . lower than any car in its class. All-steel for silence and safety.

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG "I have judged plenty of Beauty Competitions. But never one like this before. Usually it's a tough job. This time there wasn't a shadow of doubt. The new DeSoto stands out like a planet among stars.

"Look at that proud radiator. Where else could you find grace and speed so well combined in gleaming metal? The balance and stream-lining are works of art. Walter P. Chrysler is a great artist as well as a daring engineer."

DESOTO MOTOR CORPORATION
DIVISION OF CHRYSLER MOTORS

DE SOTO SIX *America's Smartest low-priced Car*

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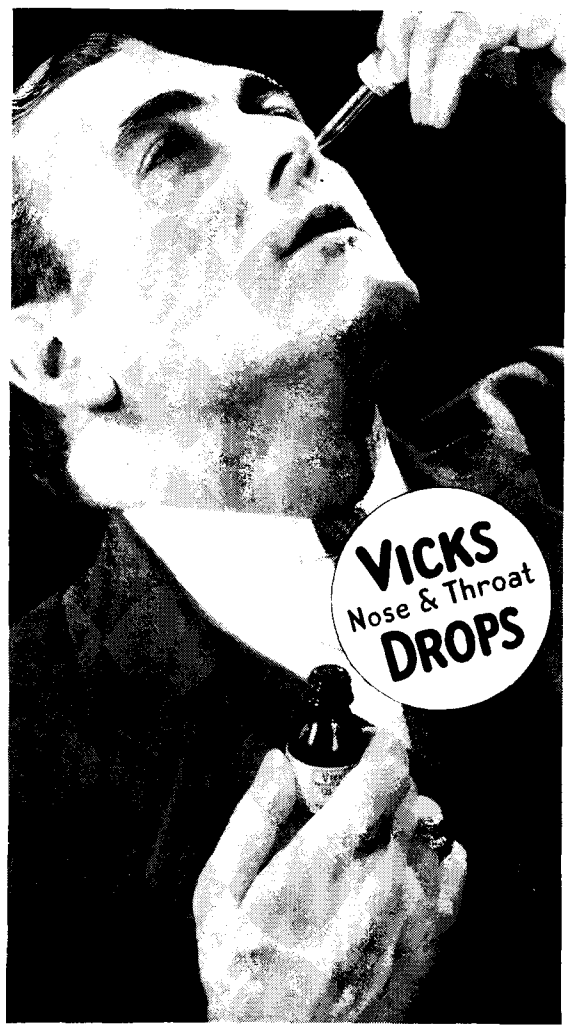
MAKERS OF VICKS VAPORUB ANNOUNCE

A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by New Product Based on New Idea for *Prevention* of Colds

A third of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vick chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds — and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products — they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.

Trial Offer to Vick Users

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson
PRESIDENT

HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. Before a Cold Starts

At that first sneezy, scratchy irritation of the nose or upper throat—Nature's unmistakable warning that you are "catching cold"—use Vicks Nose Drops promptly as directed. Many colds can be checked at this stage and bad colds avoided.

If you catch cold easily, the wise plan is to use just a few Vicks Nose Drops up each nostril after exposure to any particular condition that your own experience tells you is apt to give *you* a cold—for instance, a night on a Pullman—a dusty automobile ride—over-smoking—over-heated, over-crowded rooms, etc., etc.—and you feel the slightest stuffiness of the nasal passages. Vicks Drops are especially designed to aid the nose—Nature's "preventor" of colds—when over-taxed by such emergencies of our artificial present-day living.

2. After a Cold Starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed-clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long. During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops as needed for ease and comfort. (If there is a cough, you will like another new Vick product—a Cough Drop actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets the digestion—especially of children—and lowers body strength at a time when Nature most needs it to resist disease. Don't "dose" colds except on your doctor's advice.

To Reduce your Family's "Colds-Tax"

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Achilles had his Heel

The zestful romance of Bing Brophy the belligerent, who lacked fame—but not audacity

By Frank Condon

Illustrated by C. D. Williams

"I know I'm a champion," he said. "That's my idea. Big money and retire while you're young"

A VOICE said "Come in," and Mr. Bing Brophy twisted the knob and entered, his chin in the air and a tinge of defiance in his bearing. Resplendent in gold letters on the glass of the door was the name Jack Curry, and the owner, sitting behind a desk, looked up as the door opened, and grunted. He smoked a cigar of extraordinary length and continued to stare at Mr. Brophy. Jack Curry, as everyone knows, is a famous manager of prize fighters.

"Good morning, Mr. Curry." Bing said and the man at the desk only glared.

"So you're Bing Brophy."

"Yes sir."

"And, if I might ask, what is the matter with you?"

The one named Bing made no reply, but cleared his throat softly and closed the door. He had been holding to the knob.

"You're not crazy?" asked Curry.

"I don't look crazy, do I, Mr. Curry?"

Bing rested his weight against the window in the absence of an invitation to sit down. He was tall, powerful, young, bronzed. He was ill at ease, too, and repeated his question.

"No, you don't look daffy," the older man admitted.

"And I am not daffy," Bing said earnestly. "I'm all right. Ask anybody. I am a good guy and there is nothing wrong with me. This thing is ended, so why don't we forget it?"

"It's ended and who ended it? I did. Where would you be now, only for me? Keep that up and we won't get along at all."

Mr. Curry released a cloud of smoke.

"I am a good guy," continued the youth at the window. "There is nothing goofy about me and never was, and I am not going to do it again."

"I do hope and trust you ain't going to do it again," Curry said coldly. "There is a swell fine for that, and they can send you up. Because I happen to have a little influence, I got you off, or you would now be on your way to the hoosegow."

"Mr. Curry, I don't want to talk about it," Bing said sadly. "Much obliged to you for what you did, but it's all over now. You don't need to worry about me doing that again."

The telephone rang and Curry reached for it.

"This is Chicago calling," he remarked. "Wait a minute."

Bing Brophy leaned gloomily against the steel sash and scowled down at the distant street. Care and bewilderment sat upon his countenance and his brow was wrinkled with the manifold miseries of youth misunderstood.

FIFTY hours before the interview in the Curry office, Bing was arrested in his home town of New Rochelle by two policemen who knew him well. Everyone in New Rochelle knew him and some were proud of him and said he would undoubtedly amount to something, for he was by far the best boxer ever sent out to the wars from his community.

At the moment of arrest, Bing was standing above a mail bag, the contents of which lay upon the ground. A crowd of New Rochellians looked on in amazement and asked each other questions. Beside the ravished bag knelt an official carrier of the U. S. government in his uniform of gray, and methodically he picked up letters, dusted them off and stuffed them back into the bag.

One of his eyes was slowly turning black and blue, and his nose was larger than it had been. A faint trickle of gore wandered across his upper lip and it was quite obvious that something had happened to him. A fat policeman helped him retrieve letters and parcels, and to him the bruised one complained in mournful tones:

"He asked me would I give him back a letter out of the mail box, and I said I wouldn't. We can't do that. It's against the law. I told him, so he socked me on the nose and took my bag away; and can he hit!"

The policeman grunted and looked at Bing. The crowd increased slightly and the cop in charge spoke to the culprit:

"You do this?"

"I did," said Bing.

"What's the idea?"

"Listen," said Bing. "I did it and that's enough. Now what are you going to do?"

"We're going to put you where your meals come through a hole," said the officer, and he led Bing to one side. Sure enough, Mr. Brophy went to jail, escorted by a small group, and spent the night behind bars for the first time. Hard-eyed officials looked him over and sought explanation of a queer business.

"You never been arrested before, have you, Bing?" they asked.

"No, sir; not me."

"You got a good reputation in New Rochelle. Why did you walk out and deliberately bust up a mail carrier?"

"I don't care to talk about it," Bing remarked. "You can sit there and ask me for eight hundred years, and I would say the same. I did it and never mind why I did it, and that's all."

POLICEMEN present discussed the matter and said Bing would have a chance to explain the episode to the United States court, where the judge would probably send him to Atlanta for a term. Bing listened in silence and refused to be drawn into the discussion. His father and mother came down to the jail and repeated what everybody knew—that Bing was a good boy with a clean record and kindly impulses.

"We know all that, Mrs. Brophy," said the sergeant. "You ain't telling us anything new. He's a nice boy, but look what he did. That's pretty serious."

The papers spread the thing on page one—Bing Brophy Assaults Mail Carrier—and the New York sheets took a crack at it, intimating that a long career of having his head punched had affected the boy. The good old father and mother pleaded tearfully with their boy to set himself right and reveal the facts. Bing shook his head stubbornly and ate lettuce sandwiches and other delicacies from home. They prepared to turn him over to the mercies of the Federal authorities, who have pretty definite ideas about what you should do with a citizen who defiles, breaks up and interferes with the sacred mails.

One hour before Bing was ready to leave the jail under escort and see the Federal judge, certain wires were pulled by influential factors. In New York, Mr. Jack Curry picked up his telephone, and thirty minutes later Bing Brophy was a free man. At that instant he had never laid eye upon Mr. Jack Curry, who is a pretty big shot in the fight racket.

EVEN the simplest person knows that a man does not go about hitting mail carriers and rifling bags unless something serious is afoot. As Bing Brophy saw it, his reason, which he kept to himself so earnestly, was quite sufficient, for it concerned his career, his life and his love.

Certainly. A girl and what a girl! Her name was Bernice Long and in New Rochelle they spoke of her as the town's prettiest—all yellow hair, blue eyes, a lovely smile and the figure of an angel on a church ceiling. Bernice and Bing began together in the primary grades, with Bing carrying her bag of books and occasionally socking some fresh kid for words spoken. In time he realized that his companion was a charming girl, almost a woman, at which point he fell in love with her and began to write poetry in secret.

They remained friends until Bing took up boxing, first as a stumbling amateur and later as a professional, with money coming in. Bernice hated it.

"Yes, but I'm a natural fighter," he argued. "Take a look at me."

(Continued on page 56)

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A NEW SIX

that brings the important developments of the year to the low-price field . . . .

A NEW V-EIGHT

that offers the distinction of V-Eight performance, at a list price under eight hundred and fifty dollars . . . . . .

Both offer the following new developments of major importance:

SYNCRO-MESH

▪

QUIET SECOND

▪

FREE WHEELING

▪

RIDE CONTROL

▪

LONGER WHEELBASE

▪

INCREASED POWER AND HIGH SPEED

▪

GREATER ECONOMY

▪

NEW, ROOMIER FISHER BODIES

▪

RUBBER CUSHIONING

▪

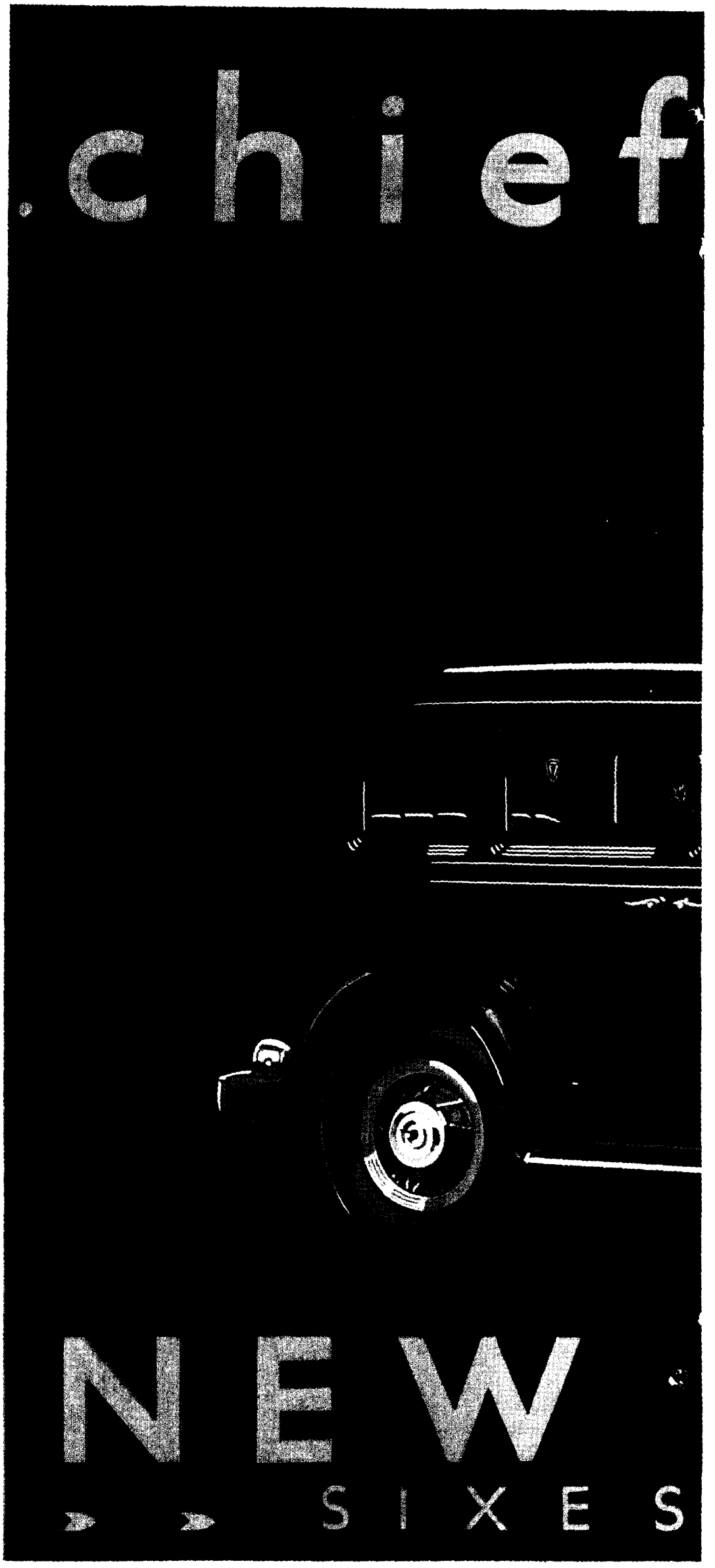
ENCLOSED SPRINGS

SIX. If you want a car that is fast, modernly-styled and comfortable—*yet in the low-price field*—the new Pontiac Six is the car that meets your needs. Its economy begins with a low first cost. Then you discover as you drive that its running expense is actually as little as that of cars built for economy alone. Yet your Pontiac gives you large-car riding comfort, flashing speed, and safety. In the Fisher bodies, upholstery is rich and long-wearing—details of finish are everything your taste and pride demand. Examine this Pontiac Six carefully—see for yourself the remarkable value Pontiac has brought to the low-price field.

V-EIGHT. *Think of the finest cars built anywhere, and your mind turns naturally to the V-type engine. Now Pontiac V-8 offers this distinction and performance at a price amazingly low. It is the only car at anything like its price with a V-8 motor. It gives the man accustomed to driving expensive cars, most of the same advantages at far lower cost. And it enables motorists who have driven smaller, less capable cars to advance all their motoring standards without greatly increasing their expenditure.*

By all means see these two new Pontiacs . . . examine all they offer. You will agree that Pontiac—as a Six or an Eight—is indeed—

AN OUTSTANDING GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



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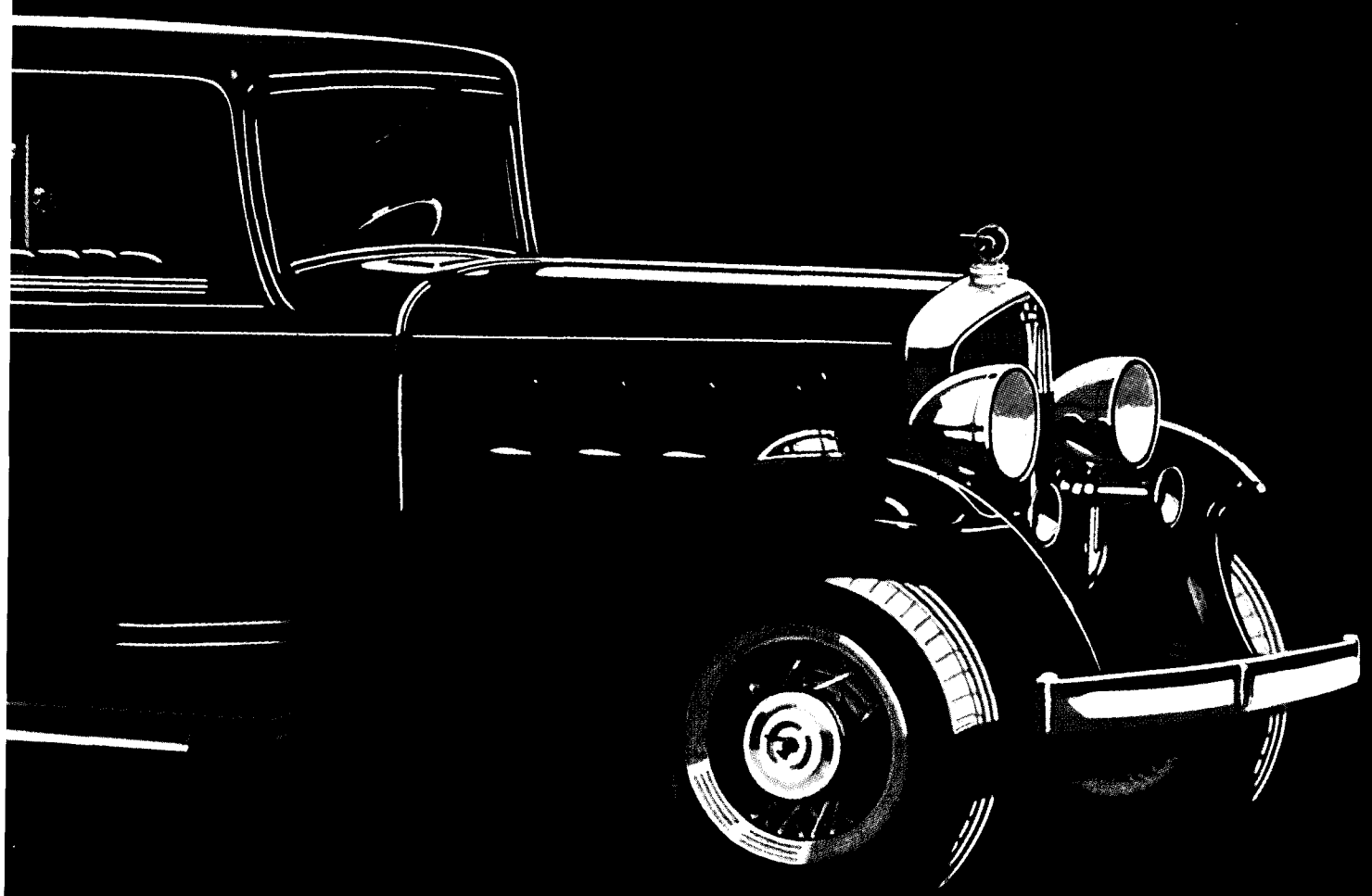
of values



PONTIAC

and V-EIGHTS

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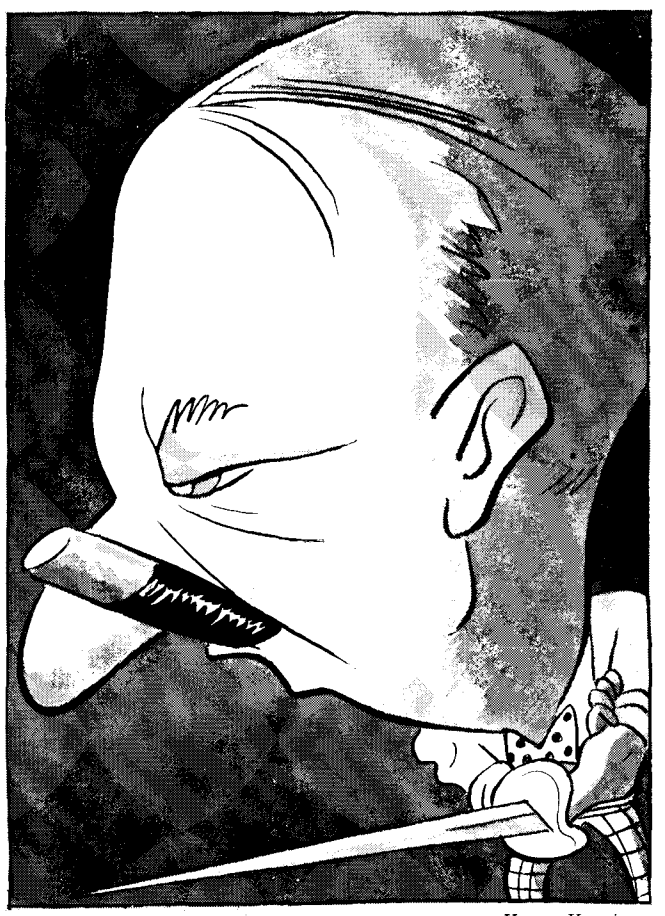
Battle Royal

By the Gentleman at the Keyhole

THE first round of the Smith-Roosevelt fight went to Roosevelt. It was only an opening round and decided nothing. But it makes one wonder whether four years out of the ring has made the old champion grow soft and slow on his feet.

Where was the old supreme political intelligence when Smith chose reforestation as the first issue on which to break openly with the New York governor? And the audience too! He told Tammany that the governor was all wrong on reforestation — Tammany, which has not heard of a forest since it read in the Fourth Reader, "This is the forest primeval," and if it has any more recent association with the word, thinks of it as a place where moonshine is made. Anyway, Tammany voted for more forests, either for the sake of poetry or for the sake of moonshine.



Harry Haenigsen

And Roosevelt landed the first blow.

Dispatches from Albany recorded the fact that Roosevelt laughed as he read the election returns on reforestation, an indiscreet thing to do. A laugh at a discomfited opponent may make him so mad that he will fight in earnest.

How much of a fight can he put up? How much is left of Smith, the man who in 1928 had the largest and most devoted political following of any man since Theodore Roosevelt? Men shed tears when he was beaten three years ago. How many of them are with him now when he asserts his claim to be the national leader of the Democratic party?

A good many of them, I guess. But will there be enough of them to enable him to block Roosevelt's nomination? With a two-thirds majority necessary to nominate, it has generally been possible to head off the nomination of the leading candidate in a Democratic National Convention. It was done in 1912 and again in 1920 and 1924. It was not possible in 1916 because in that year a President, Wilson, was up for renomination. And it was not possible in 1928 because Smith's nomination was just as inevitable as if he had been a President seeking renomination.

Franklin D. Roosevelt is not a President up for renomination, nor has his candidacy any other quality of inevitability, though it is a strong one. Smith will have to fight with all his might and all his old-time skill.

Just now Smith seems to be giving encouragement to the candidacy of Governor Ritchie. The choice is logical because Ritchie of all the candidates appeals most to the natural followers of Smith. Also the strategy is plain. Ritchie emphasizes the issue of an unequivocal declaration against prohibition. This is Smith's issue against Roosevelt.

The situation is parallel to that which existed in 1912 when Theodore Roosevelt first encouraged the candidacy of La Follette as Smith now does that of Ritchie. The great Colonel found, however, that his only hope of beating Taft was to get into the race himself. If Smith is not going to pull his punches, as he did when he talked about reforestation, he may have to follow the example of the Colonel. Then there will be a real fight. It is worth recalling that if the Republicans had required a two-thirds vote to nominate, Roosevelt would have beaten Taft.

The breach between Smith and Roosevelt parallels in many ways the breach between the other Roosevelt and Taft. The reasons are the same. The Colonel thought of himself as the leader of his party. And Taft failed to recognize his authority. Smith thinks of himself as the leader of his party. And Governor Roosevelt has scorned his authority. Taft was hardly in the President's chair when the trouble began. Franklin Roosevelt was hardly in the governor's chair before Tammany threw off the control of Smith and elected his enemy, Curry, as its boss. Governor Roosevelt, forced to choose between Smith and Curry, chose Curry. The first sign that Roosevelt had made this choice was when Roosevelt began rejecting Smith's advice.

An Old Feud

Persons on the inside knew there was coolness between the two men from the first. Their differences came into the open when Roosevelt made himself the leader of a fight upon Smith and Raskob in the latest meeting of the Democratic National Committee. Just after that, "My Policies" began to emerge as the rationalization of a quarrel.

Smith is passionately in favor of honesty on prohibition. Roosevelt favors equivocation. No one can predict how far Smith will go in his fight for an honest declaration against prohibition. But it will be far. No one could have predicted at a similar stage of the historic shambles of 1912 how far the Colonel would go in his fight for "My Policies."

Differences widen rapidly as they come into the open. Governor Roosevelt is not a discreet person. He has the Rooseveltian impatience of opposition. He is in the habit of giving voice to this impatience. A friend of his said to me some months ago, "I first knew that there was trouble between the two men when the governor told me a story derogatory to Smith."

One remark attributed to Roosevelt which has had considerable circulation — I cannot vouch for it, but since it has undoubtedly reached Smith's ears I tell it—is, "Smith was a rotten governor. I did not know it until I got into the governorship myself." Knowing the governor of old, I am sure that he has not a perfectly bridled tongue. His frankness is one of his charms.

Smith has tighter lips. No such statements of his have reached my ears except a scornful remark about "hypocrisy about prohibition," naming no names. It is the unkind things that men say about each other that make political breaches widen till they cannot be spanned. So, to a certain degree, 1932 is likely to be a repetition of 1912. I do not think, of course, that the fight will lead to two parties.

But the fight over the prohibition plank in the Democratic party will probably be a bitter one. Governor Roosevelt may get his back up about keeping the Smith-Raskob plank out of the 1932 platform. And the drys and ardent Rooseveltites of the West will probably be numerous enough to beat it in the convention. Smith and the real wets may walk out of the convention. I have heard threats of this.

One can tell the temper of the party better after the January meeting of the Democratic National Committee, when Smith and Raskob will renew their demand for action on a genuine wet plank. That meeting will set the stage for the fight between Roosevelt and Smith. After that meeting it may be clear that the only way to avoid bitter feeling in the party, the only way to avoid losing the large campaign fund that the Democrats count on obtaining from rich Republican wets, the only way to benefit from the enthusiasm of the opponents of prohibition is to eliminate both Roosevelt and Smith, to find a compromise candidate.

Melvin Traylor, the Chicago bank president, who would make a better President of the United States than anyone else I know, tells me of a miracle that is accomplished in Mississippi.

You take a barrel of moonshine rye —the barrel must be charred—and bury it in the ground for three years. At the end of that period you have "Sweet Lucy," one of the most delectable beverages known to man.

So prohibition has added a new drink to the sum of human pleasure. If prohibition had not driven men to burying their liquor, Sweet Lucy would never have been discovered.

And if it had not been for the income-tax law, no one would ever have known the fecundity of tin boxes. A Tammany office holder comes before Inquisitor Seabury and, being asked how with a salary of six or eight thousand a year he has from a quarter to a half million dollars, he explains that he got it out of a tin box. With the income-tax collector about, suddenly acquired wealth is awkward to the politician. If you are a politician and are getting money from a racket the income-tax man may find it if you put it into the bank.

New Millionaires

The Tammany district leader who collects money to pay the rent for the faithful voter who is likely to be dispossessed, so as not to be called upon to explain its possession, keeps it in a tin box. Six hundred thousand is the largest sum yet found in a tin box. But we may soon have a whole crop of millionaires whose money never ventures out of its hiding in tin boxes.

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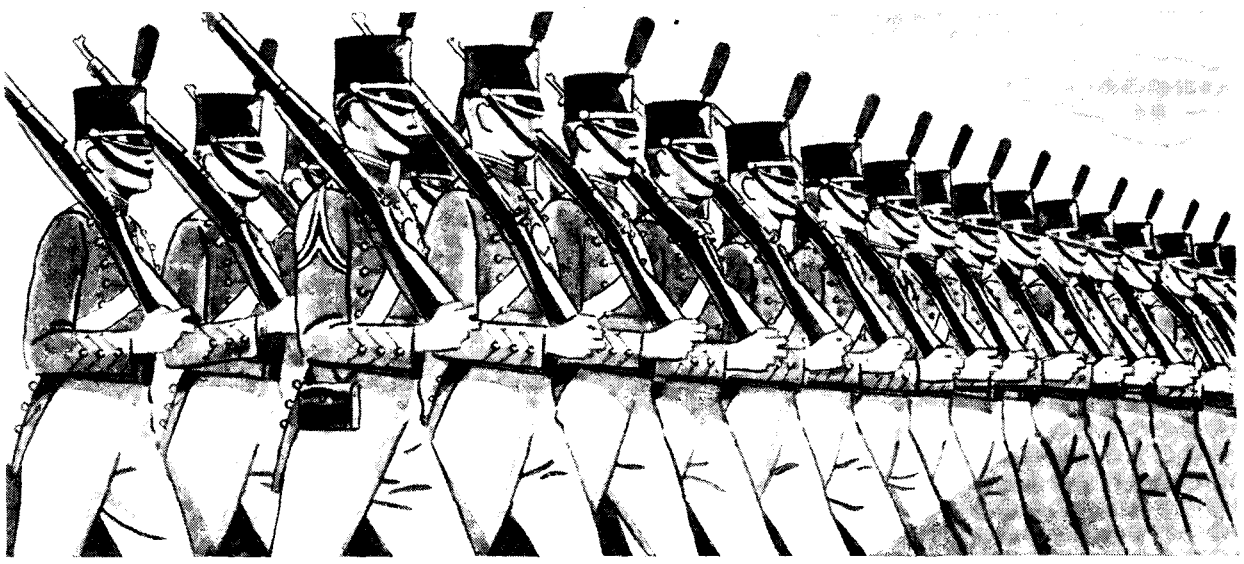

Can industry match their Precision?

IN STEP the West Point cadets swing smoothly by. Industry aims at such precision—and it makes progress. ¶ See how Western Electric keeps in step with the supply requirements of the Bell System. Unusually straight is the line-up between purchasing, manufacture and distribution, and customers' needs. This is because Western Electric's customers—the telephone companies—are also members of the System. The close cooperation resulting permits accurate scheduling and a minimum sales expense. ¶ Economies are passed on to your Bell telephone company—one reason why the value of your service goes steadily up.

Facts About
Western Electric
Purchasers, Manufacturers, Distributors for the Bell System

• *AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY* •

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New
160 H. P. TWELVE
with Dual-Ratio

Auburn introduces a new Twelve, with advantages obtainable in no other automobile. We promise you it accelerates faster, runs faster and smoother, climbs hills faster and easier than any production car in America. You never drove a car like it! For proof, we submit the car itself, with you at the wheel. 160 actual dynamometer Horse Power! 392 cubic inch piston displacement! Our reason for this Twelve is to enable owners of fine cars to enjoy performance beyond anything ever conceived or experienced. Its characteristics in all phases are such, that we predict the Twelve will eliminate the Eight, among the better class of cars, as the Eight did the Six, and as the Six eliminated the Four. Naturally many people may think a Twelve of Auburn's size, power, and speed, will be extravagant to operate. On the contrary, its economy will surprise you. It will run considerably more miles per gallon than many Sixes and Eights of far less Horse Power. The chassis is new from end to end. 133-inch wheelbase. Twist-proof X-frame. L. G. S. Free Wheeling with Silent-Constant Mesh Transmission. Adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers controlled from driver's seat. Startix that automatically starts the engine when you turn the ignition key. Bijur automatic chassis lubrication. New dual plate clutch. Universal joints that should require lubrication only once a year. A completely new shock-proof steering mechanism; new type extra large and powerful hydraulic brakes, and six-ply tires provide additional safety when driving this Twelve at its amazingly high speed. As to price—Auburn will maintain its reputation for outstanding value.

Auburn's distinctive body design is continued in the new Twelve, thus protecting the investment of owners

The Custom "Twelve" Models Include

Dual Ratio

Axle Ratio means the number of engine revolutions in relation to the revolutions of the driving wheels of a car. No car can have two separate driving axles; one for hills and one for flat country. But Dual-Ratio gives you the equivalent of two axles in one. Auburn is first to make it possible to operate one axle which produces a high and low axle ratio. In the hills, a most efficient hill-climber. On straight-aways it provides much better, smoother, quieter performance with less wear and tear on the motor and running parts.

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Improved
STRAIGHT EIGHT
with Dual-Ratio

It was the unequaled value of Auburn Eights that caused Auburn sales to increase over 150 percent last year, in direct contrast to the trend of the industry. Auburn continues its Standard and Custom Straight Eight models with many important improvements. The strongest claim that can be made for them is—they represent the greatest Eight-value Auburn has ever built. The motor is even more quiet, smooth, and efficient—100 Horse Power. L. G. S. Free Wheeling with Silent-Constant Mesh Transmission. Startix that automatically starts the engine when you turn the ignition key, has been added. Improved rubber motor mountings. Muffler and exhaust insulated for quietness. 127-inch wheelbase. Twist-proof X-frame, originated by Auburn. Bijur automatic chassis lubrication. A larger and heavier irreversible steering mechanism combined with a kick shackle on front spring eliminates road shocks and produces easier steering. Improved four-wheel brakes. Adjustable hydraulic shock absorbers controlled from the driver's seat. Stronger, more enduring body construction. Bodies fully insulated. The Custom Models include Auburn's exclusive new Dual-Ratio.

AUBURN

POWERED BY LYCOMING

The Custom "Eight" Models Include

Dual Ratio

In the lower ratio the Auburn owner is able to sail away from traffic. Dual-Ratio makes possible extraordinary power and pep in get-away and speed in the lower range. Dual-Ratio gives a car "dual personality" hard to describe but greatly appreciated when experienced. On the boulevard or in the country, with your car moving 20 to 60 M.P.H., turn the Dual-Ratio lever on the instrument panel, and the car continues at the same speed, but the motor drops down one-third of its former speed. Less vibration, quieter, more economical!

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And now 25¢ is Enough to pay for SHAVING CREAM

In Listerine Shaving Cream we are offering a value equal to that which won millions to Listerine Tooth Paste.

You know the Listerine Tooth Paste success story:

Because of our resources we were able to produce a better tooth paste and price it at 25¢. Millions found by use that it actually was a better tooth paste. It is now a leader.

We're doing the same thing with shaving cream. We're out to show men that here is a really remarkable product at a common-sense price.

The best thing we can say about it is that 99 out of 100 men stick to it.

Maybe they like the fragrant, creamy lather that it gives even in ice-cold water.

Maybe they like the way it softens the toughest beards so that even the dull razor does a fair job.

Perhaps they welcome that wonderful feeling of coolness and comfort that this cream imparts to the skin.

Again, they may appreciate the big tube and the saving that the 25¢ price permits.

Frankly, we don't know. But we do know that Listerine Shaving Cream is rapidly climbing towards the top. Your druggist has it. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM

25¢ the big tube

Joan and Doug

Continued from page 19

since the day in early 1927 when she so signally failed to impress Douglas Fairbanks Jr. Even her name had been vague when she arrived in Hollywood two years before. Professionally it was Lucille Le Sueur, although her father's name was Cassin. She was born on March 23, 1908, in San Antonio, Texas, and spent her early years in Kansas City, where her family had moved. There her mother was married again, to a man named Le Sueur, who owned a theater.

It must have been an inconspicuous shrine of the drama and a very unsuccessful one because Mrs. Le Sueur operated a laundry agency in order to augment the family budget.

Dancer and Chorus Girl

Joan was sent to a convent boarding school where she earned her way by such Cinderella chores as taking care of the younger children and waiting on the table. Before long she was heartily sick of it. A nervous, high-strung child with the enormous eyes that were ultimately to earn huge dividends, she rebelled and ran away to become a dancer in a road show. "Lucille" was an invented name and she added the name of her stepfather to it.

She survived the road to dance in a Chicago cabaret and to achieve Broadway as a chorus girl in The Passing Show and at the Winter Garden. Lucille Le Sueur was a moderate success in 1923 and 1924. Theatrical agents knew that she could dance; she had no trouble getting jobs. She also was engaged for Harry Richman's night club and in 1925 some motion picture producer inveigled her to the coast with an offer of about seventy-five dollars a week.

Lucille Le Sueur was declared too complicated for the screen after she had reached Hollywood and one of the fan magazines, as a publicity stunt, held a contest for a better name. Thus was evolved Joan Crawford, like the name for a new soap.

On the Metro-Goldwyn lot, where Joan was under contract, she was always on hand when shots of high life were being made. No one could wear paper hats, toss balloons into the air or fall, fully dressed, into swimming pools with greater abandon. Yet Joan was on her way to stardom even during these inanities.

Gradually she was given better parts, even a lead or two. They were stereotyped enough. She was the jazz-mad daughter with a heart of gold. She was, although things looked dark toward the middle of the picture and the gin flowed all too freely, virtuous in the final fade-out.

These pictures, while they won no critical acclaim, made satisfactory profits and presently someone at Metro-Goldwyn conceived a title, Our Dancing Daughters, for another picture in this series.

Our Dancing Daughters made a fortune for Metro-Goldwyn and Joan was elevated to the rank of star. Now pictures would be written specially for her. She would have an ornate dressing-room and receive a very large salary.

The rest of Joan's task was not as easy. It took more than an extremely successful picture to exorcise recollections of a drab childhood. She was too conscious of the poverty from which she had come. She cringed when haughty screen stars, whose own environment had been more completely thrust into the past and who were jealous of her rise, snubbed her.

She had opened herself to such thrusts. An overabundant vitality had caused her, in the lonely years of 1925 and 1926, to seek friends wherever she could find them. She went out with electricians and cameramen. She lived amid a profusion of gaudy knickknacks and fussy dolls. She had misguided notions regarding clothes and thought that a gown, in order to be effective, should be adorned with a superfluity of bows and spangles. Joan hated to be quiet; she hated most of all to be alone.

The friendship with Doug Jr., which started so inauspiciously, helped Joan in the second phase of her task. She discovered that people she had believed "grand" were really rather simple. She learned to dress smartly. Most important of all, Joan acquired poise.

Joan's free acknowledgment of the extent to which Doug helped her in the process has obscured the assistance she gave in improving his acting. Doug's mother, the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, was reluctant to accept much money from her former husband and so, with her son, she lived abroad at small pensions. The boy appeared to be artistically inclined and his spasmodic education included instruction in the arts. When Doug was fifteen or sixteen—he was born in December, 1907, and is just three months older than Joan Crawford—his mother took him to Hollywood in response to offers from the movie barons.

A New Hero

Douglas Fairbanks Sr., it developed, had just deserted the Paramount studios and the management had conceived the characteristically Hollywood idea of hiring the son to take his place. The name, anyway, would be the same. So Doug, who had no stage or screen training whatever, made a picture which failed miserably. He was intelligent enough to study acting after this debacle but he was far from successful when Joan took him in hand. She taught him that overemphasis was the earmark of the ham. She made him repeat his lines over and over, until he could say them without being self-conscious.

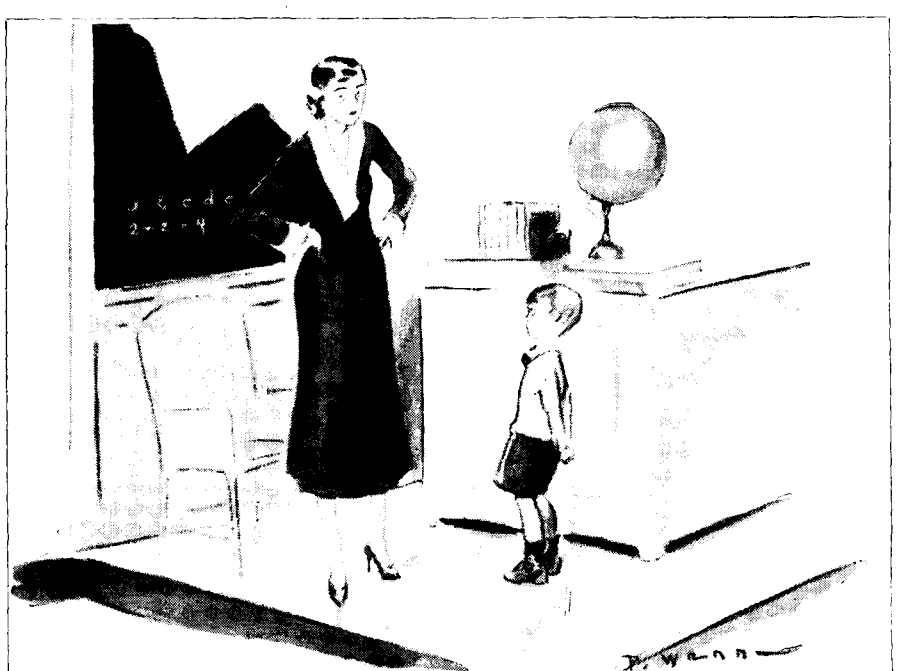
Doug gradually evolved from a rather awkward young juvenile into an actor of real talent. He appeared with Joan in one film, but his first conspicuous success was The Dawn Patrol, in which he stole the honors from Richard Barthelmess. Doug's pictures began to draw well, probably because he is tall and ungainly with irregular features and unruly hair. He is a welcome relief from the overpolished, vapid type with curly hair and an obvious scarcity of brains. He was made a star after The Dawn Patrol.

We Must Have Rumors

Any Hollywood marriage is open to suspicion regarding its permanence. It would be astonishing if Doug and Joan, each a success at twenty-four and each with an income exceeding that of a railroad president, had escaped the incessant gossip. If Doug is seen at some gathering without Joan, who is probably working at night at the studio, a divorce is held to be imminent. If Joan dares to lunch with her leading man there are prompt rumors that she has abandoned the husband who did so much for her. The truth is that they are probably an average enough young couple getting along as best they can in the flushed Hollywood atmosphere.

They live at Brentwood, one of the less gaudy suburbs, in a small and attractive Spanish house. Joan goes through the motions of running it by giving hurried orders to servants as she leaves for work. Doug plays the part of typical American husband by leaving his clothes strewn about the living-room, by failing to take notice when Joan has changed the furniture—and by precipitating a quarrel thereby.

Meanwhile they help each other a great deal. Joan still knows more about acting than Doug and has a better sense of story values when some new picture is being prepared. Doug has a more objective view of life; he can restore Joan to comparative cheerfulness when Greta Garbo or Norma Shearer, her rivals on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, appropriate a leading man she has developed from a nonentity. When this happens Joan dissolves into tears, but Doug thinks it rather funny and says so.



"Could it be arranged for me to be let alone here? I'm ordered around enough at home" *P. Webb*

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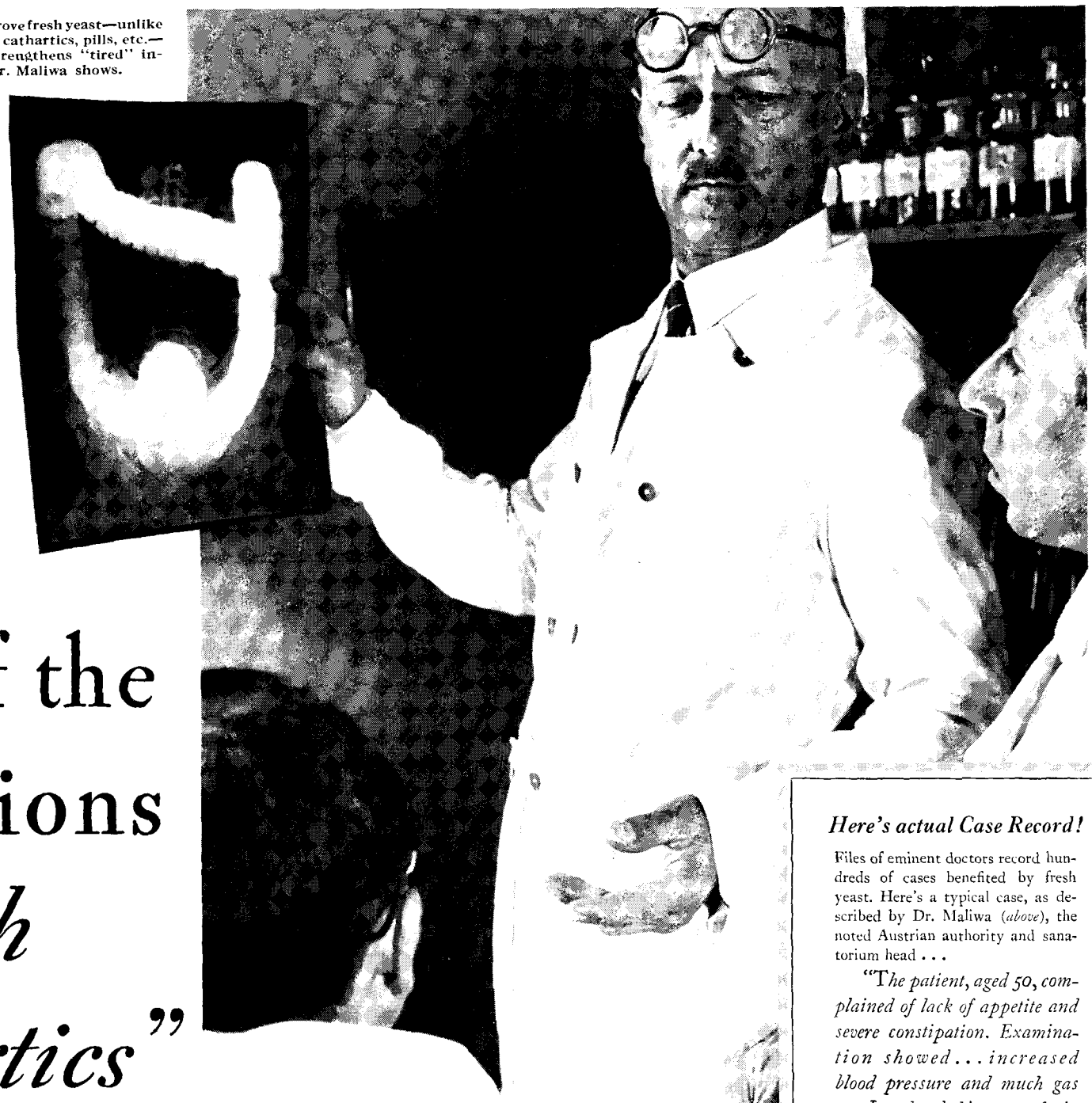

X-RAYS prove fresh yeast—unlike weakening cathartics, pills, etc.—actually strengthens "tired" intestines, Dr. Maliwa shows.

"It has none of the Objections of *harsh Cathartics*"

—says DR. MALIWA, head of the noted Sanatorium Esplanade

"IN cases of constipation and intestinal sluggishness . . . I prescribe fresh yeast. I prefer it to all other purifiers of the intestines."

That is the way one of Europe's foremost authorities on the intestines sums up the results of his medical experience!

Dr. Edmund Maliwa is physician-in-chief of the world-famous Sanatorium Esplanade, at Baden, near Vienna, and the author of "Peristaltic Action," which describes the way in which the human intestine works.

"Fresh yeast," he explains, "has none of the objectionable features of harsh cathartics and laxative drugs, which weaken the condition of the intestines and aggravate constipation.

"Fresh yeast stimulates weak intestinal muscles . . . helps renew normal action . . . increases the flow of gastric juices . . . improves digestion and the general vitality."

Not a "cure-all," Fleischmann's Yeast is a fresh food with certain amazing properties.

Eaten daily, it mingles with and softens the waste masses in your intestines. In addition, it supplies elements that actually "tone" and strengthen your sluggish intestinal tract.

Thus normal, easy elimination is induced . . . poisons are regularly cleared away. And your whole system shows the healthful effects!

Your tongue clears—you boast greater reserves of energy—you digest your meals more easily. You are less subject to bad breath, to skin eruptions, to frequent headaches and colds.

• • •

Why not try it . . . in place of weakening cathartics and laxatives? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, regularly—before meals, or between meals and at bedtime.

And write for free booklet. Standard Brands Incorporated, 691 Washington St., New York City.

Here's actual Case Record!

Files of eminent doctors record hundreds of cases benefited by fresh yeast. Here's a typical case, as described by Dr. Maliwa (*above*), the noted Austrian authority and sanatorium head . . .

"*The patient, aged 50, complained of lack of appetite and severe constipation. Examination showed . . . increased blood pressure and much gas . . . I ordered him to refrain from medicines and prescribed fresh yeast. The constipation was entirely cured.*"

"The Doctors are Right"

"The least little thing would wear me out," *writes* Miss Diane Craddock, *of Tulsa, Okla.* "My whole system was sluggish . . . Some friends had been advised by doctors to eat Fleischmann's Yeast. I decided to try it, too.

"Almost immediately my appetite picked up and the tired feeling left. My complexion, which hadn't been any too good, became nice and clear. Now I enjoy life in a whole-hearted way."

© 1931, Standard Brands Incorporated

EAT 3 CAKES of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast every day—just plain or dissolved in water (a third of a glass). *Try it!*

Important Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It is yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors advise. At grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. Rich in health-giving vitamins B, G, and D.

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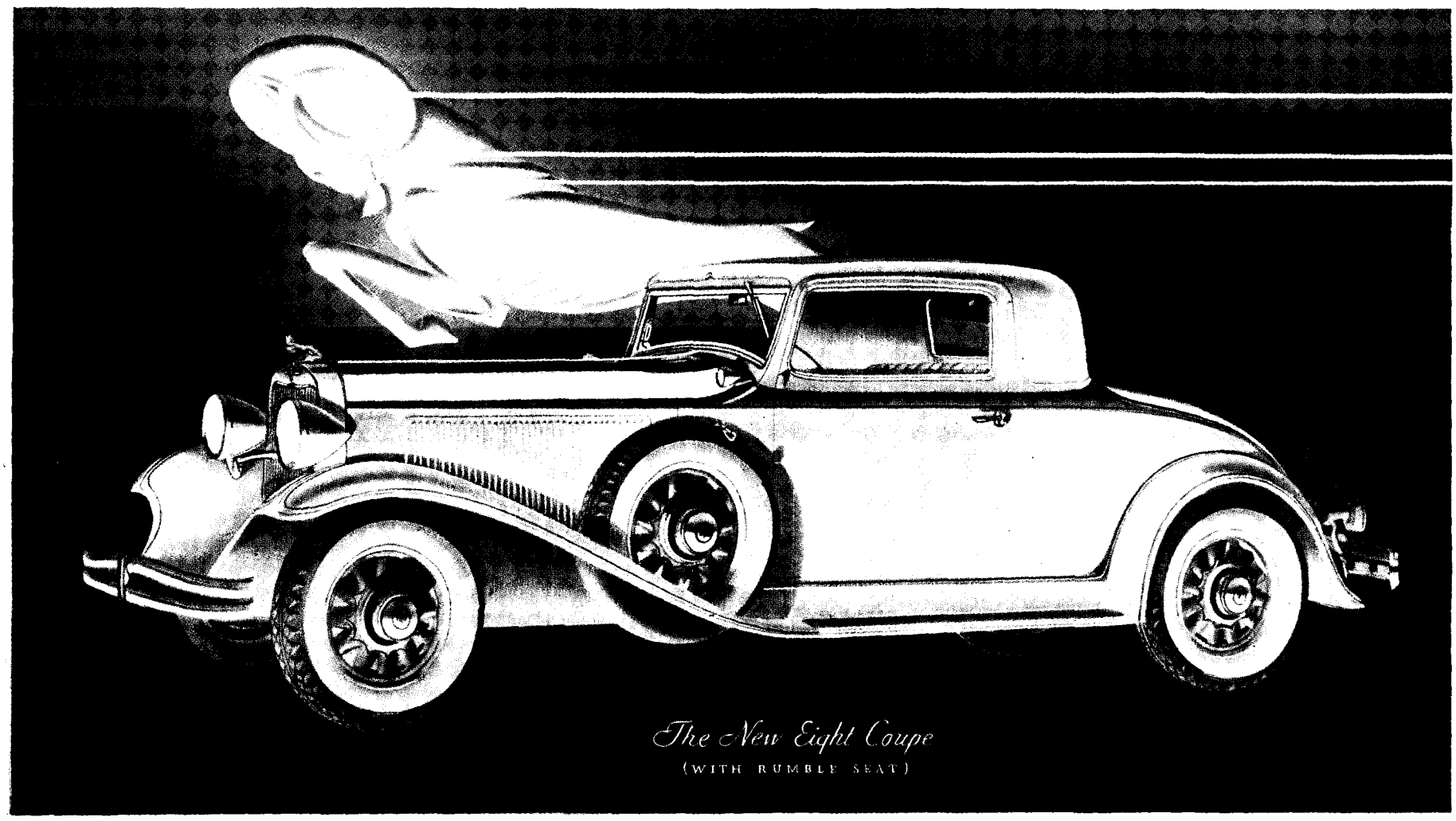
New DODGE *with* FLOATING POWER



The New Eight Coupe
(WITH RUMBLE SEAT)

A new achievement in silent, effortless motion and easy, positive control . .

DODGE PROUDLY PRESENTS two new cars which give results so astonishing that no possible description can quite prepare you for the sensation you will get at the wheel.

Floating Power as applied to the new Dodge six- and eight-cylinder engines, produces a power flow so liquid-smooth that comparing it to electricity only partly does it justice.

The Dodge ***Automatic Clutch*** co-ordinated with the entirely separate Dodge Free Wheeling mechanism, enables you to drive without ever touching the clutch pedal.

You simply drive as though there were no clutch. You can shift to low, to second, to high—or back down again—at any speed, standing still, or under any circumstances whatever. Nor do you have to touch the clutch to reverse . . . ***the whole operation is completely automatic.***

There are no extra things to learn. No extra pedals or buttons to push. No way to make a mistake. Driving is not complicated, it is ***simplified***—to a point that engineers have often dreamed of, but never before achieved.

Nor is that all. Shifting is completely effortless with the Silent Gear Selector. You can move the shifting lever as easily and silently as you turn the page of a book. And Weatherproof Hydraulic Brakes of greatly increased size with new cast drums give braking control that is unexcelled for ease of operation and equalized, positive action.

A single control on the dash enables you to lock out both the Automatic Clutch and Free Wheeling—effecting instant change to conventional drive.

Dodge is proud of these cars. Proud that they offer engineering progress that goes beyond everything that has pre-

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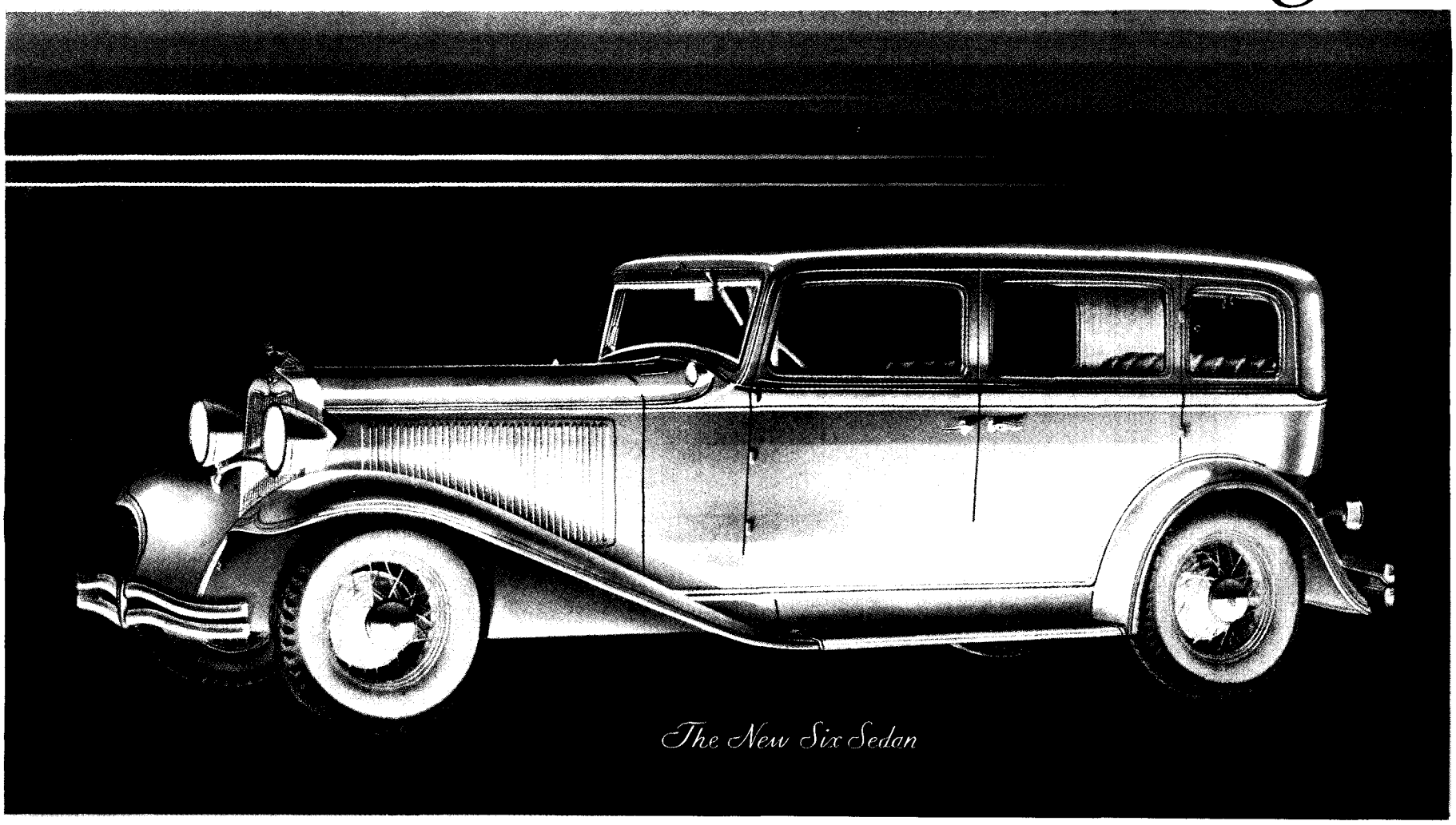
with Automatic *Clutch* *with* Silent Gear Selector *and* Free Wheeling



The New Six Sedan

viously been known. Proud of their beauty. Proud of their size and comfort. Proud of their already-proved factors of body and chassis design which give them highly advanced stability and safety.

Dodge is proud to invite you to drive these cars. Confident that their buoyant responsiveness, their silent, pulse-quickening pace will give you the most delightful experience you have ever had in a motor car.

Dodge commends them to you as a great forward stride in engineering—and more. With all of their advancements, with all of their flashing speed, smoothness and lightning-quick responsiveness, they are true Dodge cars—economical to buy, economical to drive—typical products of Dodge Dependability.

For Dodge continues to believe that the most important thing about a motor car is that it be a good motor car.

There is only one way to appreciate what these cars are, what they can do, what they mean in terms of what the dollar can buy today. ***Take the wheel***—the cars themselves will tell you.

Five wire or demountable wood wheels, no extra cost. Shatter-proof glass, slight additional cost. Closed models factory-wired for Philco-Transitone. Your nearest Dodge dealer will gladly quote prices and convenient terms.

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H. V. SHULTERS
President, National City Bank, Cleveland

HOBART UPJOHN
Prominent New York Architect

These Men Know that Copper, Brass and Bronze Prevent Costly Upkeep

IF you're going to be your own landlord it will pay you to look ahead! When you escape paying rent, make sure you don't take on a heavy burden of expense for upkeep and repairs. Follow the sound advice of these two men—build or buy a *rust-free, carefree home.*

BANKER SHULTERS says:
. . . "If you would guard your home against depreciation, use lasting Copper, Brass and Bronze wherever possible."

ARCHITECT UPJOHN says:
. . . "There is no question that where permanency is paramount, Copper, Brass and Bronze become essential."

These are economical times. Even the best building materials cost less today than at any time in several years. Why take chances with inferior, short-lived materials? Here are actual verified figures that point the way to true economy:

To install Copper, Brass and Bronze in vital parts of the average $15,000 home will add only about $270 to its total cost. This sum will be returned to you several times over—for you will save an average of at least $60 each year in upkeep expense.

Copper or Brass for plumbing . . . Copper gutters, downspouts and flashings . . . and solid Brass or Bronze hardware and lighting fixtures cannot rust. They are the most durable metals available for their respective uses.

Study the table below. Then write for a free book which tells the many advantages of Copper, Brass and Bronze.

COPPER & BRASS
RESEARCH ASSOCIATION
25 Broadway, New York

This table shows how little more of each building dollar you pay for the durable service of Copper, Brass and Bronze

For Copper or Brass Plumbing . . .	3/8 of a cent
Copper Gutters, Downspouts and Flashings .	1/3 of a cent
Bronze or Brass Lighting Fixtures . . .	1/2 of a cent
Brass or Bronze Hardware	1/2 of a cent
Bronze or Copper Insect Screens . .	1/10 of a cent
Extra amount for each building dollar spent is only	**1-4/5 cents**

BUILD FOR PERMANENCY WITH COPPER, BRASS AND BRONZE

"I don't like to disturb your game, folks, but this is your station!"

How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Common Sense Contract Bridge

North
S. K-3
H. Q-9-7-5
D. K-8-6-3
C. A-Q-7

West
S. 8-4
H. K-10-8-6-2
D. 9-7-2
C. K-J-4

East
S. 9-6-5
H. A-J-4
D. A-Q-5
C. 10-9-3-2

South (Dealer)
S. A-Q-J-10-7-2
H. 3
D. J-10-4
C. 8-6-5

THE above hand, published in last week's Collier's, should be of great interest to Bridge players. The Auction bidding was: South one Spade, West two Hearts, North two No Trumps, East three Hearts, and South three Spades which held the contract.

At Contract Bridge the bidding would have been: South and West pass, North one No Trump, East pass, South three Spades, West pass, North three No Trumps, East pass, South four Spades. The play at either would have developed identical features.

The Auction tournament hand was played at many tables, and at only one did the East and West pair succeed in stopping game; and that was due to the good judgment of a brilliant East.

The initial lead of West was his fourth best Heart. Of course, opening from a King-Ten suit against a suit declaration is not advantageous, but in this case it obviously was safer than starting with either the worthless Diamond trebleton or the Club King-Jack-Four, and at Auction, furthermore, the Heart lead was clearly the best, as East had supported West's Heart bid. But even with Hearts not named by either West or East, the fourth best Heart would be West's soundest choice for an opening lead.

North played the Seven of Hearts, his Seven-Five being a fourchette over the card led; and East being able, by the aid of the Rule of Eleven, to count that all the Hearts higher than the Six were in the West, North and East hands, finessed the Jack with perfect confidence; of course it won. At every table except one the Ace of Hearts was led to trick 2, the idea being that it would force South to ruff as it was assumed, in view of the bidding, that he did not hold the Heart Deuce. South ruffed as expected but the play left North's remaining Hearts quite useless unless West led the suit. If North led a Heart from his Queen-Nine, West would have the two high Hearts, so the adversaries' defense seemed (but did not prove to be) impregnable. As it was impossible for the Declarer to make up a Heart in the North hand, he exhausted the adverse trumps (dummy discarding a Club on the third round) and led South's Diamond Jack for a finesse, which lost. A third Heart was led by East and ruffed by South, who led the Diamond Ten which was won by East. But now East was in a hopeless position; and not wishing to lead up to dummy's Ace-Queen of Clubs, he led his last Diamond. This was won by North's King, and North's fourth Diamond gave South a Club discard; then North led a Heart which South ruffed with the last trump and the Club finesse produced game.

The result at all these tables seemed to illustrate perfectly sound and not particularly difficult play by the Declarer; but at one table East rose to the emergency. He appreciated that it would be necessary for his side to play for a Club trick. If a Club trick could be made, it would take two leads of Clubs to set it up; and the first of these must be made before East parts with either the Ace or Queen of Diamonds. So at trick 2, East led a Club up to dummy's Ace-Queen, instead of leading the Heart Ace as all the other Easts had done. Of course dummy won, the trumps were exhausted, and then Declarer tried and lost the Diamond finesse, putting East in position to lead another Club and to obtain a Club trick before dummy's long Diamond became good. So the star East won one Heart, two Diamonds and one Club; and saved an apparently hopeless game.

Next week's hand is given below; determine how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. K-J-10-8-6-2
H. 2
D. A-9-7-4
C. K-2

East
S. A-Q
H. K-Q-10-9-8-7-5
D. None
C. Q-10-8-6

West
S. 9-7-5-3
H. 6-4
D. 8-6-5-3
C. J-9-7

South (Dealer)
S. 4
H. A-J-3
D. K-Q-J-10-2
C. A-5-4-3

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Winter Range

Continued from page 15

"Yes," she said. She was very pale. "Lee Bishop can't do anything—he's just a hired foreman and can only carry out Campo's orders. But if you own part of the cattle, with winter grazing rights on the Bar Hook range—then you're justified in protecting your own interests, even though Campo doesn't defend his. I don't think Bob Elliot will fight; I think he'll let his cattle drift back to their home range. But first he has to know he's up against a man that will fight him clear into the ground."

Kentucky sat studying the slow blue tendrils of smoke from his cigarette.

"The deal won't be questioned," Jean said. "You're known to have enough money to buy into a brand if you want to. And nobody can look at you without knowing that whatever you set your hand to you'll fight through some way—maybe just for the love of fighting, for all I know."

Kentucky Jones found himself deeply stirred. Yet he would have thought himself a fool if he had accepted such a proposition only to please Jean. One consideration alone urged him to agree. He was anxious to talk to Bob Elliot; and he felt that the basis she suggested would give him every advantage in this.

"I'm not going to turn you down," he said at last. "But I can accept only on certain conditions. First, that too strenuous an objection is not made by your father."

"I hope to be able to handle that."

"Another condition is that if Campo Ragland later decides to make his own fight; or if for any other reason I'm no longer needed, then I can withdraw, and the deal is off."

"I accept that," she said.

"Another condition is that the price of one dollar be changed to read: 'One dollar and such other consideration as the buyer shall consider proper, according to the state of the market upon delivery.'"

SHE objected vigorously to that; but since at worst it conceded him what profit he might consider justified, she at length gave in.

"One thing more," he said. "If I'm going to make this fight, then I want you to join your mother in California."

She looked at him squarely. "That," she said, "I will not do."

She stood fast, and he was compelled to give in. When she had won this point she offered him her hand, closing a bargain which placed him in the most curious position he ever had occupied in his life.

"Jean," he said, "if this thing goes through, I'm headed into the middle of something I don't understand—can't understand from what I know. I'm going to ask you one question, and I want you to answer it. Do you know who killed John Mason?"

"No," she said instantly. "Kentucky, I swear that I don't know that! I thought I knew, until Zack Sanders was found; but now I'm just as sure that I was wrong."

"I won't try to get you to tell me," he said, "what you evidently don't want me to know. But, Jean, I tell you this: the time may come when I'll need your help and need it bad. When that time comes, I want you to remember that perhaps I wouldn't be in this if you hadn't asked me in."

"I won't forget."

He got up and jerked on his coat. "I'm going to see Bob Elliot," he told her.

The back of her hand flew to her mouth. "Now?" she said faintly.

"It's as good a time as any, isn't it?"

Jean Ragland turned white. "Then go on. You—I guess you know I wish you luck."

"I might need it," he admitted.

As he reached the door she suddenly called his name, and he turned back. She was staring after him, white-faced. "Are—will you be armed?"

"I don't know. We'll see."

He was wondering, as he saddled a fresh pony, if she had commissioned him to kill Bob Elliot.

THE buildings of the 88 were made variously of adobe, clapboards and square-hewn logs. The layout could not be called compact; yet somehow it had a stripped look, barrenly efficient.

Bill McCord stood in the doorway of the barn as Kentucky Jones came up. Kentucky had a feeling that he had been seen and watched from a long way off.

"You want to see me?" McCord asked.

"I'll talk to your boss, if he's here."

Bill McCord rolled a crooked cigarette from one corner of his mouth to the other. "All right. He's up at the house." He did not offer any accommodations for Kentucky's horse.

Kentucky rode to what appeared to be the main door of a squat adobe which a glance of McCord's eye had indicated. The door opened as he pulled up, and Bob Elliot stood there, looking at him without expression.

"Hello, Bob," Kentucky said.

Bob Elliot leaned against the side of the doorway, lean-shouldered, straight-backed, looking competent and tall. "It seems very peculiar," he said with casual frostiness, "to see you here."

"I suppose so," said Kentucky, swinging down without invitation. "Are you going to ask me in or not?"

"I hadn't thought of it," said Elliot; "is there any special call for it?"

"There is. I came over to tell you that I've bought a fifth interest in the Bar Hook."

Bob Elliot's face went blank with perfectly real astonishment. "You bought a—what?"

"You heard me, I think."

Bob Elliot stared at him for a moment more. "Come in here," he said at last. He turned his back and walked into the house; and Kentucky followed him. "I thought I understood you to say you'd bought into the Bar Hook," said Elliot as soon as the door was shut. "Now what can be your idea in that?"

"I was able to buy some Bar Hook cattle at a very favorable price," Kentucky told him. "I'll make something on those cattle in the spring."

"In the spring," Elliot repeated. "And where did you expect to hold them through the winter?"

"Right where they are."

Bob Elliot stared at him again while this soaked in. Then abruptly, unexpectedly, he turned away from Kentucky Jones and began to laugh. "This is rich," he said at last. "Nothing trivial about this transaction, I hope?"

"Hardly." Kentucky sat down carelessly.

"So now naturally you want to talk to me."

"Naturally. Both technically and practically, for the time being I am a part owner of the Bar Hook. More particularly as regards the Bar Hook grazing rights."

"Of course you recognize," said Bob

(Continued on page 44)

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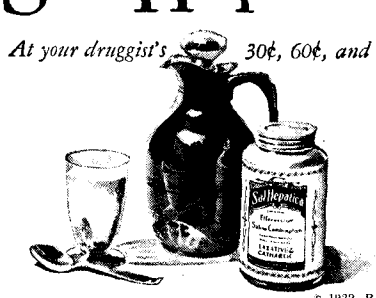

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(*Continued from page 43*)

Elliot, "that you and I probably don't see eye to eye on grazing rights."

"We can understand each other without going into that very much, I think," Kentucky said. "When it comes to this herd you've shoved onto Bar Hook range—"

"Look here, Jones," Elliot said. "Your object is to bring these cattle you've bought through the winter in good condition, I suppose."

"I mean to bring 'em through."

"Well, you've got one chance to get out of this," said Elliot. "Cut your cattle out of the Bar Hook herds. Lease you a good piece of ground, and take your cattle there. I'll tell you frankly, it's going to be a tough winter for the Bar Hook herds where they are now."

"I'll leave them where they are," said Kentucky again. "I've already told you I'm swinging with the Bar Hook."

"In short," said Elliot, "what you came here to tell me is that your share in the Bar Hook is a fighting share."

"You can call it that."

BOB ELLIOT lighted a ready-made cigarette. The ironically humorous glance of his frosty blue eyes had a snap like the flick of a whip. "That girl certainly got you in for something," he said.

"Yes?" Kentucky Jones smiled on one side of his mouth. Until now neither had mentioned the incident in the sheriff's office which had terminated when Kentucky Jones had knocked Bob Elliot out. He held his peace, and began the making of a cigarette; but he thought that Elliot must have known what was in his mind.

"I'll tell you a couple of things for your own good," Bob Elliot went on, half sitting on the edge of his chair. His penetrating blue eyes watched Kentucky through the smoke of his cigarette. "You're butting into a situation that you know very little about, Jones. You seem to think that this little difference of opinion that's coming up now between me and Ragland is something new. It isn't. We've had it all the time. Even without this new crisis brought on by Mason's death, there never could have been room for both the Bar Hook and the 88, in the long run. Sooner or later one or the other would have had to go. Up until now I've been willing to give Ragland a break for the sake of the peace. It just happens that the way things fall out I'm not able to baby him any more. Don't you forget for a minute that the land in question is public domain."

"And that you're entitled to graze halfway from your water to his. You'll have to govern your cattle count by that; and we don't want to see one head more."

Elliot made an impatient gesture with his cigarette. "It'll be a long day," he said contemptuously, "when you tell me something about the cattle business in the rimrock, Jones. If you think Ragland has a case—ask Campo why he's sitting back in his corner and sending you to make his bluff. Ask him. You might find out something you need to know."

Kentucky Jones shrugged. "I can't speak for what Campo will do. I've bought in on the understanding that the land my cattle are on is Bar Hook range—has always been Bar Hook range. I'll tell you straight out, Elliot—I don't mean to have that range forced. And if I have to take my boys and ram your stock right back down your throat, in order to hold my graze, stand from under! It's up to you."

Bob Elliot eyed him speculatively. "I haven't the least doubt," he decided, "that you'd run hog wild and make a lot of trouble for yourself and everybody else—once given the chance. I don't think, though, that you're going to make much of a war on the 88."

"I'll make what push I need to, no more—and no less."

Elliot allowed himself a faint smile. "I suppose you know you'll have to fight Campo himself, first?"

"What makes you think so?"

"For one thing," Elliot told him, "because when you hooked up with Campo Ragland you hooked up with a yellow quitter."

"I reckon," said Kentucky, "you might not be so quick to say that to Campo's face."

"You think not? I'll tell you one more thing you don't know about. I understand that you heard Bill McCord cuss out Lee Bishop and send him home with his tail between his legs. Well, you can take it that Bill was only copying after his boss. Because this range has seen the day when I sent Campo Ragland home with his tail between his legs, under much the same circumstances. And that wasn't so long ago. Not so long ago!"

"It kind of stumps a man to swallow that one, Elliot—seeing that you're still alive."

"Oh, it does, does it?" Elliot smiled in an ugly way. "Campo went home to get his gun, aiming to kill me. If you want to see Campo bust a cinch, ask him why he never carried that through!"

"This gets no place," said Kentucky. "I told you what I came to tell you—that lets me out. From now on look to yourself. And don't drive cattle into Bar Hook range—my range—without expecting them to come right home to roost in a cloud of yells."

"Suits me," Elliot agreed. "Don't think I've forgotten the sore jaw you gave me in that run-in at Waterman. God knows I never hoped for such a chance to smash the two of you at once!"

Kentucky Jones grinned and turned to the door. "That's what I like to hear!" He stepped out to his horse and threw the reins over the animal's head.

"Go tell that girl," said Elliot from the door, "that her father can't hide behind you this trip—you ain't big enough in size. And—try and make her tell you what she knows!"

Kentucky was ready to admit—to himself—that that parting shot went home. What he could not escape from was the sure knowledge that Jean Ragland did know something, perhaps several things, which he should have known. He was working precariously and in the dark. But he returned Bob Elliot's sardonic grin.

"Come and see me some time," he said, and he went away from there.

THAT was a good, long-stepping horse Kentucky rode that day; so that it was still a little before the long winter dusk as he reached the halfway point on his return ride. He was on the part of the trail which followed the rim, and two miles short of the point where it turned across Wolf Bench to the Bar Hook layout, when his pony pricked its ears forward sharply, and Kentucky brought the horse to a stop while he listened.

Far ahead—whether it came from the Bake Pan or the Bench he could not tell—sounded a curious drum tattoo, a thin popping whisper of gunfire. The tricky echoes of the rim caught that sound, shook it and tossed it into the wind curiously broken and prolonged; it seemed to rise and fall, so that a man could not count the number of guns, nor how often they were fired, but could only say that the firing was rapid and from several guns.

For perhaps half a minute the far-off gun talk continued, oddly like the popping of grease in a skillet. Then it stopped abruptly, as if all of the guns had fallen silent together, and in the

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utter quiet of those vast snowy spaces there was no longer any indication that anything had happened. Kentucky Jones felt a short, ugly stir in the pit of his stomach, such as a man feels sometimes when he knows that someone is hurt, perhaps killed, in an event of unknown character.

All that he could be definitely sure of was that the sound of the guns had come from somewhere ahead. He struck the spurs to his horse and went up the irregular trail at a dead run, unbuttoning his coat as he rode so that it would not interfere with his gun.

HE RODE a mile, a mile and a half; his hard-run horse was snorting visible puffs of frosty breath, like smoke, at every jump. From somewhere ahead of him in the trail came a muffled ground murmur, inarticulate and confused. He pulled his horse down to a gait at which he could listen to something besides his own pony's hoofs. The sound ahead developed swiftly into the hoof-drum of an approaching horse, that supremely stirring, unmistakable sound of a horse running desperately, full-stretch, half frantic under the punishment of spur and quirt.

Kentucky Jones hesitated, then put his horse ahead again at a high lope. Within two furlongs the approaching horse burst suddenly from around a jutting outcrop of rock; and he saw that the rider was Jean Ragland.

So close were they as they became visible to each other that as they pulled up their horses Jean's pony slipped to its haunches and almost went down. It recovered itself, however, and the two horses stood blowing and stirring restively on their feet, too steamy and nervous from their running to stand quiet.

"Jean! What's busted?"

She spoke rapidly but with clear coherence: "Jim Humphreys and Billy Petersen have run foul of four 88 cowboys, down on the Bake Pan. Lee Bishop and I were sitting on the rim—we saw the whole thing. Jim Humphreys is down. And they got Billy's horse—he took cover behind his dead horse and began firing back. Oh, God, Kentucky—it was terrible! Sitting there and seeing it all, and unable to do anything—as if we were in another world—"

"Is Billy hit?"

"I don't know. Billy's horse bolted and went into a bucking fit; they were all peppering at him, but he got control of his horse and rode back to cover Jim. Then his horse somersaulted, and the 88 cowboys drew off as he fired from cover."

"Where's Lee Bishop?"

"He's riding down the rim trail to Billy and Jim, fit to break his neck. He wanted me to ride like the devil and get help. I didn't think the others would be back home yet, so I came down this trail hoping to pick you up."

"Come on," said Kentucky, jumping his horse up the trail. Jean put her horse into the trail behind him and they pushed on a steady run to where the fork of the trail led on the one hand precipitously down the rim and on the other up the Bench to the Bar Hook. Here Kentucky stopped his horse and Jean pulled in alongside.

"Go back to the Bar Hook," he told her. "Harry Wilson ought to be back there by now. Tell him to take the best of the two cars and drive like hell to Waterman. I want five more men out here by sun-up tomorrow. I want Bud Jeffreys and Crazy Harris—" he named three others he wanted, and four or five alternates in case same were not to be found. All were men he knew, now laid off for the winter at or near Waterman. "Can you remember those?"

"Sure."

"When you've put Harry Wilson on his way, bring a couple of horses and come back. If your father's there—"

"He isn't."

"If you see a couple of poles that would make a stretcher, bring 'em along—one of the horses can trail 'em like a travois. We'll take the boys to the Bake Pan camp."

"On the way!" Jean whirled her horse.

"Wait! Point out to me where Jim and Billy are."

Jean pointed. The light was failing now; but the long slant of the last sun reflected from the upper peaks of the Maricopas with a clear, diffused light, so that objects were still distinct far below upon the plain.

"By the line of that arroyo?"

"No, no! Two hand spans to the west of that."

KENTUCKY JONES made out now a far-off bottle-shaped dot upon the snow among the other dark dots that were sage and greasewood; he recognized this as Billy Petersen's fallen horse. He could not see where Jim Humphreys lay. But far off to the southwest he could see the faint, moving specks that were the 88 riders.

"There they go," he whispered bitterly.

"One of them tried to turn back and override Jim Humphreys," she said, "but Billy Petersen drove him off. I can't see Lee Bishop down there—guess he hasn't got down the trail yet. I'll be back quick as I can." She turned her horse and was gone in a flurry of hoof-lifted snow.

Kentucky Jones took the Bake Pan trail, his horse sliding downward on braced feet as he cut the corners of the switchback trail.

(To be continued next week)

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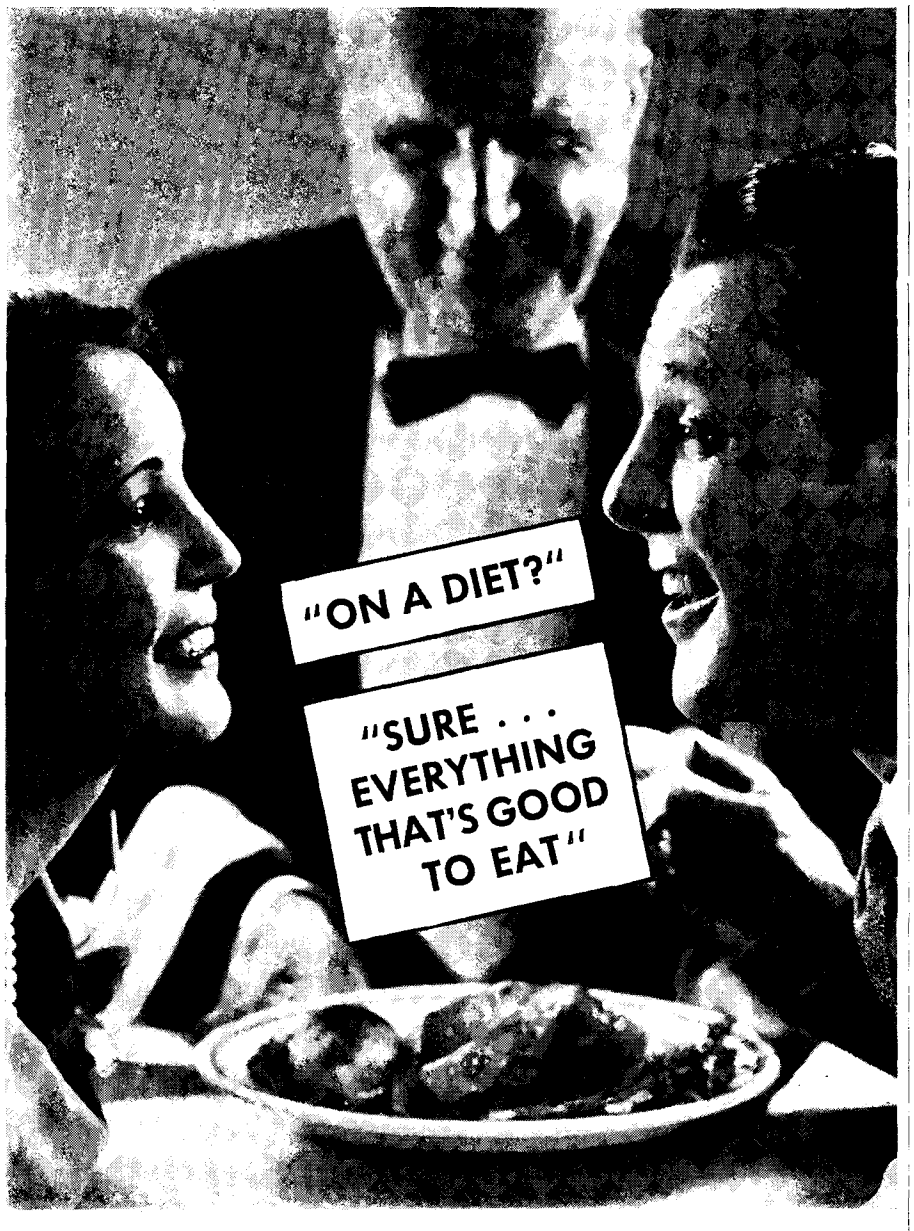

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This is how it Feels

Continued from page 9

couldn't speak a word of their language and the louder he yelled the crazier they thought he was. They kept walking past the window and staring at him."

"I should think he could have written his name and address or something."

"He did. But by this time he said he had the goofy idea that maybe he *was* dead. He thought maybe he had died and this was hell. He said he had to keep saying to himself, 'I'm Jack Coombs and I'm alive,' over and over. Finally, a priest came to the village and the Spigs showed him what the poor guy wrote. The priest could talk a little English. He took Coombs to a larger town. But there they thought he was an escaped convict. They showed him a paper which said his boat had gone down with all on board.

"Coombs said by this time he was afraid he had changed so no one would know him. He said he was afraid he'd never be identified and that his wife and kids would disown him. He worried so much that his memory began to go back on him. For two days he couldn't remember his own name. He sure was in a tight spot, wasn't he?"

"Golly, yes. How did he—"

"THEY took him to Barcelona and kept him in jail until the American consul could find two Americans to identify him. The dumb consul wouldn't cable his folks because he said it would be cruel to arouse their hopes. Finally, he got to the point, he said, where he was scared to face the two gobs they sent from Marseilles to identify him. He said he got to thinking: 'If they say I'm not Jack Coombs the consul is right. I'm crazy.' He said when the gobs came in and one of them said: 'Why, that's Coombs!' he just keeled over. I tell you, brother, being 'dead' ain't any joke."

"I'll bet Coombs' wife was happy when she heard he was alive."

"Naw. That's a funny thing. She never believed he was dead in the first place. She said the government was so dumb it never got anything right."

"It's a grand yarn though. It makes me more than ever convinced, Mr. Womack, that if you'd cut loose with your own story and tell it in your own words people would stay awake nights reading it. F'rinstance, if you were to tell the psychological processes by which your buddy reached the conclusion that he ought to stay dead—"

"Not a chance."

"He hadn't done anything over here that made him afraid to return?"

"Say-y, he wasn't afraid of nothing. Not in France, he wasn't."

"But over here, eh?"

"You trying to insinuate he was a crook?"

"Certainly not! That's just what I'm trying to refute, Mr. Womack. I'm trying to clear up the case in justice to your pal."

"What case?"

"Why—all this confusion about just what happened. I want you to think of me as your friend and your buddy's friend, too, Mr. Womack. Why, just to show you I want to play fair . . . uh . . . why don't you tell me the story without mentioning names? Use fictitious names—"

"You'd find out the name."

"How could we? You tell me the story without using names. I won't be any the wiser and I'll probably be able to persuade the city editor to drop the whole matter. I owe you that much for being so kind—"

"We-ell—"

"You don't need to tell me a single real name."

"We-ell, I guess it's all right. You look like a pretty square shooter—and when I tell you about my buddy you'll sure see why it's best to drop the whole thing—"

"Sure. This is just between us, Mr. Womack."

"Well—I'll tell you. Buddy and I was in the Hundred and Thirty-eighth Infantry. We got acquainted in a dice game at Funston. He was kind of small and sickly; and I saw right off he'd never shot craps before. He was pretending like he knew all about it; but every time he made his point and should of had the money some guy would wink at the rest and rake it in. I wised him up and made the other boys kick in part of what they'd gypped him.

"We got acquainted and decided to be buddies. I found out right off that he was in a jam. He had married a rich girl in his home town and her and her family played heck with him. Every time he got a job somewheres her mother and aunts would come to visit them and persuade Buddy's wife that she was being mistreated. Her ma wanted to boss her and she wanted to boss Buddy, too. Her old man was in on it; he wanted Buddy to come back and be his little private dog at the lumber company.

"Buddy had one of these inferiority complexes. It seemed like his wife and her folks had the Indian sign on him. He couldn't stand up against them. They just swamped him in relatives. He couldn't get his back up and say so. Buddy used to brag that the bravest thing he ever did was to enlist in the army.

"His wife and her folks went crazy when he told 'em what he'd done. But Buddy wouldn't claim exemption. He stuck in camp.

"The minute his feet hit the deck of the Leviathan he was a new guy. I never saw such a change in any man. Even when he got seasick he said the war was swell. He said he hoped it'd never stop. He said he knew he'd made a failure at being a man in his home town, but he'd be a man now.

"But that family kept on making trouble. His wife's ma wrote his captain that Buddy was very dirty-minded and to keep him away from women. They sent him bales of junk—stomach warmers and hot-water bottles and patent medicines and prayer books. It was so disgraceful the poor guy got so he was afraid to open a package in public.

"IN FRANCE, they kept after him. He wrote for cigarettes and they sent him cubebs. They made him assign all his pay to his wife. The whole family had fads about food—they used to ship him boxes of stuff that was terrible. Other guys were getting candy and cake. But not Buddy.

"He didn't care so much, though. He had a swell time soldiering. It was the first time he could call his soul his own. All he ever worried about was how long the war would last. He'd say: 'Those krauts are caving in. I bet inside of two months we'll have to go home.' It was funny the way he thought about that pestering family. He wasn't so sore at them. He was sore at hisself. He'd say: 'I can't handle myself at home. I can't stand up against them. They wear me down. Women don't fight fair. I'll take the krauts any day.'

"Don't never say Buddy was yellow. He was a fighting fool. The first day in the Argonne he run ahead of the line.

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He seemed to be able to smell krauts five hundred yards off and us boys in his platoon followed his hunches. When he said, 'That's a counter attack,' we dug fox holes. Him and I did a rear guard on a raid the second night. That's where you want to be with a good guy. A guy who'll set his rifle to his shoulder and shoot at krauts and keep at it quick-fire till they think he's got a mop-up support behind him.

"That night, after we'd made our trench, I found out something about Buddy. He'd throwed his tag and papers away. I asked him how come. He said: 'They ain't gonna have the satisfaction of burying me *their* way. I ain't no Baptist. I'm a Methodist.' I tried to argue with him but he said if he kicked off he wanted to stay in France. He said he wouldn't rest easy if they planted him in his wife's folks' cemetery lot. He said if he asked for a white stone they'd put up a black one just to show him who was boss.

"WE HAD a long talk. I could tell Buddy didn't ever want to go back home. I told him he was goofy; that after the way he'd been standing up to the krauts his wife and her folks wouldn't seem like nothing. But he said: 'I can stand up to big things. I can hold my last grenade and wait until I'm sure of killing. I can get the spring into my knees when the whistle blows and go up the ladder. But I can't go that dribble of little things I get at home. Those women take little chips out of my hide all day long.

"'Once I got sore and socked Velma for saying she wanted to go to the Elite instead of the Crystal Palace picture show. She called me a brute and bawled around for two days. I yelled at her: "I didn't do it for that. I did it for the seven thousand times you've said I should do some little thing to please you." But she made me feel sorry for her and for three weeks I didn't have the guts to say no once.'

"Well, I tried to dope it out for Buddy but the best I could do was to decide that he'd married the wrong girl. I didn't have much time to study on it. Next morning, we went over with the big push. We'd gone about half a mile, with me and Buddy walking close together, when it happened.

"I never did find out whether it was a GI can or a mine. All I know is I took a deep dive into a pink river and never came up. I stayed under that river for days. Once in a while I'd sort of struggle to the top and see daylight and faces; then I'd go down again.

"When I finally come to I was in a big German hospital. I didn't know who I was and I didn't care. I grabbed hold of the bed so I wouldn't go down in that river again. Then, I heard a voice from the next bed. It was Buddy.

"He said, 'You don't know me. Remember that.' He looked kind of familiar but I couldn't exactly place him. It was days before I could remember anything. By that time Buddy and I had made an agreement.

"Buddy told me the krauts hadn't identified either of us. That blast had stripped everything off me and part of my hair besides. He said: 'We've been reported dead by now. I want to stay dead. I don't know you and you don't know me. Get the idea? We've both got amnesia. When they question you just play dumb.'

"Well, I kicked at first. I had a girl back home . . . the one I'm married to now. I didn't want her to think I'd kicked off. But Buddy talked me into it. He said this was his only chance. He said he would be able to start with a clean slate and live a new life. He said he was going to Africa or Australia and be a man. He had tears in his eyes when he said it.

"So I said I'd help. I played the amnesia gag with those kraut doctors for about seven weeks. They pulled both Buddy and me out of shell shock. But we stuck to our story that we couldn't remember our names or each other. And me all the time thinking: 'I bet Mabel has married that Dennis guy by now.' I sure wished I'd married her at Funston. Widows usually wait a year.

"Well, the war was over, and we heard the krauts talking about turning us over to the Americans. That was Buddy's tip-off to beat it. I tried hard to get him to change his mind about staying dead. I said his wife and her folks would be so glad to see him alive they wouldn't hound him any more.

"But Buddy just shook his head. He said, 'No, it ain't my wife and it ain't her folks alone. It's that town. It's all the bad starts I made trying to be my own man. It's the whole works rolled together. God has given me this swell chance to start all over again and I'm going to take it.' So I gave Buddy my address and he promised to write. We said good-by.

"An American doc looked me over at Coblenz. He said, 'Well, well, so you remember running away in the Argonne, eh?' I said, 'I never run away. My name's Thomas J. Womack, C Company, Hundred and Thirty-eighth Infantry and you come around to St. Louie when I get home and I'll knock your block off.' That ended the amnesia gag and I cabled Mabel. Her dad cabled back: 'Mabel under doctor's care from shock. Am making arrangements for wedding.' Now that's the kind of wife and father-in-law!"

"That certainly is, Mr. Womack! I congratulate you. Did you ever hear from your buddy again?"

"Yeah."

"When was that?"

"Year ago last October."

"Did he write you?"

"Naw. He came to see me."

"Golly! Right here in town?"

"Yeah. He rung . . . but listen, you going to try to make trouble for the poor guy?"

"Oh, of course not. I don't even know his name. Besides, I'd hardly be able to find him—"

"You'd never find him. He lives in Au—a foreign country. Well, as I was saying, Buddy rung our doorbell one night. He sure looked like a ghost. He was pale and thin like he was when I first met him at Funston. He had got himself in another jam."

"No! Did he—"

"Yeah. He's married again. Got three kids. Him and his wife and the kids live with her folks. Her and her mother boss the life out of him. Her mother's got money. Buddy said he didn't know that when he married the gal. They live in a small town. Can you beat it?"

"WHY did he come back to America?"

"He run away. He talked wild at first. Said he was going to France or Russia and start over again. But after I listened a while I lit in on him like a Dutch uncle. I said he'd had two chances and a third wouldn't help a lot. I said the trouble was inside of him. I advised him to go on back home for the sake of his kids."

"Did he go?"

"Yeah."

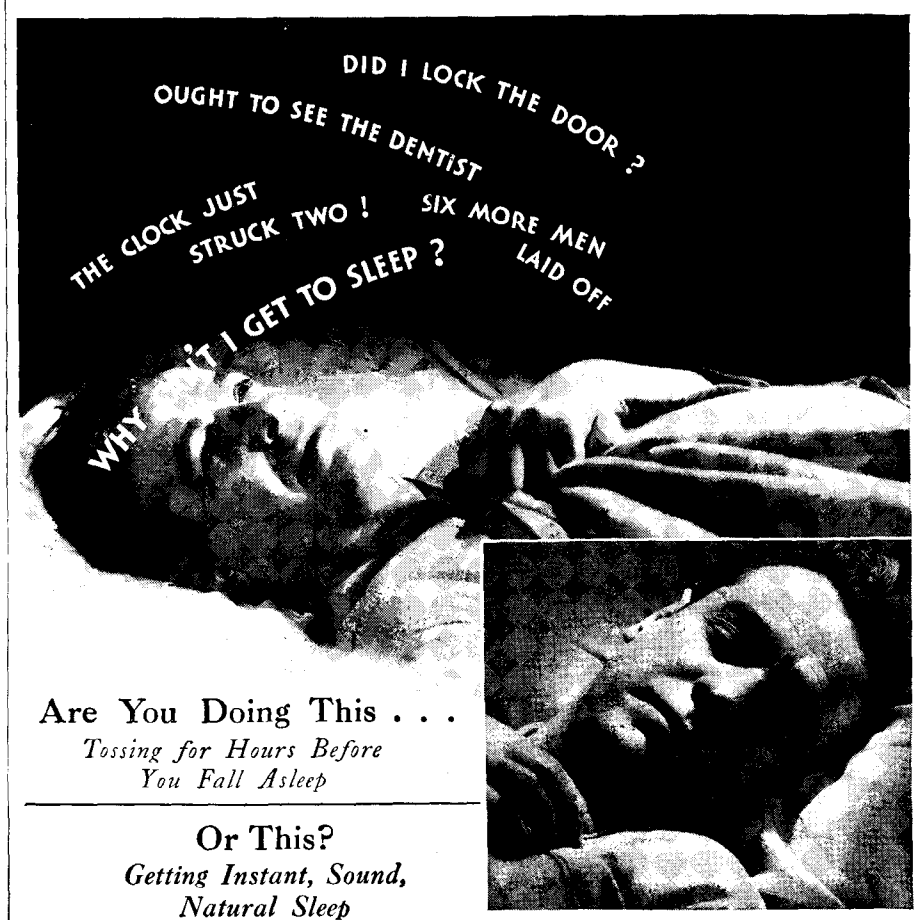
"Won't . . . won't you give me his present name and address, Mr. Womack?"

"Not a chance. Think I want you to make more trouble for the poor guy?"

"That isn't it at all. I just want to write him. I know how he feels. The way these women try to boss a man is something terrible. Let me tell you, Mr. Womack, something of my own experience. . . ."

SLEEP

8 Hours of it... *WITHOUT* Drugs



Are You Doing This . . .
Tossing for Hours Before You Fall Asleep

Or This?
Getting Instant, Sound, Natural Sleep

Accept This 3-Day Test

DO you toss and turn for hours before you fall asleep? Do you lie awake fighting to get sleep—instead of getting sound, natural sleep as soon as you go to bed?

If so, try this drugless way to instant, untroubled sleep. This natural way that 20,000 doctors recommend. And millions are now following.

It not only brings sleep in a natural way—but actually *rebuilds* body, brain and nerves while you sleep.

You fall asleep almost as soon as you touch the pillow. Your mind relaxes, sleep comes—in spite of any tension which may have existed before.

In the morning, you awaken clear-eyed—refreshed. Nerves calmer—mind clearer by far. Your whole appearance reflects the restful sleep and the rejuvenating process you've enjoyed.

What It Is And How It Acts

A remarkable food concentrate will do this for you. It is called Ovaltine—a pure food-drink that you take with warm milk. During the World War, Ovaltine was a standard ration for invalid, nerve-shattered soldiers—it does 3 things no other food in the world will do.

First, it induces sound, restful sleep by a *natural* process.

Second, it rebuilds worn-out nerve and body cells. In addition to other valuable food elements, Ovaltine contains in concentrated form a natural vital property called "lecithin," which is the important part of nerve and brain tissue. And these special food properties rebuild nerve, brain and body tissues as you sleep.

Third, by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes, Ovaltine tends to draw blood away from the head. And reduces the congestion that is present in brain capillaries when a person lies awake thinking and worrying instead of sleeping.

Thus, a state of mental calm is induced. And normal sleep quickly follows.

Try It Tonight

Just try Ovaltine tonight. 'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin today. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a glass of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed.

Note how quickly you go to sleep. See how different you feel tomorrow. Your whole appearance will show the result of this restful sleep and new vitality.

Whatever you think of the claims made for Ovaltine. just try it! It has brought restful sleep and teeming energy to thousands. You'll be amazed at what it does for you.

(Note) Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also widely recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children, nursing mothers, convalescents and the aged.

MAIL FOR 3-DAY SUPPLY
(If unable to obtain locally)

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. 34-CR S
180 North Michigan Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name.....
(Print name and address clearly)
Address.....
City.....*State*.....
(One package to a person)

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured under license in U. S. A. according to original Swiss formula 847 A

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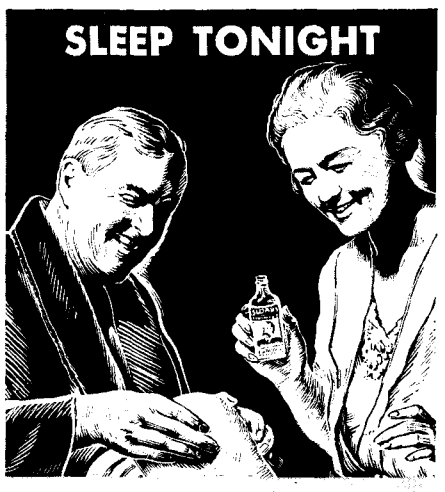

FATHER: *This old knee might have kept me awake again. But it feels fine now.*
MOTHER: *I knew it would. Damp weather can't bother you with Sloan's in the house!*

DAMP-DAY PAINS

Pat them away—Sleep!

Don't let stiff, sore joints rob you of sleep in cold, damp weather. Sloan's drives away the pain. Just pat it on — no need to rub. Fresh blood flows *at once* to the sore spot—pain gives way to warm, soothing, welcome relief. You enjoy a good night's sleep. Get a fresh bottle today at your druggist's. Only 35¢.

SLOAN'S Liniment Warms Like Sunshine

LITTLE AD—BIG BARGAIN $1

200 note sheets and 100 envelopes, **each neatly printed with your name and address,** sent postpaid for $1.00. Correct style, high quality. Try a box. Money refunded if you're not pleased.
AMERICAN STATIONERY CO. 100 Park Ave. PERU, Ind.

12 TUBE
COMBINED
SHORT-WAVE *and* STANDARD BROADCAST SUPERHETERODYNE
CROSLEY RADIO
(WITH METER TUNING)

Only $119.50
COMPLETE WITH 12 TUBES

Every radio listener, whether DX fan or not, likes to listen, when atmospheric conditions are right, to the unusual things with which the air is filled—police calls, mail and transport planes talking to airports, foreign stations—and the many other things which travel the short-wave bands. The 12 tubes of this new Crosley superheterodyne short-wave and standard broadcast receiver make it, we believe, the most sensitive, best performing and most complete set ever offered at any price for home reception. The wave length change is effected by means of a panel switch—no coils to change.
In addition, there is a Crosley 8-tube combination short-wave and standard broadcast superheterodyne receiver in a console cabinet for only $79.50.
Crosley also manufactures a complete line of table and console model radio receivers ranging from only $36.36 up—every model a superheterodyne. There is a Crosley battery operated receiver using the new air cell "A" battery—also an automobile radio receiver—both exceptionally low priced. Send for circular K-1.
(*Western prices slightly higher*)

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Home of *"the Nation's Station"*—WLW
POWEL CROSLEY, Jr., *President*
CINCINNATI

YOU'RE *THERE* WITH A CROSLEY
CROSLEY RADIO

The Big Pink

Continued from page 17

him. A love pirate? Pah! Beekman Winship was a man-killer, an outlaw, owing a temporary and uncertain safety to police corruption! Not as bad as Wilhelmina thought him? Why, he was worse, far worse!

Almost happily he strode on through the darkness that befriends the evildoer.

MISS ELLEN VITTY was unconsciously a firm subscriber to the doctrine which maintains that art should hold a faithful mirror up to life.

In the matter of current literature this intuitive realism of Miss Vitty's had led her naturally toward truth instead of fiction. She had dedicated herself loyally to a single magazine, and it was chiefly to obtain the latest issue of this periodical that she had accepted Trooper Dill's invitation to occupy the sidecar of his motorcycle on a short excursion to Narrow Harbor Village.

Here, as elsewhere, art was fostered under the broad, inclusive auspices of the drug store. To reach the magazine rack at the rear of the shop it was necessary to pass the marble counter where refreshment was purveyed. Having expressed, under the gallant urgencies of Trooper Dill, a preference for a chocklit marshmallow nut butterscotch sundae, Miss Vitty, while this confection was in course of composition, sought spiritual refreshment among the magazines.

She spoke severely to the pharmacist in charge.

"Dontcha sell True Racketeer Love Confessions Magazine in this dump?"

"All sold out," the chemist apologized. "We got Gangster Sweetheart Stories Magazine, though, and—"

"I wooden bother reading that made-up stuff," Miss Vitty declared. Trooper Dill warmly endorsed this attitude.

"That's what I say. What's the use of wasting your time on a lotta fiction junk when you can get real facks for the same money?"

Instantly there sprang into being the bond of sympathy that unites patrons of the arts whose tastes and prejudices are identical. For the first time Miss Vitty's eye accurately observed the military carriage of Trooper Dill's wide shoulders; for the first time she justly appreciated the decorative quality of the uniform in which the State of New York has shrewdly chosen to garb its roving constabulary.

"Say, do you feel that way, too? I wooden read anything but True Racketeer Love Confessions Magazine if—"

Trooper Dill dissented. He took from the rack a bulky, blood-colored review.

"Here's one that's got 'em all stopped," he declared. "True Detective Love Confessions Magazine. You read it once and you'll be as strong for it as I am."

MISS VITTY wavered. Her fixed repugnance toward the word "detective" was, for the moment, weakened. The licensed pharmacist added his endorsement earnestly to Trooper Dill's.

"Laid awake haffa last night reading it," he averred.

Trooper Dill bestowed two dimes upon him. Having escorted Miss Vitty back to the marble counter, he thumbed swiftly through the pages.

"Here's somep'n you simply gotta read. All about how a girl op'rative in the secret service got the goods on the Frisco Dope Ring. She got thanked by the Pres'dent himself, right in the White House."

Nellie was silent for some thoughtful moments.

"I never even been to Washington," she said.

Trooper Dill leaned close.

"Lissen," he whispered. "Here's your chance to make this Op'rative C-seventy-six look like a piker. You're right in the same house with one of the real kings of the unnerworld, according to my the'ry."

"Honessly?" Nellie's eyes were wide.

"That's my the'ry," Trooper Dill asserted. "I dope it out that the whole crim'nal world is dom'nated by a group of shadowy, sin'ster figures, by men as intell'gent as they are ruthless, men with a talent f'r guv'ment and organ'zation that—that—" he paused, and then, as one recalling a familiar quotation, triumphantly continued—"that falls little short of genius."

The impressive idiom affected Nellie deeply. It reminded her of True Racketeer Love Confessions Magazine in its very noblest key.

"And it's my the'ry," the trooper whispered, "that you got one of those sin'ster, conscienceless unnerworld emp'rors staying right in the same house with you."

MISS VITTY dug an indecisive spoon into her chocolate-marshmallow sundae. Like other realists she had not highly developed her powers of imagination. It was difficult for her to reconstruct from memory an image of Beekman Winship that seemed as lifelike as the face of Trooper Dill, within six inches of her own.

She remembered clearly, however, that the professor had accepted her collaboration ungraciously and under compulsion. Trooper Dill, in contrast, was ardently eager to possess it. In support of the trooper's persuasions the photograph of Mr. Hoover looked up at her from the magazine with august, benign entreaty; the stately columns of the White House beckoned.

"I know how you feel," Trooper Dill was saying. "Natcherly your tender woman's heart bleeds at the thought of sending a fellow creature to punishment, but you gotta consider the other side of it—the hunnerds and hunnerds of in'cent victims, their despairing mothers and wives, their helpless children."

He leaned closer.

"You know why this man's down here, dontcha?"

"Rum-running?"

"Him? He wooden bother with a piker racket like running rum. A man that'll put in two-three years building up a false ident'y, like this bird's done, is out for somep'n big."

Nellie nodded thoughtfully. A racketeer who turned up his nose at a pearl necklace surely wouldn't be tempted by small things.

"Then what—?"

"*Dope!*" Trooper Dill whispered.

Nellie was startled. The gangsters and racketeers whose enviable sweethearts published their confessions in her favorite magazine were tolerant toward other forms of illegal activity but unitedly and bitterly opposed to the drug traffic. Frequently, indeed, their armed bands were organized chiefly to do battle against the shadowy evil, outlawed even among outlaws. Often their violent deaths, attributed by the unthinking public to other gay, gallant, knightly racketeers, had really been contrived by the despicable barons of the drug ring.

She saw suddenly that Beekman Winship must be one of these barons, perhaps the greatest of them, the wickedest.

"I'm gonna help you get him!"

With solemn gladness Trooper Dill proffered his hand.

FROM his bedroom window Winship looked out upon a night as black as the despair that engulfed his spirit. The pale comfort of knowing that he had ceased to be ludicrous in Wilhelmina Borden's sight had vanished like the moon, now hidden by low-hanging clouds.

He saw no hope. Wilhelmina was lost to him forever. He was helpless in the power of McGurk, doomed to the ignominy either of the prize ring or of a felon's cell. From the horns of this dilemma there could be no escape.

Somewhere in the stillness of the house a clock chimed softly twice. Far in the distance Winship saw a furtive glint of light; the water-borne sound of a hushed motor came to him. Hope quickened in him. Out there on the breast of the dark, pathless sea, ever the hope of hunted men, he might find escape. The throbbing of the muffled engine came nearer, nearer. Briefly, stealthily, a light winked seaward from the beach.

Winship sprang to his feet.

Rum-smugglers! Bold lawless fellows, venturing by night from their low, rakish lugger to traffic with their confederates on shore!

He had thought of these men as malefactors; he saw them, suddenly, for the hardy, merry rogues they were—no, not even rogues but only rebels against a law they deemed oppressive. Men like these had tossed the tea chests into Boston harbor; men like these had helped slaves travel the Underground to freedom.

Hove to, beyond the twelve-mile limit, their lugger waited. Lugger. The word woke in Winship's mind a vagrant echo: *"Once aboard the lugger and the girl is mine!"*

FOR a moment it seemed to mock him, and then, abruptly, he realized its force. Once aboard that lugger Beekman Winship might hope, at least, that some day the girl would be his indeed.

At sea, in the rude fellowship of these free-traders, he would escape the brutal tyranny of Dan McGurk, be safe from the police. In the wide ocean spaces where appearances did not matter he could grow his beard again, regain the outward seeming of the gentleman and scholar!

He strained ears and eyes. The *put-put* of the motor was audible; twice again he saw the flash of signal lanterns from the shore.

His decision seemed to make itself. Swiftly he dressed. Scorning the stairway, he lowered himself from his window sill and dropped unscathed to the soft earth of the flower beds below.

He felt his way through pocket darkness, guessing at direction. Emerging upon the open beach, he saw, perhaps two hundred yards away, the vague loom of a covered truck that had been driven almost to the water's edge. Its dimmed headlamps threw a pallid light upon a long motorboat and a group of active figures between boat and truck passing, from hand to hand, dark, heavy burdens.

The sight of these fearless free-traders, daringly engaged in their law-defying traffic, kindled in Winship a sudden joyous sense of fellowship. In spirit he was already one of them. He ran toward them, lifting his voice in a loud hail of greeting.

(To be continued next week)

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Gland Time in Kansas

Continued from page 13

would not have picked Doctor Brinkley for his opportunity; but in politics one is rarely given the choice. The chance arrives and you seize it—and thank Heaven it isn't worse.

When this article is published we shall be reminded, perhaps tartly, by the American Medical Association that John R. Brinkley is no more a doctor than we are. Particularly a doctor of medicine or surgery. But he's Doc Brinkley in Kansas and he's Doc Brinkley here, just as he is on thousands of Kansas farms and in towns.

Let us take a look at this gentleman who came to Mr. Curtis in his hour of extremity.

A Self-Made Man

About twenty years ago, Doc Brinkley was a telegraph operator—a very good one too, being not only swift at the key but of a snappy and absorbing mentality. In the fog of statement, misstatement, fact and fable that now envelops the man, it is difficult to distinguish between the true gospel and hearsay, but the time came when the ever-adventuring mind of Mr. Brinkley turned toward materia medica. And after a bit of study and speculation, to say nothing of a few experiments in which he seems not to have been wholly unsuccessful, he set up as one of those rugged and romantic heroes, a country doctor.

Of his excellence or lack thereof, I know nothing that I can call conclusive. There are many legends. It is said, for example, that he set forth one winter's night many years ago, through a killing blizzard and across a murderous river, on horseback and sat for twenty hours at the bedside of a strangling child, saving it at last from death from diphtheria. Just how he did it (if he did) is not clear. But of such stuff are the legends.

We may be more certain, however, that the man was an omnivorous reader. One sees him absorbing volume after volume of medical lore of which the average country doctor had never heard nor suspected. And things that passed through the Brinkley mind stuck there. This must necessarily be so because the Doc was subsequently to demonstrate his surgical skill before an unsympathetic jury of conventionally chartered medical men and send them home more than a little awed and not a little humble.

There came the time when the newspapers and journals, lay and professional, were quite excited about the work of several surgeons whose reputations had theretofore been largely national—Voronoff of Russia and Steinach of Vienna, for example—but who had now become internationally celebrated because of their experiments in the rejuvenation of the untimely and naturally senile through the medium of the grafting of interstitial glands.

The magnetized mind of John R. Brinkley of Kansas was busier than an electric fan. He took to gland lore and rejuvenation practice as a politician takes to platitudes. He virtually memorized all that had been written. Being a thoroughgoing man, he betook himself to Europe and studied so well that he was received by considerable numbers of wise men with flattering attention. He even demonstrated his own theory of rejuvenation by gland grafting (drawing his tissues from selected goats) at the Royal University of Pavia, Italy, so impressing the medical faculty of that ancient seat of learning that an honorary degree in medicine was conferred upon him.

He returned to America and vast material success. He had established himself in the bemired hamlet of Milford, Kansas, where he erected a radio broadcasting station, a hospital (which I had the privilege of inspecting and know, therefore, that it has no physical need to apologize), a nurses' dormitory, a suite of neat houses for his surgical assistants, a village water supply, a pretty drug store—everything, in fact, that a model village might require except paved streets. The authorities came down upon him before he had got to paving.

From hither and yon he gathered a mailing list of thousands of names. Fifty young women were employed to do nothing but dispatch and open mail. A company manufacturing addressing machines was paid a large sum of money to build him an apparatus that would address more envelopes than any the company had produced hitherto. The United States Post Office Department manned Milford out of all proportion to the size of the town because more mail was being received and sent out of there than from all the surrounding larger hamlets. It was not at all unusual for fifty thousand pieces of mail to drift daily into the astonished village.

Through his microphone he advertised his goat-gland operation and over the shining new railroad spur twenty-five, thirty and even forty goats arrived daily from the vigorous state of Arkansas, to be sacrificed that their overtaxed betters might carry on the work of the human race. Doc Brinkley was doing a roaring business, examining as many as forty hopeful applicants a day and operating, at the flush of the harvest, upon eight and ten a day at seven hundred and fifty dollars a patient. In one year, it is estimated, he pocketed not less than six hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He started his own bank—the Bank of Milford. He had to.

Mass-Production Medicines

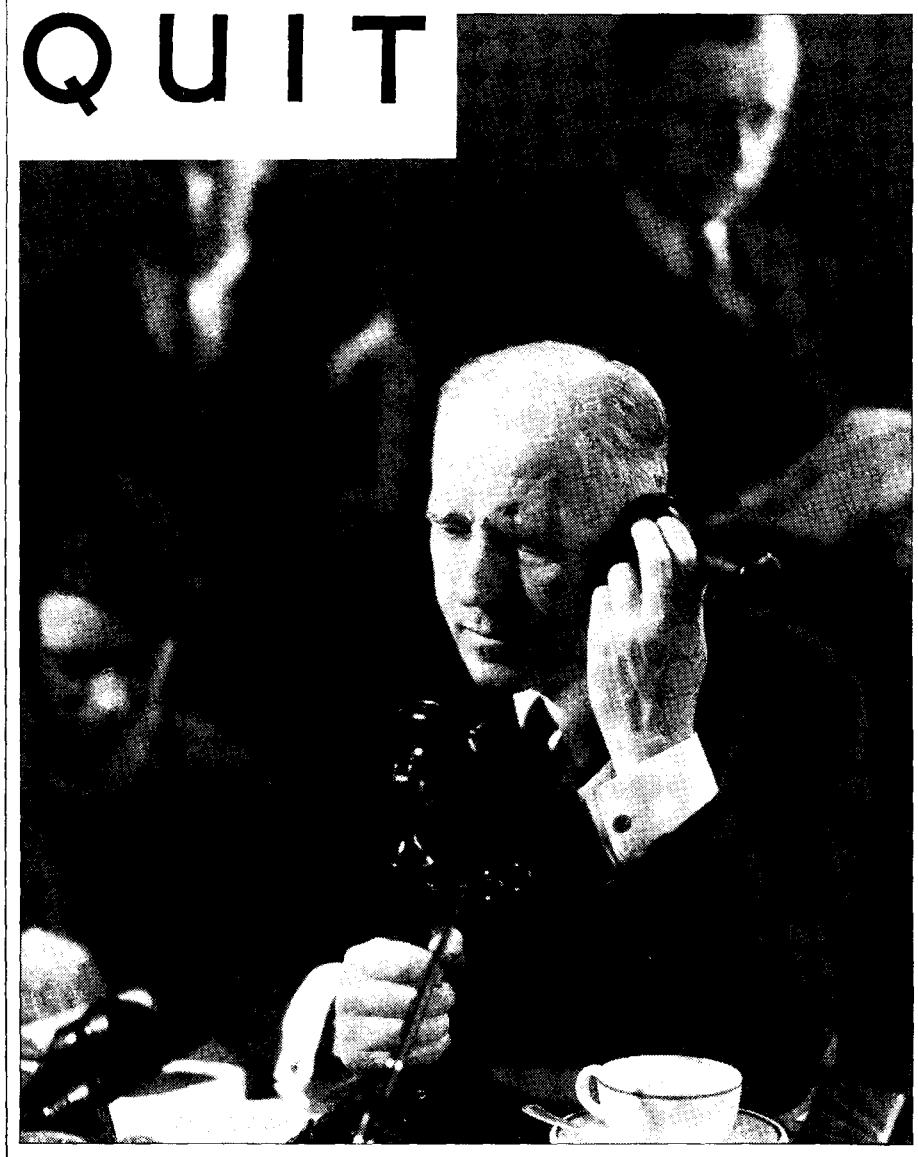
He purchased three enormous airplanes, each equipped with three motors and lots of room for him, his desk, his secretaries and their clerical equipment. He was much, much too busy to poke about on railroad trains. Also in his planes he was able to flit hither and yon to address large gatherings of the impressionable and convertible. And so on and on; John R. Brinkley was a success.

Now it is not within our province here to render judgment upon Doc Brinkley. We should be rather belated anyway. The time came when many doctors, urban and rural, began to hate his name. And not without certain material justification, because the Doc was administering, in a mass-production way, to the sick. Furthermore (and the Doc was already preparing against this) the drug-store proprietors who were depending so hugely upon patent-medicine sales for their financial health were very peevish.

Coming to our climax, then, we behold the Doc pilloried by the American Medical Association. That dignified and outraged body's official journal pointed to his lack of the conventional qualifications of a doctor. The able and vigorous Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of that journal, wrote disparagingly about him and the Kansas City Star which, although a Missouri publication, is the most powerful journalistic force in Kansas, took it upon itself to go into vast detail, in reply to which Doc Brinkley sued that paper for precisely five

(Continued on page 50)

When——
YOU CAN'T QUIT



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It's Different.. Hangs On The Wall!

Oranges, Lemons, Small Grapefruit Juice Themselves LIKE MAGIC!

At last a new kind of automatic Super-Juicer makes the dream of every housewife come true! Different . . Hangs on the wall. Just a turn of the handle and fruits juice themselves instantly. No waste, work, worry or bother. Easy to clean—cannot rust. Priced amazingly low. Agents pocketing the money of their lives. Rush coupon below for UNIQUE LIBERAL FREE TEST OFFER at once!

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Just Turn The Crank And Make Up To $17 IN A DAY EASY!

ALMOST everyone today drinks fruit juices for their healthful vitamins. But housewives up to now have had to contend with makeshift gadgets and squeezers—with waste, work, worry, mess and bother. Now comes an astonishing automatic Super-Juicer to bring new kitchen freedom and to provide men and women everywhere with a once-in-a-lifetime money-making opportunity!

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(Continued from page 49)

million dollars. The trial is still pending.

Whereat the Kansas State Board of Medical Examiners enjoined Brinkley from further practice of medicine and proceeded to ask the Federal Radio Commission to banish him from its air. And this the commission proceeded with startling dispatch to do.

This series of jolts might readily have discouraged the average man of average persistence. But the Doc is not of average caliber. He laid down his lancet and scalpel, hung up his rubber gloves and hired a staff of surgeons whose right to practice was unquestioned.

Doc Calls for a New Deal

Nevertheless Doc Brinkley was becoming peevish, claiming that he was being persecuted by the American Medical Association and by the state government which, he protested, was under the domination of his enemy, the Kansas City Star. He arranged for a new radio station, in Mexico; but inasmuch as that would not be ready for some months he flitted around the state, being well heralded, in his planes and addressed large assemblages of farmers who were ripe for economic and political revolt, wheat then being quoted at sixty cents—and going on down. Not infrequently ten and twelve thousand ruralites heard him; often his audiences were more populous than the county in which he talked. He was not yet an avowed candidate for public office but Republicans and Democrats, who were, were orating to apathetic handfuls. Brinkley, who had not entered the primaries for the nomination on either ticket, was getting all the attention. And he was merely telling them of his own troubles and commiserating with them on their own.

And then, much too late to have his name printed on the official ballots, he announced himself for governor against the Democrat, Harry Woodring, and the Republican, Frank Haucke. He ran all alone. He had no party label and very little platform—just Brinkley. And the Brinkley audiences, which had been large, became huge.

It was about that time that his enemies became overzealous. They demanded of the State Department in Washington that representations be made to the Mexican government whereby Brinkley be refused permission to complete and use his broadcasting station in that country. And it seemed wholly probable that Mexico, having no interest in the situation but being quite willing to accommodate the Gringo government in so trivial a matter, would exclude the doctor. Why not? It was nothing to Mexico.

Brinkley leaped forthwith into one of his planes and sped to Washington. He had not, thus far, solicited outside aid, being a capable egotist with a powerful faith in his own force. But now he went straight to the Vice President of the United States, his neighbor, who, as you have seen, was none too happy in his job. Brinkley had a certain right to importune Mr. Curtis, too. Curtis, in months gone by, before tribulations had begun to pile upon the medicine man from Milford, had used the Brinkley radio station—KFKB—to say nice things about the Republican party, about himself, about Doctor Brinkley and, briefly, about almost everybody, as is Mr. Curtis' way.

Now, as you know, Mr. Curtis frequently had stopped, looked and listened. He had been too long at the game of holding public office not to read with considerable clarity the signs that had appeared in Kansas. So he took his irritated neighbor to the State Department in person and in a few consoling words convinced that august bureau that it was not dignified, propitious, expedient or necessary to make an international problem of John R. Brinkley.

Whereat the State Department ceased worrying about John R. Brinkley, and Mexico, wondering what it was all about, shrugged its shoulders. And Doc Brinkley, shaking the Curtis hand with vigor and inviting the Vice President to drop in any time he happened to be passing, returned to Kansas to see about getting himself elected governor.

His name not being on the ballot, it was necessary that his admirers write it in. The law in Kansas specifies that names not printed upon the ballot must be written accurately, clearly and at the top of an unoccupied column. With amazing energy, Doc Brinkley flew up and down the state, educating the masses in the spelling and placing of his name. He distributed hundreds of thousands of sample ballots. He gave away hundreds of thousands of pencils. Leading the tremendous chorus himself, he listened to crowds of fifteen and twenty thousand spell out his name—J-o-h-n R. B-r-i-n-k-l-e-y. A vast cheering section being coached in orthography. This for two intensive weeks, with Vice President Curtis watching from afar. And then into the election.

Today Kansas is overwhelmingly of the opinion that John R. Brinkley was elected governor. Thousands of ballots cast for him were rejected because the name was incorrectly spelled or not where it should be. The name was spelled variously—Brinkey, Brinkly, Drinkley and so on. Other well-intended ballots were lost. The man had lacked the protection of organized watchers, poll-clerks and tabulators. Yet 183,278 Brinkley ballots had got past the election officials. Harry Woodring, the Democrat, was declared elected with 217,171 votes.

Bad News for Charley

All of which fetches us back to Vice President Curtis, who was getting less and less joy out of his job. It was becoming clearer to him moment by moment that the Hoover administration, the victim of circumstances over which Mr. Hoover had no control, was taking on additional unpopularity. Old omens appeared in the sky. The people wanted a change. From a personal standpoint, Mr. Curtis regretted the situation with all the sincerity that is the professional politician's who has held office so long that the holding has become a terrible habit. The yearning for his old seat in the Senate, over which he had presided well and popularly, but not altogether happily, took on bulk; and with heavy ponderings he visited Topeka one day last spring to consult with the blunt, taciturn Dave Mulvane, Republican national committeeman, and others on the Republican state central committee.

Did they think, he wanted to know, that the farmers, the business men, the rank and file of the Republicans would regard him as a traitor if he deserted Mr. Hoover in these trying times, and would he be regarded as an incorrigible self-protectionist if, under the circumstances, he declared for his comfortable old job?

The answer, as relayed to me by some of Mr. Curtis' best friends in Topeka, was "Yes."

In spite of these unpropitious conditions, Mr. Curtis was not convinced that he could not regain his old job. His thoughts ran down to Milford, where Doc Brinkley, his friend, was not letting the state forget that had his name been printed on the ballot he would have been elected governor. Doc Brinkley whom he, Charley Curtis, had befriended. Could not the Brinkley vote

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—183,278 and more, much more—be attached? He was told to let Doctor Brinkley severely alone, that it was beneath his, a Vice President's, dignity to consort with a man who had been branded as a quack. Indignantly Mr. Curtis told them that he had no intention of making overtures to Doc Brinkley.

Besides, they told him, the farmers out here are at present anti-Hoover and there is little if any prospect that they are going to grow any fonder of him. What they want to listen to is denunciation of the Hoover administration. Can you, Charley Curtis, come home and lead an anti-Hoover revolt? Can you explain that here or in Washington? Would it be interpreted as anything more than your desire to stay in office, somehow, somewhere? Do you think you can get away with that? And even if you did, would the farmers believe you sincere—after all these years of blind regularity?

Kansas' "Unholy Alliance"

Nevertheless, the medicine man of Milford was sounded out. He made it understood without quibbling that he had no great desire for political office for himself but would not reject an opportunity to name or control the State Board of Medical Examiners. But he wanted guarantees. The story was about that Democrats and a few of the Republicans had made promises which they were too willing to ignore; that the Doc had been ruthlessly double-crossed. So he wanted assurances—something in writing.

Although Dr. Brinkley had visited Mr. Curtis in Topeka (to thank him again for the Washington courtesy) it is not known that the Vice President and the medicine man dickered or discussed their political futures. We do know, however, that Mr. Curtis decided overnight that there was no use going around the state to hear what he already knew—that the farmers were getting poorer and poorer and madder and madder.

But before returning to Washington to mull over the dismal facts, one last forlorn prospect was considered. Down in Coffeyville there was a brisk young lawyer named Harold McGugin, a Republican who had got himself elected to Congress on a platform that fetched roars of approval from the dissident farmers—an "anti" platform. He was against chain stores, chain banks, the Farm Board, Herbert Hoover, tax increases and so on. He was going around promising to introduce a bill to cut all congressional salaries, including his own, as much as twenty-five per cent. His was the sort of campaign that appealed in particular to the lowly, the rebellious. And he was a close friend of the medicine man of Milford.

Representatives of Mr. Curtis called upon Mr. McGugin, who cheerfully acknowledged that he would like to be in the Senate. It was suggested that he was just the man to run successfully for governor.

As Mr. McGugin did not disagree, he was asked whether he would oppose Mr. Curtis in the primaries for the Senate if Mr. Curtis lent him aid in his quest for the governorship. Mr. McGugin did not commit himself further than to say that he would not oppose Mr. Curtis.

The great trouble with this near alliance was that it was only going to split the Kansas Republicans all the more. The Clyde Reed-Henry Allen faction wouldn't hear of it and the Kansas City Star, which was backing the Reed-Allen faction as well as befriending the Woodring Democratic administration, would have nothing to do with anything involving ever so remotely a contact with Doc Brinkley, who was McGugin's friend. So that came to nothing and Mr. Curtis, having been convinced that he was not destined to return to the United States Senate, returned to Washington.

"I suppose," said one of the old-guard state senators to me, "it is pretty hard to overcome the Senate habit after you've practiced it as long as Charley Curtis has. But from what I hear in the western part of the state, Charley ought to take an afternoon off and write a nice letter to the public. If I was him, I'd just say that now that I have had all the honors my state and my country can heap upon me, I would retire to the peace of a healthy old age. But in politics, I guess you learn about everything except when to quit. Your folks have to tell you about that."

In Washington, Mr. Curtis flinched at the prospect of defeat where he had become so familiar with victory. Defeat was pretty certain in Kansas and while the prospects of renomination and reelection to the Vice Presidency might by no means be ruddy, still it were better, more dignified, to go down on the bridge of the ship than to sink below decks. No, there were quite a number of spots in the United States that were going to provide no comfort to the old guard in 1932. And Kansas was one of them.

Even Washington and the Vice Presidency prospect failed to warm Mr. Curtis' chilling heart. There was much talk of other running mates for Mr. Hoover, whose renomination was unavoidable, whatever his prospects. The most persistent name was that of the dashing and aggressive Pat Hurley, Secretary of War and hot Hooverite. There was a campaigner for you. He was vigorous. He believed in Hoover. His face was new. He might say something that the voters hadn't heard before.

Back in Kansas matters were becoming more and more complicated. Henry L. Doherty, the public utilities magnate, had projected himself into the mess. Not only was he spending much money in a determined effort to maintain the price of illuminating gas with which he was supplying much of the eastern half of the state, but both political parties were standing around awaiting what might not happen at all—the entry of the Doherty organization and the Doherty millions into the political campaign on the side of those whom he considered most friendly.

A New Prairie Martyr

The chances were all against Mr. Doherty getting anywhere against Governor Woodring's public service commissioners in spite of the money he was spending on lawyers, experts and exhibits with which he hoped to convince them that neither eighty cents nor a dollar was too much to spend for a thousand feet of gas. Governor Woodring thought so. His public service commissioners thought so and the Kansas City Star thought so. In fact, the Star thought so vigorously about it that Mr. Doherty believed that the Star had libeled him. Therefore he, like Doc Brinkley, is suing that newspaper. The only difference is that Mr. Doherty is asking $12,000,000 whereas Doc Brinkley would be satisfied with $5,000,000.

The likelihood that the tired Mr. Doherty will insinuate himself into the coming campaign in Kansas is remote. But you can't tell the empty-handed political leaders that.

The only thing they are very sure of is that whatever happens in Kansas, Vice President Charley Curtis won't be involved.

He won't be there. And it may be too bad, too. Mr. Curtis may not be very progressive politically, but Kansas got all that he had to give.

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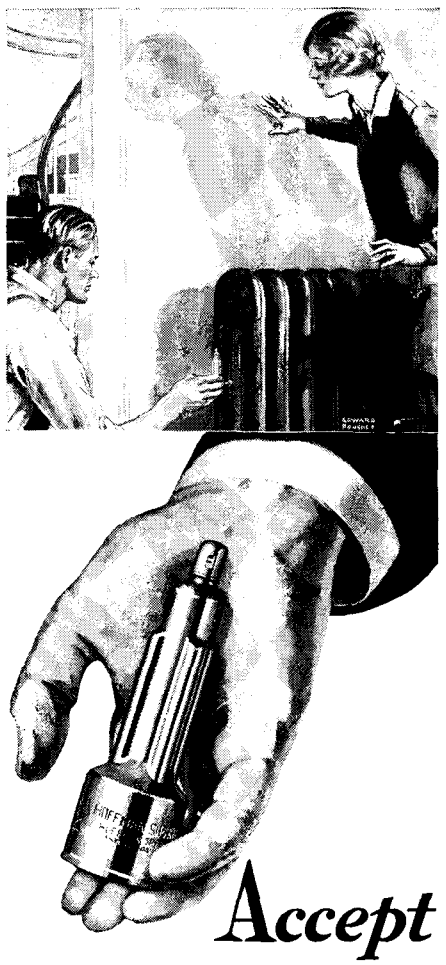

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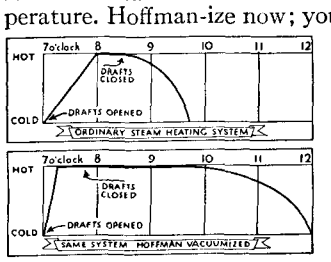

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The Red Czar

Continued from page 21

That same day Lenin informed Stalin that he would have nothing more to do with him. He resolved to take steps against Stalin at the twelfth Congress, which was on the point of meeting. Trotsky was sent for and told to support his sick chief.

"I shall deal Stalin his death blow!" cried Lenin.

But Stalin did not seem to be in the least perturbed. True, he wrote a letter to Lenin's wife, begging her to forgive the rudeness of an old Bolshevik, but at heart he seemed for some reason or other to be quite calm and serene.

Lenin's Death

Kameniev was sent to Tiflis to attend the Congress of the Georgian party. In his pocket he had the speech prepared by Trotsky and Lenin, which made short shrift of Stalin's nationalist policy and offered protection to the Communists whom Stalin had disciplined. But Kameniev never delivered this speech at the Georgian Congress. On the contrary, from the platform in Tiflis he passionately defended all the measures adopted by Stalin's man, Orzhonikidze, and Stalin.

A few hours before the opening of the Congress, Kameniev had received a telegram in cipher from Stalin consisting of only one line: "Lenin has had another stroke." Kameniev immediately understood what this meant; Stalin was saved!

It is said that when *Pravda* printed Kameniev's speech, Stalin, to be on the safe side, had a dozen copies printed in which Kameniev's speech appeared in the form prescribed by Lenin. If the Master had recovered consciousness and inquired about Georgia, Stalin would have shown him these sham copies.

This time Lenin did not recover. The twelfth Congress of the party met in his absence and Stalin's resolution concerning nationalist questions was adopted. The burden of this resolution was the centralization of the Soviet power and the stamping out of local nationalist movements in favor of a world empire organized on strict bureaucratic lines.

Thus did Stalin, the Georgian, destroy the local independence of Georgia. He had attained to power long before anyone was aware of the fact. The absence of Lenin and Trotsky through illness was the first step, after which the conspiracy against Trotsky made a state of affairs, already long established, obvious to all.

The gradual isolation of Trotsky who, after Lenin, was the first man in Russia, was by no means easy, and its accomplishment was one of Stalin's most masterly feats. As general secretary, Stalin conducted the ordinary business of the day, and in the Political Bureau and the Central Committee, Kameniev and Zinoviev supported him with the full weight of their authority. The steering wheel was in his hands and the slightest touch, a nod, a hint, was enough! The bureaucratic engine was cleverly manipulated, the personnel was gradually shifted about and those who were suspected of being Trotsky's supporters were transferred to uninfluential positions, while men from the rank and file of the party who were anxious to profit by the Revolution were appointed in their place.

Meanwhile Trotsky lay helpless in the Kremlin in the grip of a high fever. He spent whole months in bed, unable to play any practical part in politics. At last he consented to listen to his doctor's advice to take a long holiday in the Caucasus, to recuperate and regain his strength.

At the railway station in Tiflis a telegram was handed to him. It contained the brief announcement: "Lenin is dead." He immediately dashed to the telephone and got the Kremlin. Stalin was at the other end. "When is the funeral to take place?"

"On Saturday. You can't possibly get back in time for it. So just go off to the Caucasian riviera. Take care of yourself."

And Trotsky continued his journey. He did not know that the man at the other end of the line had lied to him. For Lenin's funeral did not take place until Sunday and Trotsky would have had time to get back for it. But he did not come! Hundreds of thousands of workers stood in serried ranks in the Red Square; they were expecting to see Trotsky, who had now become the first man in the Union.

But they waited in vain. No explanation was given of his unaccountable absence, but the tale was everywhere circulated that while Russia, bowed down with grief, was bearing Lenin to his last resting place, Trotsky was amusing himself in a luxurious hotel surrounded by palm groves on the shores of the Black Sea. In rough workmen's clothes, their heads bowed and exhibiting every outward sign of the deepest despair, Stalin, Kameniev and Zinoviev walked behind Lenin's coffin before the eyes of the vast multitude.

Now it was only a matter of leveling the final blow against Trotsky's citadel, against his War Commissariat. In spite of his absence he still had a firm hold on the army, especially the troops in Moscow. His opponents were convinced that he could give the order for attack at a moment's notice, in which case he would certainly be master of Russia in a few hours. Why Trotsky never gave this order remains a mystery. He may have hesitated to disturb the sound revolutionary spirit of the country.

But Stalin did not hesitate. General Frunze, a devoted adherent of his Political Bureau, was recalled from the Ukraine and made commandant of the Moscow Defense District, while officers friendly to Trotsky were immediately replaced by men from Ukrainian regiments. In a few days Trotsky was hopelessly discredited in army circles. Stalin rewarded Frunze handsomely. He died as Minister of War to the Union.

Trotsky's Final Defeat

Meanwhile Trotsky was taking his holiday in the sunshine and invigorating atmosphere of the Black Sea. The fight inside the party had not yet been made public, and he had no difficulty in returning to Moscow. But, all at once, in response to orders from headquarters, a wonderfully organized press campaign against him was opened in every town and village in Russia, from the capital to the remotest hamlet.

On November 19, 1924, Stalin appeared with Kameniev at the plenary meeting of the All-Russian Central Committee of Trade Unions and delivered his famous speech against Trotsky. It was brimming over with hatred and denied every one of Trotsky's past services. And when at the end Stalin revealed the contents of a letter which Trotsky had written to one of the detested Mensheviks, Trotsky was ruined as far as that particular gathering was concerned. This letter contained such sentences as these: "Lenin is a professional exploiter of every backward feature of the Russian Labor Movement.... With funds obtained from some shady source Lenin bought a journal and deliberately appropriated the name of a well-known newspaper. And as soon as it began to flourish he converted it into a lever for intrigues and unscrupulous sectarianism. . . . The whole structure of Leninism is built up on lies and fraud, and its walls are riddled with the poisonous corrosive of his own decay. . . ."

This letter had been written on April 1, 1913, in Vienna, and addressed to Chekheidze, a member of the Duma. It had been seized and kept by the police, and Stalin had extracted it from their archives in 1920. Lenin had apparently known of its existence but had attached no importance to this long-forgotten pre-war incident. But published at this juncture, shortly after Lenin's death, the letter did not fail in its effect.

Trotsky described the publication of this letter as the basest act in the history of the world. But all his passionate speeches and articles defending himself were of no avail. Stalin had prepared the ground well. On the 17th of January, 1925, the plenary meeting of the Central Committee and of the Central Control Commission informed Trotsky that, owing to his factiousness and the difficulties it created, he must resign from the post of War Commissar.

Stalin, the Dictator

At the same time he was severely reprimanded and warned that he would be expelled from the party unless he ceased to criticize its general policy. He was given the insignificant post of head of a concessions committee to deal with electrical supplies and scientific and technical matters connected with industry. His political career was virtually at an end.

But two or three years of political maneuverings within the Kremlin, during which he tried by every means of conspiracy and opposition to circumvent Stalin, were necessary to convince Trotsky that the Georgian's star had ascended beyond his power to drag it down.

Trotsky's last great effort to regain his lost ground was climaxed in November, 1927, the tenth anniversary of the Revolution.

But police swooped upon the great mass demonstration he had arranged. The Trotskyites' banners were torn to shreds and their speakers publicly flogged before the eyes of the workers. Even when shouts of "Long live Trotsky," raised by bands of workers, echoed through the Kremlin, making Stalin's Communists turn pale, Stalin himself retained his customary composure and during the most critical moments remained, at least outwardly, calm and serene. "Our party is suffering from an attack of measles!" he declared, and this description of the opposition was circulated all over Russia and secured him fresh adherents.

The fifteenth Congress expelled Trotsky and his friends from the party. Trotsky was ultimately exiled.

Stalin was now definitely triumphant, and at the end of the Congress, as a symbol of his power, he was handed a steel broom "with which to sweep the party clean of filth." At last he was Dictator!

This is the sixth article of a series. The seventh and last will appear in next week's Collier's.

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Red and Ted

Continued from page 11

Barry's thickly powdered face was doll-like in its fixed blankness. Mr. Theodore Barry, Senior, groped for words. "Lost your money. . . . Lost your . . . By Jove! Really!"

"Yes, really." Althea's voice was cool. Her eyes were cool, and very blue. "That's all," she said and, turning the mare, trotted away down the winding drive.

She didn't look to see if Ted and Fern were still in the garden. Leaning down from the saddle, she unlatched the iron gates and rode out into the highway. There was a certain satisfaction in leaving the gates open.

SHE rode home, stole up to her room by way of the servants' stairway, bathed and changed into a light summer frock. Going downstairs, she found her father alone in the living-room.

"Where's Mamma?" asked Althea.

"Eh? Oh, it's you, sweetheart. Mamma's upstairs. She's got one of her headaches."

"And you've got a heartache," said Althea. She went over to the couch on which he sat. She sat down beside him. "I heard you talking to Mamma an hour ago," she said. "I know all about it, and I'm going back to Memphis with you. I've broken my engagement to Ted Barry."

Dan Condon turned, slowly, and took his daughter's face in his huge hands. "And how do you feel about it?" he asked.

"I feel all right," said Althea.

A maid came into the room.

"Mr. Ted Barry," she announced, "to see Miss Althea."

Althea hesitated. Then she squeezed her father's arm and rose.

"All right," she said to the maid. "Ask Mr. Barry to come down to the summerhouse." To Dan Condon she said: "I've got to see him, but it won't make any difference. Maybe you'd better tell Mamma what I've done. It might clear the air."

"I'll do it," said Dan.

The summerhouse was on a point at the foot of the lawn overlooking the Sound. Althea reached the shelter just as Ted appeared around a corner of the house. With a sense of complete detachment, she watched him swinging across the lawn. He *was* good-looking.

"Nice of you to see me," he said, stepping into the shelter.

She held out her hand. "I'm really glad you came," she told him. He sat down on the circular seat beside her.

"Nothing much to say, is there?"

"Not much," said Althea.

"Fern had heard of our engagement. She came over to confirm the rumor. I was confirming it when you jumped the hedge. You shouldn't jump strange hedges, Red."

"I know it. But I'm glad I did."

"Of course," Ted said, "it isn't true that you've lost your money?"

"It is true."

"Gee!" he said; and then: "You mean you wouldn't have broken off our engagement just because of—of what you saw this morning in the pergola?"

"I don't know. That's beside the point, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"You'll marry Fern, now, won't you Ted?"

He said simply: "I guess so."

"Will you be happy with her?"

"Maybe, for a while. But I know how it'll end. Funny, how clearly I can see it!"

"Can you?"

"Yes. Fern's passion is speed. She has to keep going. Something doing every minute—or else she's miserable. It's fascinating, in a way. It's what attracts me to her. But I've got brains enough to know it isn't good for me—for the best in me, anyway. I'll have to keep pretty well jazzed up to travel with her. And some night, when I've had one drink too many, I'll drive us both off the road into the inevitable ditch, and there'll be another sweet yarn for the tabloids to yelp about."

"You're such a kid, Ted!" said Althea, gently.

"You think I'm dramatizing myself?"

"Yes, of course. It's a bad habit. Worse even than your drinking."

HE TURNED suddenly and faced her. Never before had she seen that look on his face, that strained, desperate look.

"Lord, Althea! I don't want to drink. I hate it. I loathe the cursed stuff."

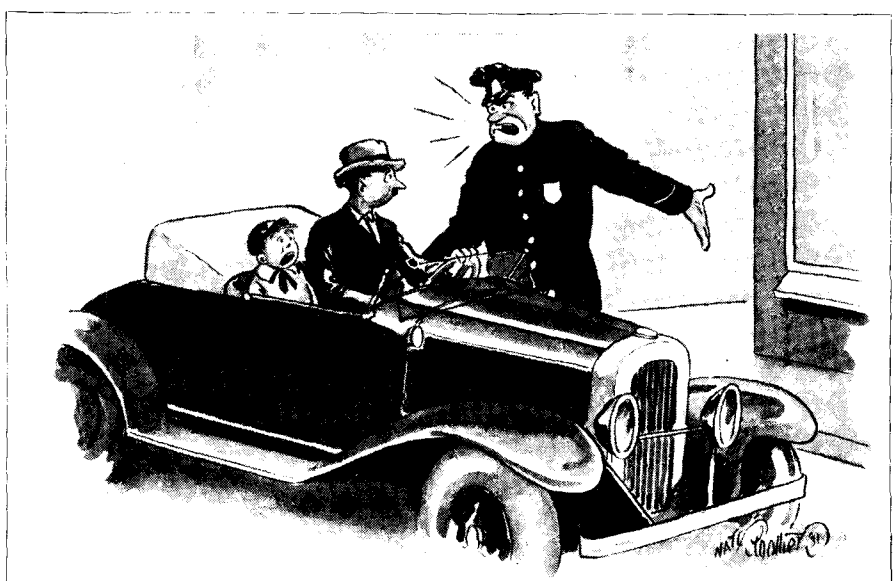
"But you can't give it up!"

"Yes, I can," he said passionately "Or I could, if there were anything else to live for."

"Oh, Ted!"

"Wait a minute. Don't tell me I'm being weak, or cheaply cynical. I mean it. What else is there for me to do? Go to work? Get a job, and make a man of myself? All right. Where am I going to get a job? I've tried. I have, really. There's nothing for me. Oh, sure, when the depression's over some friend of my

(Continued on page 54)



"Papa, why don't you tell the big stiff to shut up?" *Nate Collier*

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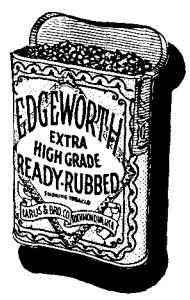

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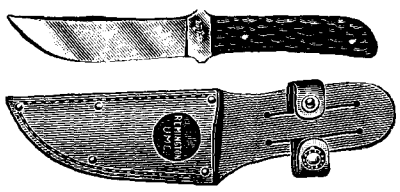

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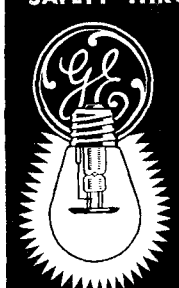

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(Continued from page 53)

father's will give me the sacred privilege of selling bonds in Wall Street. To hell with that. Why doesn't somebody give me a man's job? Why don't these great minds that run the country make use of my ability? I'm young. I've got a good mind and a good body. I want responsibility. I want the world on my shoulders—part of it anyway."

"Why, Ted, I never dreamed you felt like that!"

"Well, I do. Lord! I don't want just to make money! I want to feel my strength, the way your father must have felt his when he was a young man starting out to lick a wilderness."

ALTHEA stared at the boy beside her. Through the confusion of her mind ran one clear thought: that she liked him.

"My father," she said, "is going back to that wilderness—to try to lick it again. Why don't you ask him to take you with him?"

It was Ted's turn to stare at her.

"He wouldn't do it. I've had no experience."

"You could learn the lumber business. Maybe he'd send you down to the mill. It's in Louisiana, in the heart of the French Cajun country. I've been there. It's strange and wild and lonely. You'd live in a rough frame cabin, with a skiff tied to the front porch in case of flood, and the only entertainment you'd get would be the niggers singing in their quarters at night. It might be good for you, Ted."

"Do you think your father'd take me?"

"Ask him."

"I will!" cried the boy. "I'll ask him right now! I—"

A shout from the water interrupted him. Althea looked out over the Sound and saw, about a hundred yards from shore, a girl in a canoe. "It's Fern Holloway," she said.

"Yes," Ted said.

Evidently Fern had seen them for she called again, a faintly derisive "Hello!" that Ted answered with a wave of his hand. Immediately, with a recklessness apparent from the shore, Fern stood up and waved back.

The next moment Ted had thrown off his coat and was tugging at his shoes. "Fern's a rotten swimmer," he remarked coolly to Althea. Then he was plunging down the steps that led to the water. He ran to the edge of the dock and dived. . . .

An off-shore breeze was forcing the canoe out into the Sound. Althea saw at a glance what must be done. Thank heaven, *her* clothes weren't anything to bother her! Lucky she'd changed after riding. . . .

She was down the steps before Ted had swum a dozen strokes. Her dress dropped, a handful of white silk, on the dock. She kicked off her slippers and plunged into the water.

"Stick to Fern," she called to Ted, "till I bring you the canoe!"

Half an hour later, Althea lay face down on the hard, sun-blistered dock, her head in her arms, sobbing weakly. It wasn't the excitement of the rescue that had affected her. Nor was it the ebbing of the anger that had possessed her, even while she was desperately shoving the canoe toward Ted and his half-drowned burden. It was rather an emotion of resentment, of something irretrievably and ironically lost.

Ted had been going to ask her father for a job that might have meant his salvation. Then fate, in the form of a reckless girl, had stepped in, and Ted's chance was gone. Ted, at this moment, was paddling the exhausted but unrepentant Fern home in her canoe. He had missed his moment. It was gone.

The Condons sold their house in September. They were leaving shortly for Memphis—and possibly Louisiana. Their trunks were packed.

A few days before they were to leave, Ted Barry telephoned. Althea had seen him only two or three times, casually, since the day of the rescue. She was surprised to hear his voice. It rather upset her.

"Ted!"

"'Lo, Althea. Listen, I'm giving a party tonight. The folks are away, and I've got the place to myself. Thought you might like to come. It'll be a sort of farewell party."

"Why, thanks, Ted. I don't think I can."

"Another date?"

"No. I just don't seem to want to come."

A pause. Then Ted's voice, with a chill in it:

"Oh. . . . Yes. . . . I see."

"What *do* you see, Ted?"

"Well, of course, Fern'll be here."

Another pause. Then Althea said sweetly: "I hadn't thought of that. But—now that I do think of it—I believe I'd like to come. May I change my mind?"

"Yes! And may I say that you're a darling?"

"No," said Althea and hung up the receiver.

The party was in full swing when she arrived, in a pale gold dress that Mamma had ordered as an engagement present. (Poor Mamma!) But it was a lovely dress. It gave Althea the confidence she found she needed as Ted came striding up to her.

"I *will* say you're a darling!" he exclaimed, taking her hands.

"How are you, Ted?"

"All right, except that I had a rotten spill at polo this afternoon."

"Oh! Were you hurt?"

"Just shaken up. But do you know, it's made me sleepy! I've been drinking black coffee ever since to keep awake. Be a howl, wouldn't it, if I went bye-bye at my own party!"

Althea felt a little ache at her heart.

"Maybe you're being silly. Have you seen a doctor?"

"Yep. Nothing wrong with me. Just this sleepy feeling. Come on, Red. Dance with me."

WAS she, wondered Althea as they danced, falling the least bit in love with Ted? That would be pleasant. That would be simply swell. To fall in love with him just as she was leaving. . . . But it was the sort of trick life played on people. . . . How nice and tall and lean he was, and how beautifully he danced. . . .

"Wish you weren't going, Red. We might have been real friends."

"Yes," said Althea.

"I like you. I feel—"

"What, Ted?"

"I feel you're one person I could always bank on."

"Yes," said Althea again.

"'Red and Ted,'" sang her tall partner, grinning down at her, "'they almost nearly wed! Then she went West, and he's depressed and'—I can't finish the rest of that lyric."

"And he should go to bed!" improvised Althea.

"No. I'll be all right if I don't drink. One highball would finish me."

"Aren't you drinking, Ted?"

"Trying not to," he said briefly.

"Good boy!"

"I wish I'd asked your father for that job."

"It isn't too late."

His arm tightened around her.

"Want me to do it?" he asked.

"It's up to you, Ted."

"Yes, I know. A fellow should make his own decisions, and all that. But tonight I feel—it's a funny thing—but I feel that if I had one good shove in the

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right direction I'd be all right for the rest of my life."

The music stopped. Althea stood facing him in the center of the dance floor.

"You've got to decide for yourself, Ted."

He smiled a queer, mocking smile.

"I suppose you're right, Red. Am I a man or am I a mice? I'm a mice. See you later, Beautiful."

She saw him, later, dancing with Fern. Fern was dark and thin and deliberately daring; her black dress fitted her body like an outer skin. There was no subtlety in her appearance, nor in her methods. But she was amazingly successful. Men swarmed about her.

IT WAS Fern who teased Ted into taking a drink. Althea saw them standing together at the buffet. Fern mixed him a highball. The boy looked at his companion; then, with a queer smile, raised the glass to his lips and drained it.

Instantly the ache in Althea's heart became a throbbing pain. It confused her, it was such a real hurt. Everything else was false. She heard herself saying to her partner: "I don't want to dance any more, thanks."

She turned and walked out of the room, onto the porch. She found a chair in a dark corner and sat down, thinking: "I must go. In a minute I'll go home." But she didn't go. She just sat there, helpless in the grip of a dozen conflicting emotions.

After a while—whether it was moments or hours later she didn't know—Althea realized that the party was over. The music had stopped. People were leaving. Across the drive sudden headlights flared; cars raced away, leaving an echo of insane laughter on the night.

Althea rose quickly. She went back into the house and down the hall to the cloakroom. She got her evening wrap and stepped back into the hall, dark now except for a light over the stairs. The voices of sleepy servants came faintly from the ballroom.

She was suddenly panic-stricken. She took a step toward the door; then stopped, trying not to believe that she had seen a dark figure disappearing up the stairs.

The figure of a girl, in a black dress. But it couldn't be! Not even Fern would dare—!

But it was.

Suddenly, Althea was walking toward the stairs.

As she reached the upper hall she saw the dark figure suddenly revealed in the light of a door that was opened. Ted, in a dressing-gown, appeared in the doorway. He stood facing Fern.

Althea did not move. She could hear their voices distinctly.

"Ted!"

"You're mad, Fern. You must go."

"What are you afraid of? I'm not afraid."

"Neither am I," Ted answered. "I just don't want you in my room, that's all."

"Yes, you do, Ted."

"No. Sorry to be so explicit, but I'm too tired to waste words. I've decided that if you're going to hell, you're going alone. Is that plain, Fern?"

"You beast!" said Fern; and added furiously: "It's that Condon girl!"

"No, it isn't. Maybe it might have been, if things had been different. But it's too late, now. It—"

Althea moved forward quickly. She was a pale golden ghost that came vividly to life in the light. "I've heard it all," she said. "I followed Fern up the stairs, and I—I just want to tell you, Ted, that it won't be too late—till tomorrow. So you see, it's still up to you!"

Before he could speak, before the startled look had gone from the other girl's eyes, Althea had turned; had vanished down the shadowy hall. She fled down the stairs and out of the house. She found her car; got into it and drove away, fast. Her heart was pounding and her hands shook on the wheel. It had taken all her courage to speak those few words to Ted.

When she reached the highway, she didn't turn toward home. The thought of lying sleepless in bed, waiting for morning, was intolerable. She drove east along the shore road, not caring where she went.

THERE was a gray light in the sky when at last she turned in at her own driveway. She left the car in front of the house, got out and walked up the porch steps. There she stopped and stood staring at a figure that reclined, motionless, on a wicker couch at the end of the porch. The figure was that of a young man in a brown polo coat, with a brown hat pulled down over his eyes. His long legs were stretched out before him, and his feet rested on a brown suitcase.

"Ted!" said Althea, faintly. "Oh, Ted!"

He didn't hear her. She crept across the porch and, leaning down, looked into his face. He was sound asleep.

"Poor darling!" whispered Althea. "I won't wake you. But if you think I'm going to leave you, you're crazy!"

Then, very quietly and carefully, she curled herself up at the other end of the couch and, covering herself with her evening cape, closed her eyes. She felt like a faithful watch-dog. It was a beautiful feeling.

Somewhere in the house a clock struck five.

"Let's just sit here and drink it all in" *I. Klein*

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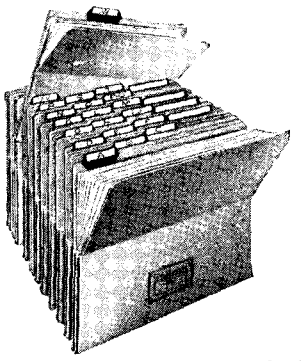

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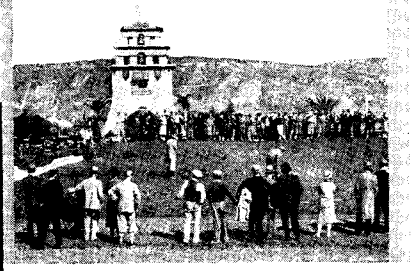

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THE OVERLAND ROUTE

J. P. Cummins, Gen'l Pass'r Agent
Room 173
Union Pacific System, Omaha, Nebr.
Please send me complete information and booklets about.....
Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DANGEROUS DIMMING ENDED..
Road Light Doubled!

AMAZING INVENTION

FITS ANY HEADLIGHT...

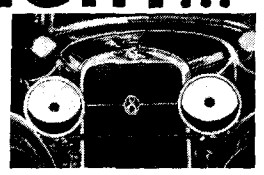
Revolutionizes Night Driving!

EVERY motorist knows that as soon as the sun goes down at night, the highways of America break forth into a dizzy, rushing stream of "dimming and damning." Speed is cut down one-third to one-half. Every Monday morning finds the highways littered with broken glass, wrecks, cars in the ditch, overturned, shattered against telephone posts. Now, in a twinkling, this curse of night driving is lifted completely and *inexpensively* from the motoring world!

A little invention called "Perfect-O-Lite" now replaces the old-style glass lights in auto headlights. Doubles road illumination. Cuts through the other fellow's light, yet absolutely cannot glare in his eyes. Makes ruts, animals, children, detour signs, etc., visible at least three times as far.

The secret of this light is the new kind of "ray" that throws a solid beam of double-reflected or "infused" light. Shows up ditches at the side, as well as distant objects.

Under an introductory offer you are now invited to be the judge and jury without risking one penny. The coupon brings full details of the invention, offer of a set on FREE TEST and facts about agent's money-making opportunities. Mail the coupon without obligation, TODAY!



WORKS LIKE MAGIC

Perfect-O-Lite replaces old glass lights. Makes headlights even *look* different. Your lights look dimmed and "black" to oncoming cars yet give you *doubled* road illumination!

AGENTS! DAVIS MADE $1,400 IN ONE WEEK

This new invention opens up one of the most amazing *money-making* opportunities ever presented. Here actually IS that chance for $8 to $14 in your FIRST hour, $6,000 to $10,000 THIS year, with no limit WHATEVER for Distributors! Fleet owners buy quantities. Wallace & Tiernan, N. J., trucks just equipped. Other big orders flooding in. A real self advertiser; each car equipped is seen by thousands. Davis, Pa., made $1,400 in one week. Start full-time or spare-time. Use coupon for FREE TEST OFFER and details of Territory, etc.

HACHMEISTER-LIND CO. Dept. A-270 Pittsburgh, Pa.

Hachmeister-Lind Co., Dept. A-270
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Rush details of money-making facts and Free Test Offer.
Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

Don't PEEL POTATOES

Agents!

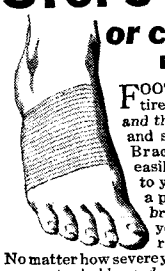
This is brand new! Going like wild-fire! Offers a real chance for $100 a week. Spare-time and full-time sales plans offered. Jump in on the ground floor! Write quick for big-money plans and Free Outfit Offer.

AN amazing new automatic invention now makes potatoes peel *themselves*! No more paring knives! No cut *fingers! No mess, muss* or waste! Here's something every woman understands and wants the instant she even *hears* about it! A mechanical marvel, almost incredibly small and simple, yet does more than ten pairs of hands! Peels the biggest potato in only a few seconds at the mere turn of a crank! Costs little more than a couple of good paring knives. Pays for itself many times over in saving on potatoes. Test it yourself at once. Write now. Ask quick for Introductory Offer.

GUARANTY PRODUCTS CO., Dept. A-141 Francis Bldg., Washington at 16th St., St. Louis, Mo.

STOPS FOOT PAINS or costs you nothing

FREE BOOK TELLS WHY



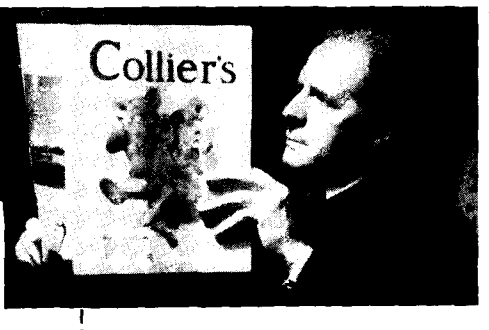
FOOT pains, falling arches, aches, cramps, tiredness, calluses, immediately relieved *and the cause corrected.* By strengthening and supporting the muscles Jung's Arch Braces make foot troubles a simple, easily-corrected affliction. Now you can go to your drug store or shoe store and buy a pair of these light, inexpensive, elastic braces with the understanding that if you are not absolutely satisfied with the results, your money will be refunded.

No matter how severe your case or what you have tried, Jung's guarantee holds good. Physicians urge them. Ask your dealer *—or write for free book explaining cause of Foot Troubles and how to quickly and permanently correct them.*

The Jung Arch Brace Co.
381 Jung Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

JUNG'S ARCH BRACES

REWARD!



. . . to *Readers of Collier's*

HOW do you like this issue? Mighty good, isn't it? Just full of good things from cover to cover. It's easy to understand the reason for the slogan, "Collier's for Action." Don't you think you can show other folks in your town what a colorful and entertaining magazine it is?

As your reward, you will make a liberal commission on each new and renewal subscription you secure for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. For free money-making supplies, *write now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-64
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me about your Cash Reward to readers of Collier's.

Name .....
Address .....
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Achilles had his Heel

Continued from page 31

Bernice took the look, but remained serious. They were sitting on the grass in the little park hard by the railway tracks, and trains were roaring into New York, where there is all the money in the world. It was Sunday afternoon and couples sat on the turf, discussing life and love and jobs and matrimony. Bernice admitted that he looked like a natural fighter.

"I can sock," Bing said complacently. "Guys that can sock are not any too plentiful."

"It was bad enough," the girl said, "when you were an amateur in the clubs. But now you're a professional fighter. I think that's pretty terrible."

"There's money in fighting," he insisted. "A guy drives a truck or he works in a bank, and what does he make? How can he lay up for the future? I'm a great fighter, not a ham-and-egger. I'm a champion, and champions have money. You don't know that yet. Nobody does, except me. I know I'm a champion. That's my idea. Big money and then retire while you're young."

"That kind of money is not good," she replied and they sat there on the grass near the railway, arguing the afternoon away.

AT a dull football game, whither Bing had escorted Bernice, he introduced her with some pride to Allan Conkey, a somber young man whose collar was wilted despite the cold of the day, and whose clothes seemed to have been put on by accident. Mr. Conkey, though young, knew about twelve thousand things that had so far escaped Bing, and as the game proceeded, Bernice bent her gaze upon the stranger, while he made notes.

Now and then he glanced at her with what appeared to be gloomy curiosity and Bing thought nothing of the afternoon's events, and certainly did not suspect the main fact, which was that a boxer may lose his girl and never know it. Results of this chance meeting were visible within the week, when Allan telephoned Bernice and asked her how she would like to walk through a modern printing plant and behold the wonders of presses throwing forth papers. They went to dinner subsequently, and to a swaggering movie, in which the heroine had a tough time defending her honor, but won by a Hollywood nose. Bing heard of this social activity, having spent two hours fruitlessly telephoning Bernice.

"Oh," he said when next they met. "I thought you and Allan didn't get along. So you been to dinner with him?"

"I like him," Bernice answered. "He's nice."

"I see," said the man who intended to hold the championship of the world.

He did not see anything in particular and in the beginning did not even worry or consider that a prominent young athlete might possibly lose the one he has selected to share a glorious future. He weighed one hundred and ninety. He punched like the jab of a pile driver. He could take punishment unmoved, as his fights indicated. You could hit him all day in the stomach and only bruise your knuckles.

True, his battles had taken place in the sticks—towns like Elmira and Glens Falls—and that is where a young fighter should build himself up. Look at Jack Dempsey. Jack fought for years in the remote provinces and bided his time, just as Bing was biding his time. Meanwhile he was laying sound plans with the skill of a business man—for fighting is a business—and his plans included Mr. Jack Curry, who, as any innocent knows, is America's leading manager of boxers. Jack Curry is the same to fighting as Napoleon was to war.

Bing knew perfectly well that he would make money later on, and that, with Jack Curry at the helm, a fortune was waiting in the ring.

Meantime, the famous manager of fighters betrayed not the slightest curiosity in the hopes and ambitions of the New Rochelle bruiser. That Mr. Curry might be constantly aware of his existence, Bing sent a monthly letter or report to the Curry offices on Madison Avenue, New York—an idea of his own. This letter usually went out on the first of the month and was a survey:

"Dear Mr. Curry: Last week, I fought Joe Rafferty in Buffalo and knocked him cold in the fourth. He weighed 180." "Dear Mr. Curry: I am the next champion of the world and you are going to be my manager. On the sixth, I flattened Eddie Druggan in three rounds." "Dear Mr. Curry: I weigh 192 and with a little more experience, I am ready. The sooner you appoint yourself manager of Bing Brophy, the sooner we sit down on the championship." And so on. Bing signed these letters simply "The Champion."

He received no reply, but never had any feeling except serene confidence that some fine day Jack Curry would take a tumble to himself, and then the two of them would go crashing into the headlines together.

On a bright morning in the Brophy home, Bing sat at breakfast, aware that two stunning incidents had suddenly occurred. Either one of them would have made the day momentous for Bing. Eating his toast and bacon, he stared down at the morning's arrivals—a telegram in its yellow jacket and a square envelope. The letter lay nearest his plate and was from Bernice. It said:

"Dear Bing: We have always talked things over sensibly, you and I, ever since we were children, and so we shall now. I love Allan and he loves me, and it has been so since the day we met at the football game. He has asked me to marry him, which makes me very happy, and thus you see a new life stretches before us. I like you as I always liked you and feel you will understand and go on being my friend."

She signed it "Sincerely yours" and Bing scowled at the two words.

"SO THAT'S the way of it," he said, and sipped his coffee. His first reaction was that Bernice, being young, was making a girlish mistake, like any youngster, and that Allan Conkey had played him a shabby trick. Melancholy at first, he rapidly became indignant. After all, she was just a girl and what could she know of life, yet? "She's all wrong," Bing muttered. "Somebody ought to tell her."

Then his glance fell again upon the telegram and he grunted contentedly with the manner of one who always had been sure of it. The day had come that he knew was bound to come. Curry was no fool. He knew his business and that's why he was the best of them all. The telegram said: BE IN MY OFFICE THURSDAY MORNING AT TEN CURRY.

That was all. And that was enough; it meant simply that the world's best young heavyweight and the world's ablest manager were coming together to form an unbeatable combination and ride to fame.

He picked up his letter and his tele-

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gram and scuffed up the stairs to his bedroom.

There was a desk in one corner, and he drew forth a sliding shelf, sat down and wrote a brief note to Jack Curry:

"You bet your sweet life I'll be in your office Thursday morning. Bing Brophy."

The sun spread a tremulous path across the room and Bing stared at dust particles a long time. He didn't really blame Allan Conkey, for any man would be foolish not to go after Bernice. He picked up a pen:

"Dear Bernice: I wish we could have a talk together, because this has knocked me for a loop. You're just about ruining my career, all on account of a reporter. I can make a lot of money, sure I can, but what for, if you're not going to be with me? If you will marry me, I will give up this dirty fight racket and have nothing to do with people like Jack Curry. Only last night, I wrote a poem about you. Here it is, Bernice:

"All day long, I sit and miss you,
And think how nice it would be to kiss you;
I almost think I'll go insane,
Unless I know you feel the same.
Sweetheart, if you only knew,
How much I love you;
Your hair, your eyes, your mouth, your nose,
Are sweeter than a violet or rose."

There was more to the letter. It spread over several anguished pages, the heart-rending plea of a man whose spirit has been turned away from the contemplation of great deeds. Flushed with emotion, he rose from the little desk, clattered down into the street and mailed the letter and, upon returning with a heavy step, he remembered that in his turmoil he had forgotten Jack Curry, the managerial giant.

HE TROTTED upstairs. He walked to the old-fashioned desk and stared down at it for several seconds before he realized he was looking at a large envelope addressed to Bernice Long, Hillside Road, New Rochelle. Beside it lay his brief note to Jack Curry, saying he would be in New York Thursday. He remembered addressing two envelopes and placing them on the desk—one to Curry, one to Bernice. It was clear to him that there now lay in the United States mail box on the corner the letter of a torn soul, headed for Mr. Jack Curry, Madison Avenue, New York.

"Where are you going?" his mother called but Bing made no reply, for he was running. Two minutes later, he reached the mail box at a moment when the carrier opened it.

"Will you give me back a letter?" Bing demanded, breathing hard.

"No," said the mailman and, without thinking further, Bing braced himself and swung with his left.

IN CURRY'S office, Mr. Brophy still leaned gloomily against the steel sash and scowled at the distant street. The manager put back the telephone and was more amiable.

"Chicago," he said cheerfully. "Well, am I your manager?"

"From now on," Bing replied, grinning.

"Good. You fight in Chicago two weeks from Saturday."

"Suits me," said Bing, betraying neither curiosity nor excitement.

"Don't you want to know who you're going to fight?"

"Makes no difference," said Bing. "They're all pushovers to me. You're the manager and I am the fighter, and we now have the world by the tail, because I am the next champion."

"Put it in writing, will you?" laughed Curry, and they then discussed important details of business and finance. Presently Bing started for New Rochelle to inform his mother. When he stepped from the train he purchased an ordinary postcard and wrote on it with a pencil borrowed from the news-stand man:

"Dear Bernice: Maybe it is just as well you marry Allan. I have my career, after all, and a wife might only hold me back. Maybe fighters shouldn't marry. Good luck to both of you. Bing."

He started on a hunt for the nearest mail box, and upon nearing one, he perceived that the mail carrier was about to make his collection. There was something familiar about the man's back, and when he turned, Bing saw that his lip was decorated with court-plaster and his eye was in mourning. Holding forth the postcard, Bing slowly approached, and the mailman surveyed him coldly.

"I thought you were in jail," he said.

"No," replied Bing, "and I'm awful sorry about socking you the other day. I had to have that letter back or lose my whole future."

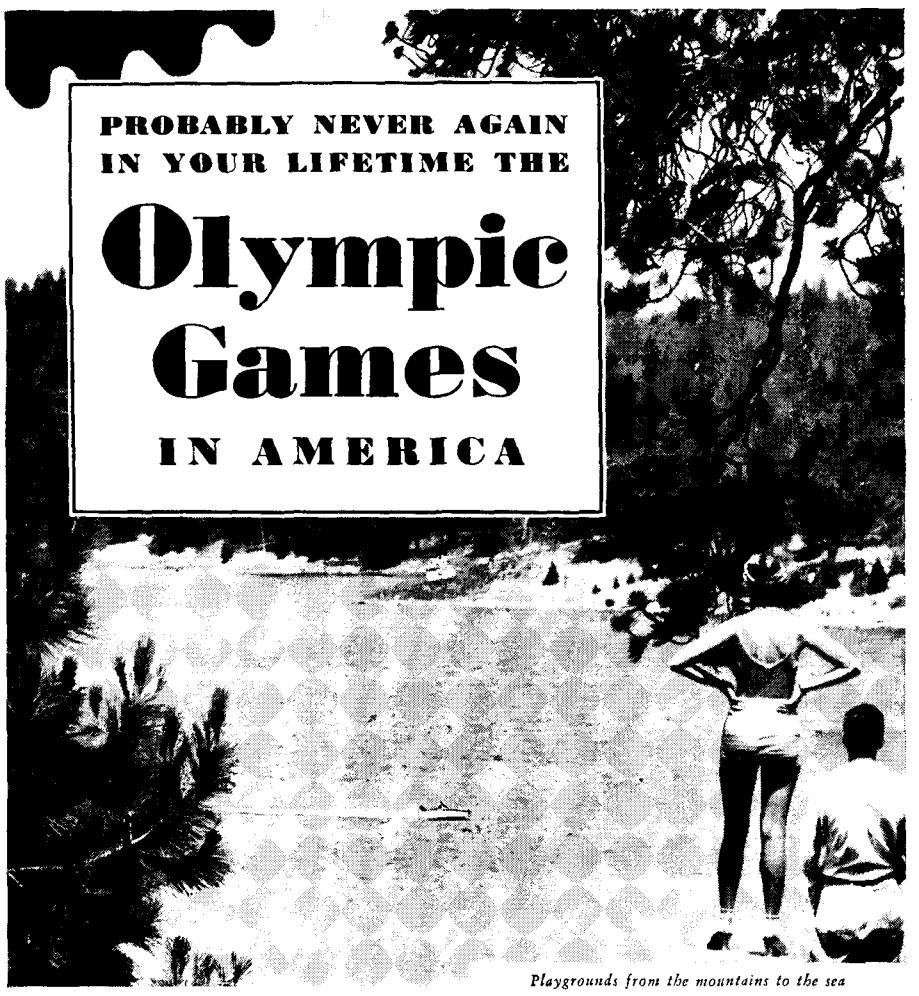
The mailman seemed without interest and Bing started to leave.

"Here's a postcard," he said, and the carrier took it gingerly.

"You sure you want this to go?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," said Bing. "That's the one I should have mailed the other day."

"Madam, has your dog got a muzzle on?" *C. W. Anderson*



Playgrounds from the mountains to the sea

Your vacation opportunity

AT LAST, the Olympic Games in our own country . . . and in *Southern California* . . . which means your greatest vacation opportunity.

Join the throng of American and foreign celebrities gathering here for the world's sports classic. Be here during the finals if you can, July 30 to August 14. But come this summer, for Southern California will be in festive mood all season, with rainless days, cool nights, and *every* kind of vacation play:

The sparkling, friendly Pacific's inviting surf, sandy beaches, gay resort islands. Crystal lakes and tumbling streams in mile-high, forested mountains. Every sport at its sportiest. Orange groves, palms and luxuriant gardens. Crumbling Spanish Missions and nearby Old Mexico. Charming resort cities of world renown, Pasadena, Long Beach, Beverly Hills, Glendale, Pomona, Santa Monica and dozens more. Centering it all, big, cosmopolitan Los Angeles . . . and brilliant Hollywood, with its film stars and gay night life.

Two weeks will do it . . . note low costs

By rail (new low summer fares) from most points in the country, even a two-weeks vacation gives you at least 11 days actually here. And costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. For in this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free.

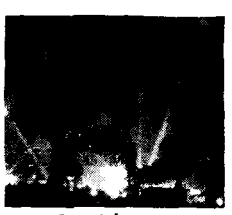
FREE NEW 64-PAGE VACATION BOOK OLYMPIC GAMES INFORMATION

The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including over 100 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, *itemized daily cost figures*, etc. . . perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today. Start planning now!

(If you wish *another* beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 4c in stamps to cover mailing cost.)

Come for an unforgettable vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.

The cool Pacific



Gay night events

Foreign "color"

Movie making

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Collier's, *The National Weekly*

ANNOUNCING

THE·NEW·HUPMOBILES

A NEW CAR · FOR A NEW AGE

meeting the need of the times for a finer, richer car . . . at a lower price. Bringing design, performance, and *value* never seen before in the medium-price field.

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This once easy-going world has grown hard. Shrewd. Canny. Padlocked its pocketbooks. Crowned the buyer king.

Yet we *welcome* this new state of mind. Consider it Hupmobile's greatest opportunity.

For we believe that a royal welcome will meet the car that meets the age.

We even believe that many buyers have deferred their buying until such a car appeared.

The new Hupmobile meets this new age in every one of its hard, shrewd, canny demands . . . a whole year ahead of the field.

Gives you economy . . . *without the taint of cheapness!*

The air and flair and faultless styling of high-priced custom cars . . . *without the high price!*

High-powered performance . . . *without high cost!*

Every new invention and innovation for added power, speed, safety, comfort, convenience . . . *without any increase in price!*

Quality as new to the medium-price field as this age is new to history.

These things Hupmobile brings you in 1932. In 1909, '12, '17, and through the years to within your own memory, the influence of Hupmobile has marked each changing age. Even the age just ending was keyed by Hupmobile and its famed Century models of 1928.

Again the time has come for a new deal in automobiles. History repeats itself, as a new age and a new Hupmobile are born . . . together!

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WHAT YOU FIND IN THE NEW AGE "HUNDRED-FEATURE" HUPMOBILE

NEW AGE BEAUTY . . . Extreme lowness with no loss of road clearance or head room. Long, streamlined running board and new snug fenders. Custom color combinations. Luxurious interiors. V-type radiator.

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NEW AGE PERFORMANCE . . . Increased power. Higher speeds. *Genuine* Free-Wheeling. Synchro-Silent transmission. Controlled oil temperature. The new Startix, non-stallable self-starter, (at slight extra cost).

AND 80 MORE outstanding New Age features in the New Age "Hundred-Feature" Hupmobile.

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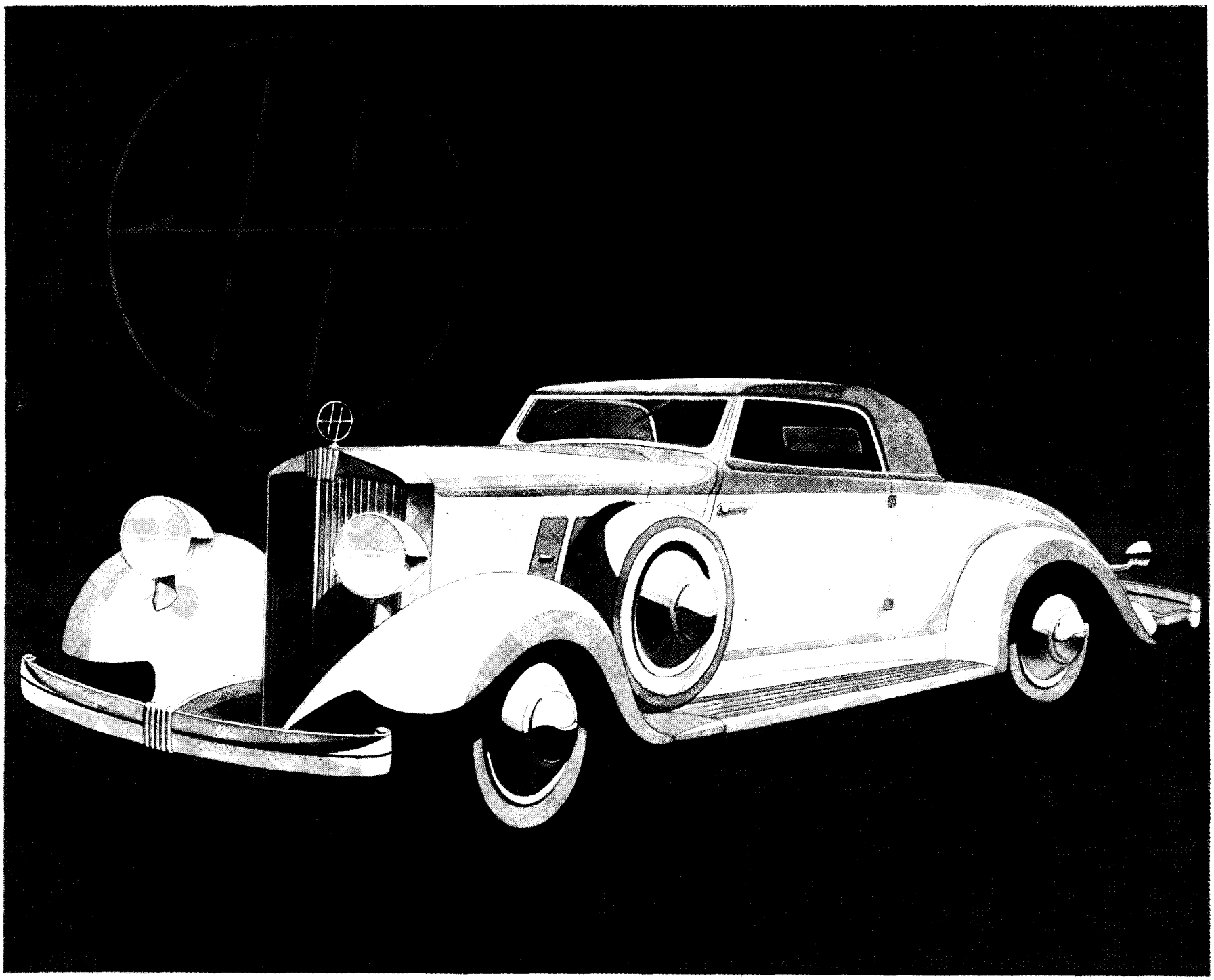

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WITH GREATER HUPMOBILE SIXES AND EIGHTS

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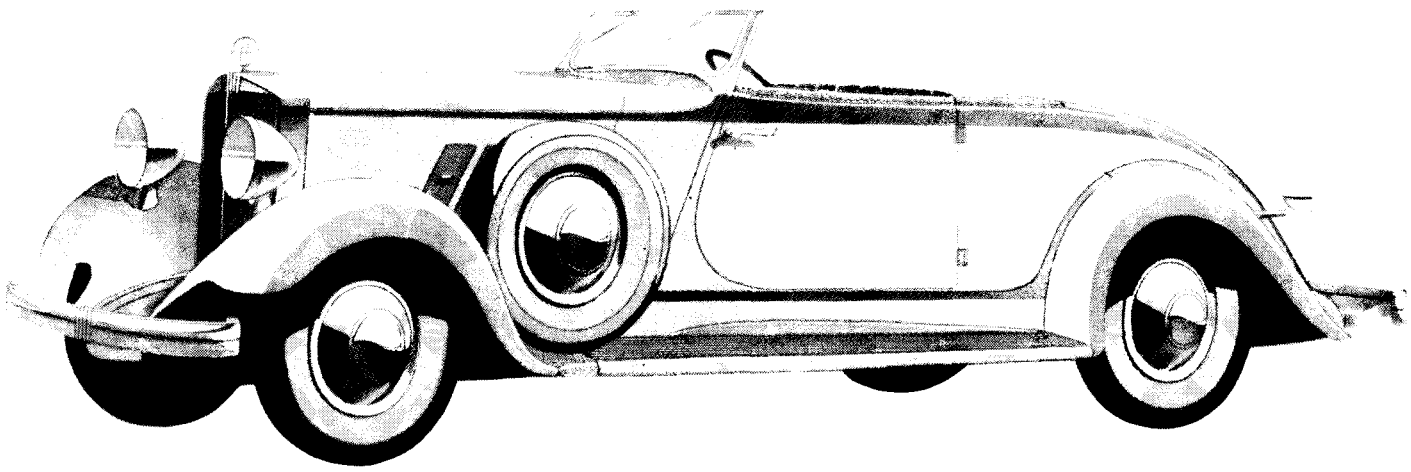

Two views of the Cabriolet-Roadster. Note how top completely disappears, leaving just a smooth expanse of gleaming metal.

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2 kinds of MARTINI

TWO WHAMS! One for good luck . . . another for experts! "Italy Bottle" Martini & Rossi Vermouth is a bang tang in "Dry Martini" and other polite cocktails. But a wham that is whammer is . . . "Dry Bottle," combined with "Italy" or mixed alone. It makes palate snub sweet, juicy concoctions. Etiquette says cocktails must be dry or double dry. Avoid imitation labels. For correct antediluvian recipes, for bridge and before dinner, see suggestion below. . . .

IMPORTED, non-alcoholic

MARTINI & ROSSI VERMOUTH

Write Name and Address in Margin

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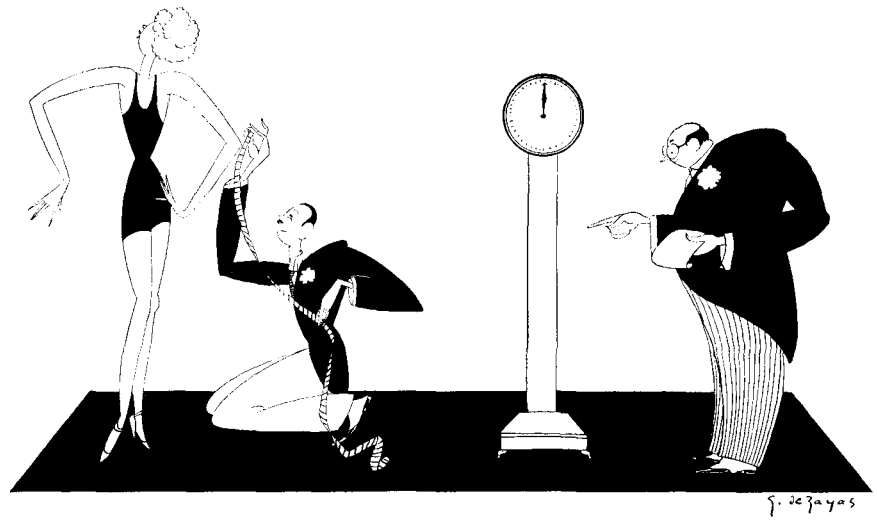


Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

An analysis of the physical measurements of more than a million women reveals that only 1 out of 10 has a normally proportioned figure.—*By Mrs. P. Gallagher, New York City.*

In the United States today, not more than 5 out of every 100 families employ even one full-time servant.

Lightning flashes in 3 directions—from clouds to clouds, from clouds to the earth and from the earth to clouds.

The Interstate Commerce Commission is concluding its freight rate investigation. Recently "Part 9" on livestock rates was completed. Its testimony, briefs and illustrations comprised 24,000 pages—the same number as in the Encyclopedia Britannica, which covers virtually *every* subject in the world.

Only 41 copies of the famous Gutenberg Bible, the first book printed from movable type, are in existence today, and each one of them is valued at about $100,000.

France now is "cleaning up" Corsica, which has become one of the most murderous spots on earth. Killings, chiefly to uphold family honor, virtually made the streets unsafe. Recently two prominent men shot each other dead in a public square over an ancient feud, the cause of which neither remembered.

Seven times as many books and pamphlets have been published on the little aëronautical industry as on the gigantic motion-picture industry.

One hundred years ago there were only 4,000 magazines and newspapers in the world. Today there are 94,000. —*By William Frank, New York City.*

In British Guiana, a tribe of Indians make a drink from cassava root which is ten times stronger than whisky. It is without doubt the world's most potent liquor, for one pint of it will keep a man drunk for at least two weeks.

Broadcasting has killed the sale of sheet music. The 1930 sales were 90 per cent less than in 1929. So after February 1st, the dear little phrase "By special permission of the copyright owners" is going to become dearer.

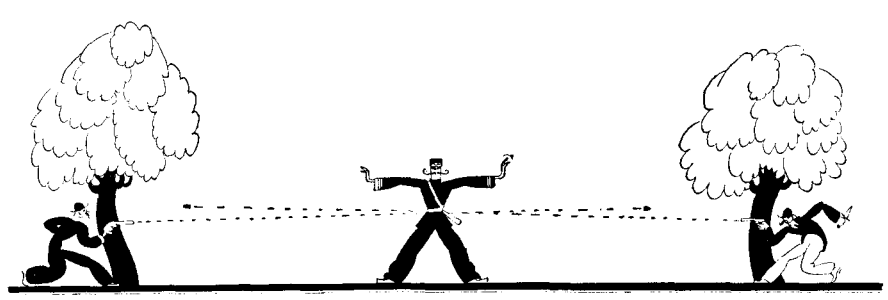
The newsreels have not yet been able to procure specially posed talking pictures of such world personages as King George, Pope Pius XI, Victor Emmanuel III, Queen Wilhelmina, Emperor Hirohito, and Joseph Stalin.—*By Lloyd Lehrbas, Washington, D. C.*

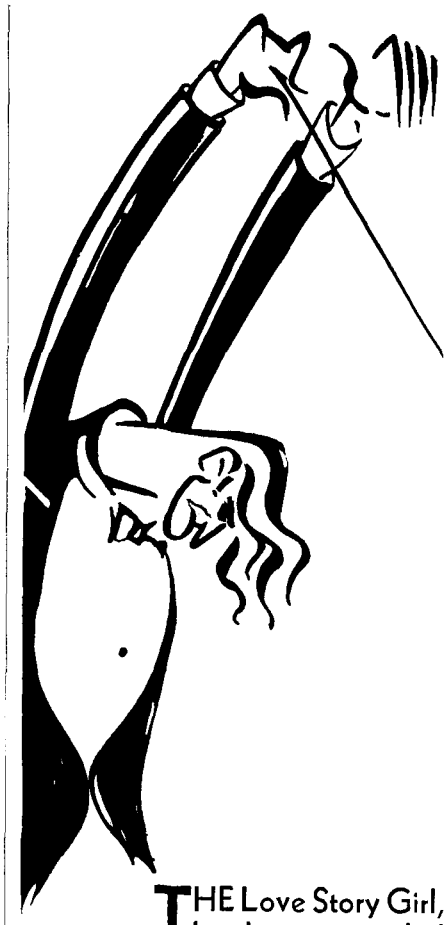
The Holy of Holies of the world's 225,000,000 Mohammedans is the Kaaba, a small cubical, rug-covered structure in the great square of Mecca, Arabia. It contains the famous sacred stone which, it is said, was brought from heaven by the Angel Gabriel and has turned black through the ages from grieving and weeping for the sins of humanity.

For every possible poker hand, there are 244,333 possible bridge hands.—*By Leonard Warns, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin.*

The furs used in the making of coats are not always what they seem. For example, rabbits provide 86 different "kinds" of furs—one being French Sable. Sheep provide 58 — one being Iceland Fox. Goats provide 14—one being China Bear. Few women realize what kind of animal was the original owner of her fur coat or wrap.

Collier's will pay $1 each for unusual facts accepted for this column. Give precise source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.





THE Love Story Girl, her heart in a whirl is pursued by adventures outrageous. Uncle Henry stands by with a shuddery sigh and prays for a hero courageous. The music rolls out in a thundering shout. The villain is foiled by a fraction. The Radio Hour at the top of its power is bringing you "Collier's —for Action!"

TUNING TABLE

Baltimore	WBAL
Boston	WBZ
Chicago	KYW
Cincinnati	WLW
Cleveland	WGAR
Denver	KOA
Detroit	WJR
Kansas City, Kan.	WREN
Los Angeles	KFI
New York	WJZ
Pittsburgh	KDKA
Portland, Ore.	KGW
Rochester, N.Y.	WHAM
St. Louis	KWK
Salt Lake City	KSL
San Francisco	KGO
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Every Sunday Evening

Collier's Radio Hour

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Heads Up

Continued from page 22

So, while we should never recommend the general adoption of the open-throat shirt for gentlemen, we do venture to suggest to them that removing the hat when entering an elevator is not only graceful but hygienic.

When we come to starting our shampoo, Axiom Number One is that we can't possibly expect our hair to come clean unless we give it a thorough rinsing in warm water before applying the soap. Both soap and hair have oil in them, and without that rinsing the oil in the one joins up with the oil in the other, forming on the hair a substance which just doubles the difficulties of our job of cleansing.

What we'll use for soap depends somewhat on whether we have just an average scalp, or one that's temperamental and demands special treatment. If we're afflicted with an abnormal condition of any sort we ought, of course, to take counsel with a reliable hairdresser or, in extreme cases, with a dermatologist. As a general rule, however, it is safe to use any soap that is not caustic, and that can be determined by the very simple expedient of just touching a bit of it to the tongue. If it burns there, it's too caustic for our hair.

Working Up a Lather

Another thing to remember when we are choosing our soap is that vegetable and mineral oils refuse to do any mixing with each other, and if we try to bring them together they will retaliate by preventing the soap from lathering properly. So if we are in the habit of using an oily tonic on our hair before the shampoo we must use a soap that contains the same kind of oil. For example, an olive-oil tonic calls for castile soap, and one of crude oil or tar for tar soap.

It makes very little difference whether the soap is liquid or solid, although one strong argument in favor of the liquid form is that we can concoct it, or have the druggist do so, with the ingredients in the proportions that suit us best. For instance, if the scalp is very dry we will do well to use a mixture of plain castile soap with a little of the best olive oil, one teaspoonful to one pint of soap. For most people a fifty-fifty mixture of castile and surgeon's soap is satisfactory and efficient, the castile to supply the oil, and the surgeon's soap for cleansing and producing a good lather. As a matter of fact, the castile alone would give us a perfectly clean shampoo, but the other is added as a concession to feminine psychology. Hairdressers know from experience that a good, luscious lather produces a kind of kindred effervescence in our spirits and that we'll go away feeling much cleaner and happier than we would without it.

Having mixed our soap to suit, we encounter another axiom: Don't be afraid to use it. Put it on in slathers and rub it in hard. Then rub it in some more. Rinse it out and begin over again. Three times is none too many to repeat the process. Although it may not be uppermost in our minds, we're doing this for stimulation as well as cleanliness. By the time the scalp is really glowing, it can't help being clean, too, and it's time to start rinsing in earnest. The best way is to use a rubber spray and to keep on using it for about three minutes after we're sure the soap must be all out.

If we're serious about this, and really have the best interests of our hair at heart, we won't try to sneak our shampoo in just before we're dressing for dinner or running to catch a train. We'll pick a time when we have the leisure to rub it dry with a towel and give the scalp a good massage besides. If life is just too short for that and we have to speed things up with an artificial dryer, great care must be taken not to subject the hair to intense heat of any kind. This is likely to over-dry the hair and also to encourage the oil glands in the scalp to let the oil flow from them more freely than is normal.

After the hair is dry, and as a final touch, we'll rub in a tonic containing alcohol—not over fifty-five per cent. This closes the pores, protecting us from any stray drafts, and also puts a check on those oil glands which have a tendency to go on the loose.

This business of washing and brushing is most of the secret. The smart woman is no longer the woman who looks like everybody else, but the woman who looks like herself. She expresses herself in the language of the mode, but with shades of meaning that are hers and nobody else's. No matter how we do our hair, given good grooming, we can hold up our heads with the best of them.

"Bowlby, what was I going to say—you know—about the Soviet experiment?" *P. Barlon*

"I Saved Six Orders and Made 2 Weeks' Pay In One Day.. Thanks to This Pocket Volume!"

IN MY first five years as a salesman, I never made more than $45 a week. I knew I ought to make more. But I was ignorant—untrained—didn't really know how to sell. I was commencing to despair of ever learning by experience.

Finally I decided that I had to do something. I had been hearing a lot about National Salesmen's Training Association. But I'd never investigated them. Then, one day, I read one of their announcements. I was amazed to find how comprehensively they covered the training of salesmen. Furthermore, they announced that they were sending a most unusual volume, "The Key to Master Salesmanship" to ambitious men who asked for it—not only experienced salesmen, but men who had never sold, but wanted a chance in this highly paid field.

Naturally, I wrote for it – it seemed to me that here was the certain solution to the errors I had been making. Imagine my surprise—and interest—when there arrived, not only one book, but two. To this day I can't decide which of those books helped me most. The little book which I had not been expecting was just what I needed at the time. It was written for men just like me—men who had been plugging along in salesmanship—never successful, never so hopeless that they quit selling. And while "The Key to Master Salesmanship" gave me an insight into the real secrets of salesmanship, the other book, "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" was the one I could first get practical use from.

Right in the first few pages, I saw some examples quoted. They were things I had been doing every day. I'd never dreamed they were dangerous errors. The more I thought about them, the more clear it became, though, why I was having such difficulty with my closes. I thought to myself: "By golly, that's why Barnes decided to put off buying, this very afternoon!" I kept on thinking of men whose orders I had lost, through just that very mistake. There were six of them.

The next morning I sallied out, bright and early, to see if I couldn't save those sales, using the tips given me. Before noon, I had put the practical suggestions of that little book to work—and sure enough, in every case, I made the sale which I had thought was gone glimmering. Six sales saved—at $15 commission apiece, that was $90 made, by one morning's work, plus the advice of a little book that cost me nothing!

Of course, that set me to thinking. If that one piece of knowledge could make me $90, how much would I make out of having all the knowledge which the National Salesmen's Training Association could give me? It didn't take long to figure that one out, either! I was enrolled for the full training that same night; and the next two weeks saw my sales record soar. Not a minute of time lost—I studied just in spare hours but I learned things in those spare hours that I'd never have picked up, just by my own experience.

Today, I find amazing increase in the volume of my sales now over what they were a year ago. Then I was selling only about 40% of my quota—this month, with a quota twice as high as it used to be, I'm 50% over! And you know what quantity production means when the bonus checks roll around!

Today any man who wants to see how to end some of his biggest sales weaknesses can learn from this book some of the most frequent mistakes which spoil sales, and get practical suggestions how to end them. Not a penny of obligation—"Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling" is now FREE to any ambitious man. At the same time we will send you, also free, the new and finer edition of "The Key to Master Salesmanship," which since its publication has been read by many men who have got into the biggest pay class of salesmanship. Write for both these valuable volumes now—the coupon will bring them by return mail.

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Dept A-344, 21 W. Elm St., Chicago, Ill.

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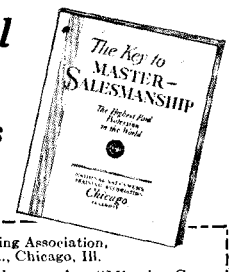

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Without obligation to me, please send me "Mistakes Commonly Made in Selling," as well as "The Key to Master Salesmanship," and full details of your various service features, including your Free Employment Service.

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Age ..... Occupation.....

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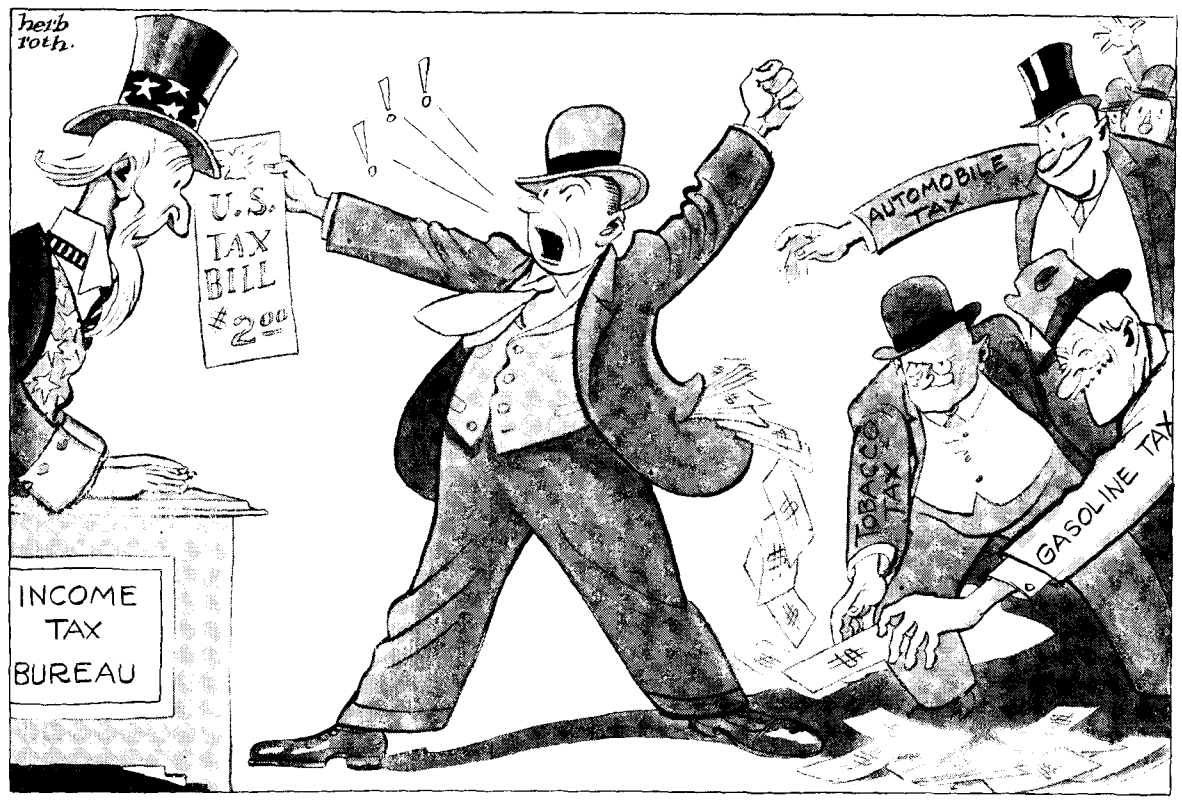
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor*

CHARLES COLEBAUGH
Managing Editor

Let's See what we Pay



WE ARE in for a season of burdensome taxes and we shall do well to face the situation fearlessly and honestly.

At any time paying taxes is a painful and unpleasant business. Especially now is it disagreeable when there are so many other ways to use whatever we may have. Only bootleggers of various sorts, and not all of them, are able to escape the tax collector. Consequently we might as well look the facts squarely in the face and avoid, as much as possible, the political humbuggery.

The row in Congress over the new taxes is largely political. Everybody realizes that the Federal government will have to get a much larger revenue during the next two or three years. The only practical question is "Who is going to pay it?"

The impulse of Congress is to conceal as much of the tax load as possible and then to shift as large a burden as possible onto the shoulders of the rich. The poor are much more numerous and the business of a congressman is to consider voters. The fewer the number of voters annoyed by increased tax rates, the safer the congressman feels in his job. So it is good politics to soak the big fellow if thereby ten others may be exempted.

Capacity to pay is of course the first consideration in any tax levy. It is useless to try to get money where it isn't. The rich man will inevitably carry the larger share of the increased income taxes. Even so conservative a man as Secretary Mellon thought a levy of forty per cent of the incomes in the highest brackets desirable at this time.

Few will quarrel with this position on the ground that the rates, high as they are, are too high. The opponents of the Mellon recommendations want to increase the rates paid by those of large income beyond the forty per cent suggested by Mr. Mellon while diminishing the burden of those in moderate circumstances.

Danger lurks in this attitude. It is stupid beyond all imagining to try to divide the country into two groups—those who pay income taxes and those exempt from visible taxation. In the long run the man improperly exempted is worse hurt than he who is heavily assessed.

From the standpoint of revenue the collections from men and women of moderate income are not highly important. They are vital, however, if widespread intelligent interest in our government is to be kept alive.

Under any circumstances a minority pays income taxes. Under the plan proposed by Secretary Mellon less than 300,000 people would pay ninety per cent of the income taxes. His revisions would, however, bring back into the taxpaying group 1,700,000 individuals. All together there would be only some 3,600,000 Federal income-tax payers. This is not a large number out of a population of 120,000,000 people.

The amount paid under Secretary Mellon's proposal by the married man with one dependent and with an income of $3,000 a year would be less than $2. This tax would not impoverish anyone. It would serve, however, as a constant reminder that what the government spends is tax money.

Actually, of course, we are all, rich and poor, taxed in various ways we do not see. Rent payers take care of the local land taxes although they seldom realize they are carrying the load. All of us pay the tariff duties in the hundreds of separate purchases we make in the routine of life. The man in the three-thousand-dollar class who smokes a package of cigarettes a day would pay fifteen times more in tobacco taxes than the income-tax levy suggested in the Treasury proposals.

Politicians prefer these indirect, invisible taxes. They think it is safer politically to take $100 in indirect taxation than a single dollar in visible taxes. As long as money is collected from unconscious victims there is little scrutinizing of its expenditure. It would be difficult to frame a public policy more certain to dissipate public interest in government.

The justification urged by some of those who want to exempt millions of those of moderate income from direct Federal taxes is that thus the government may redistribute concentrated wealth.

Whatever we may think of this motive, actually the object is not achieved. The universal consequence of tax rates so high as to be regarded as unjust is to stimulate tax evasion. The profession of tax evasion is already well developed in this country. Countless lawyers and accountants devote their efforts to discovering ways of enabling the rich to slip through the meshes of the tax law.

The Treasury Department has, for example, the record of the estate of a millionaire who died and left $47,000,000. Of that vast fortune $40,000,000 was invested in tax-free securities issued by various governmental units. Only $7,000,000 was subject to estate taxes.

This case was probably exceptional and yet by its very exaggeration it exhibits the tendency toward tax-evasion.

Those who can pay are willing to pay if the levy is just. After all, in bad times as well as good, the privilege of citizenship in this republic has value.

More than that, if everybody in the United States actually knew how much he was paying in taxes, indirect as well as direct, our tax bill would be smaller. For we would be much more critical of unnecessary political expenditures if we realized plainly that the money being squandered was our money and not the contribution of some other fellow about whose troubles we don't have to worry.

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To be firm and healthy, your gums need stimulation. But they don't get it—not in these days of soft foods!

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Take up the use of Ipana and your teeth will begin to brighten up. Before that first tube of Ipana is gone, your gums will be far firmer, far healthier. Keep on using Ipana with massage, twice a day—and you won't have to be afraid of "pink tooth brush." You'll be rid of it!

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